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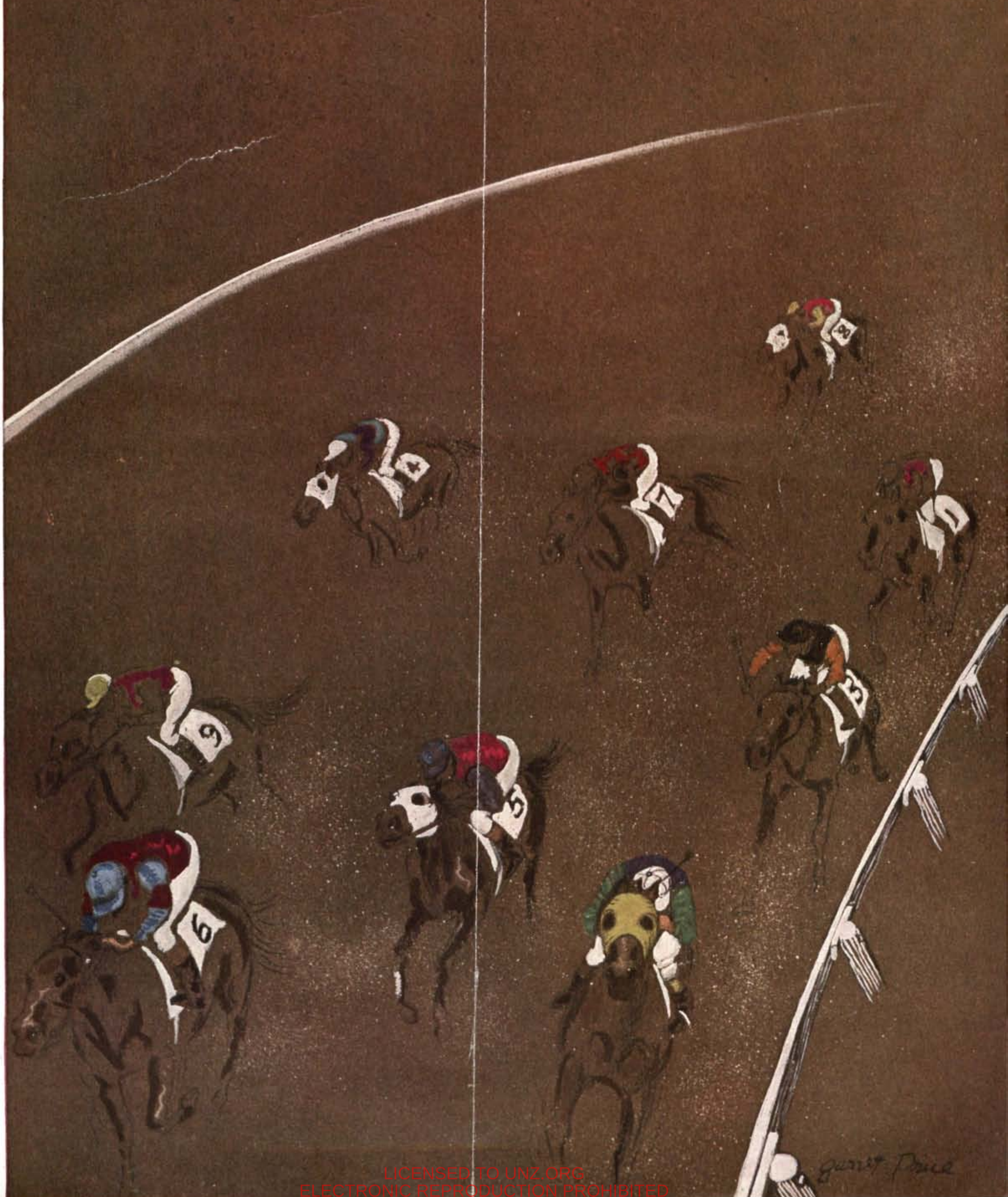
THE NEW YORKER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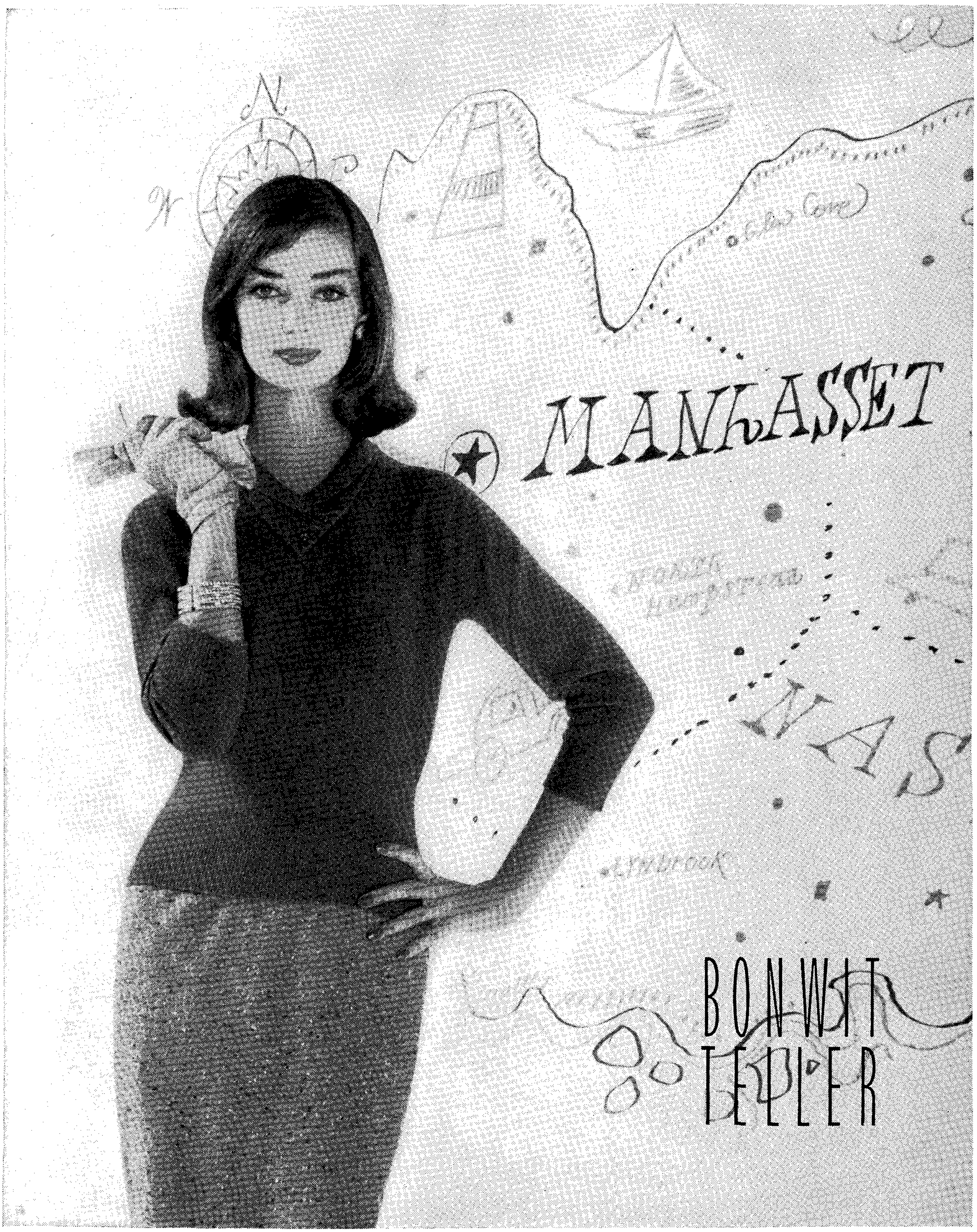
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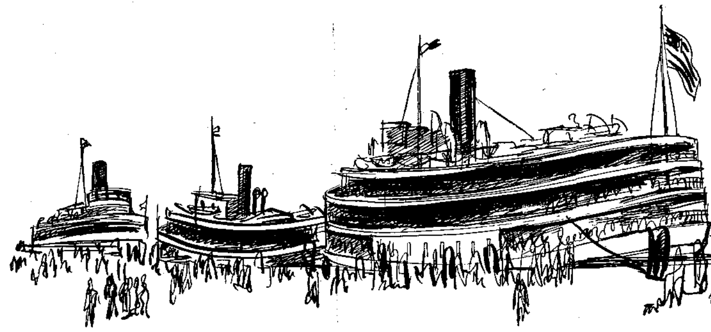
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Reopens Monday, Aug. 19, after a seven-week summer breather. Fredric March and Florence Eldridge will again be in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Simply Heavenly—Melvin Stewart in a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin. A recent offering on 85th Street, the play will now be presented downtown, starting Tuesday, Aug. 20. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Aug. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. Kaye Lyder, Darren McGavin, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the astral visitor, is endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews, who give him a hand. Mr. Ritchard is also responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman has the part of the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 14.)

MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good, and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Just now, Devra Korwin plays a demon, Howard Caine her employer, and Allen Case her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." With Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare (temporarily) and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 16-18 (after which the theatre will be closed for three weeks): "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Evenings at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis, Roger Boxill, and Patricia Peardon. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Pert Kelton. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—A concert by the Hi-Lo's, Lurlean Hunter, Slim Gaillard, Maynard Ferguson's band, Les Paul and

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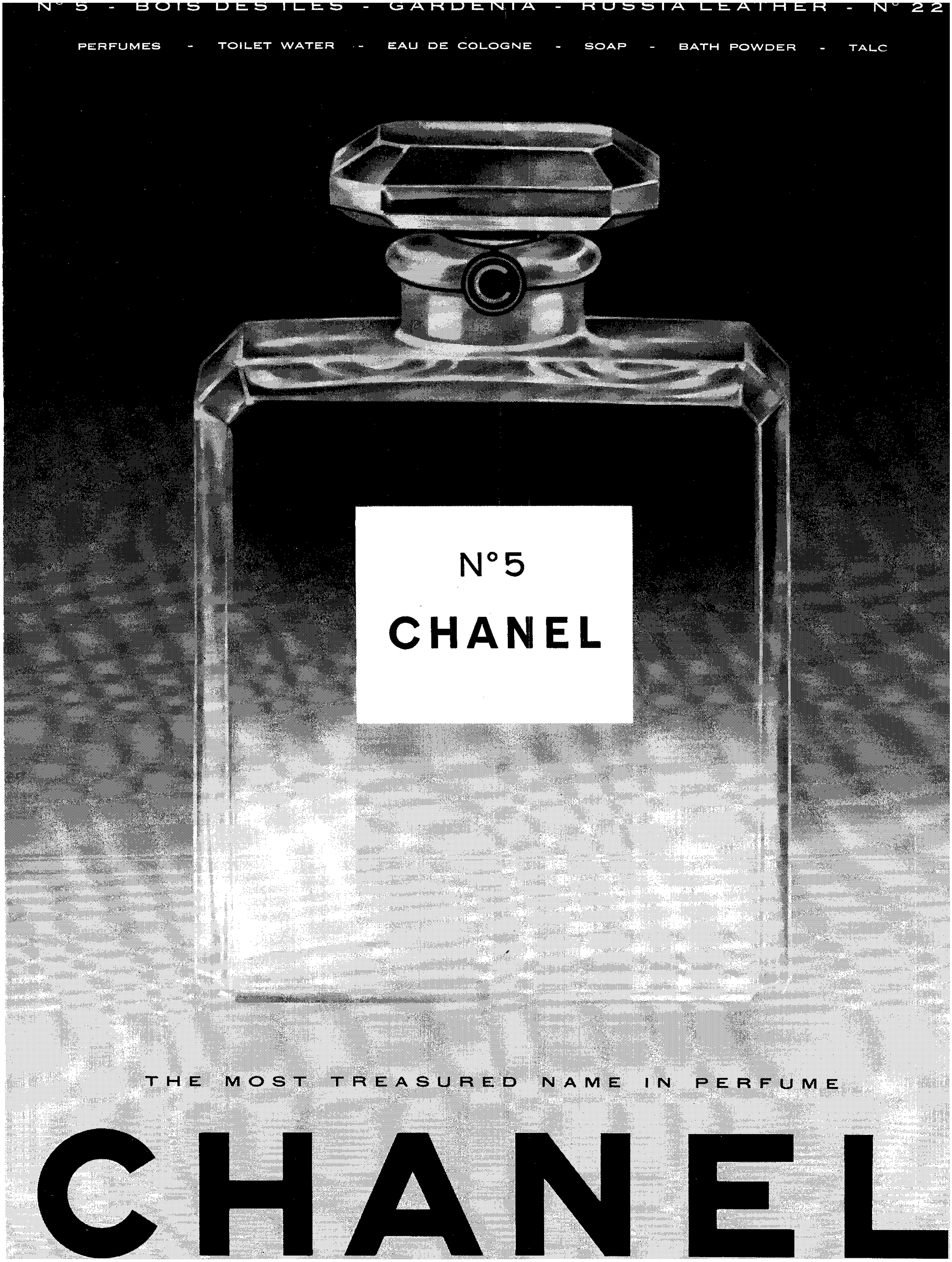

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PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

N°5
CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mary Ford, and a number of others. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30. Through Sunday, Aug. 18.)

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Macbeth," with Colleen Dewhurst, Roy Poole, and John McLiam, presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. The final production of the season. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Wednesday, Sept. 4.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Groucho Marx in his own play, "Time for Elizabeth." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Pajama Game." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9. Gerry Mulligan will give a jazz concert on Sunday, Aug. 18.)

Clinton—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "Inherit the Wind." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20: "Wedding Night." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: "Silk Stockings." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, Aug. 19: "The Reluctant Debutante." Wednesday through Monday, Aug. 21-26: "The Fifth Season." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Viveca Lindfors and Cathleen Nesbitt in "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: To be announced. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Orson Bean in "Simon and Laura," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24 (final performances of the season): Roddy McDowall in "A Pound in Your Pocket," a new musical. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturday, Aug. 17, at 6 and 9; and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "A Hatful of Rain." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25: "The Hasty Heart." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: Henry Morgan in "Father of the Bride." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25: "The Desk Set." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, as well as Thursday, Aug. 15, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "South Pacific." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Buster Keaton in "Merton of the Movies." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: "The Seven Year Itch." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9.)

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Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Gertrude Berg in "The Matchmaker." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

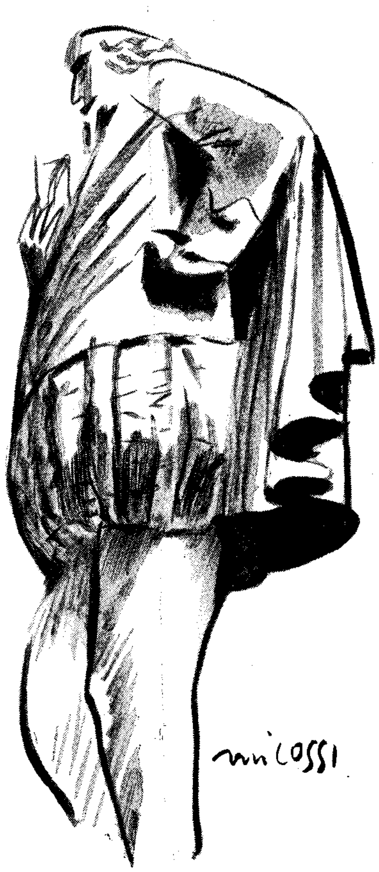
Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: "The Vagabond King." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-24: To be announced. (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: Dick Button in "On the Town." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "On the Town." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Ruth Hussey in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, Aug. 25 (after which the theatre will be closed for two weeks): Ruth Chatterton and Arthur Treacher in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

William Shakespeare

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 17: "Ruddigore." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Carol Stone in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Chester Morris in "A View from the Bridge." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Frances Farmer in "The Chalk Garden." Starting Monday, Aug. 19: Frances Farmer in "The Jamison Affair," a new play. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Viveca Lindfors and Cathleen Nesbitt in "The Chalk Garden." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "The Pursuit of Happiness." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25: "The Happiest Days of Your Life." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Devil and Daniel Webster." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "The Pajama Game." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20: "South Pacific." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Jan Sterling and Jerome Cowan in "Here Today!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: "The Pajama Game." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: "King of Hearts." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: Paul Hartman in "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Much Ado About Nothing," with Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake: Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 15-16; Sunday matinée, Aug. 18; Tuesday evening, Aug. 20; Wednesday matinée, Aug. 21; Friday evening, Aug. 23; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Saturday matinée, Aug. 17; Thursday evening, Aug. 22; and Saturday evening, Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Saturday evening, Aug. 17, and Wednesday evening, Aug. 21. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. The New York Pro Musica will present the last in a series of programs, this one consisting of court and chapel music of the English Renaissance, on Monday, Aug. 19, at 8:40. For tickets, call WA 5-1378.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Walter Slezak in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: "The Boy Friend." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: Jane

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Morgan and David Brooks in "Can-Can." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20: "Mr. Wonderful." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Fay Bainter in "Fever for Life," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24: George Jessel in "Showtime," a new revue. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Thursday, Aug. 22, at 4, the last in a series of readings, this one by Katherine Anne Porter. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "Witness for the Prosecution." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25: "A View from the Bridge." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—**jacob's pillow dance festival:** The twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: The Miami Civic Ballet, Ruth St. Denis, and Antonia Morales. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Gemze De Lappe and Glen Tetley, Kurt and Grace Graff, Jean Cebron, and Josefina Garcia. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.) . . . **american dance festival:** Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, the Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company, and Daniel Nagrin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3: The Doris Humphrey Repertory Group (with Lola Huth and Glen Tetley), Pauline Koner, Daniel Nagrin, and the Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: Dore Hoyer, the Mary Anthony Dance Theatre, Ruth Currier, José Limón and his company, and Pauline Koner. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The collection of waxwork figures in the exhibition hall is kept thoroughly up-to-date by the news-conscious management. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's dancing in the Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's. From time to time, Renato Rossini strums a guitar that whispers hotly of moonlight in Venice. He takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance tunes of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen start at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Eddie Lane's orchestra, a hunk of standard equipment, serves up the ingredients for mass movement at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Just about the best of the Elysian fields, with a built-in dance floor, built-in good weather, and the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Plant life and ant life in the open-air garden, Weather Bureau permitting, after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, to say nothing of dance music by North and South American bands. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has been reconstructed as an island in the West Indies so large and leafy that Count Basie's big band, which usually sounds like cats on a hot tin roof, seems to be going about on tiptoe most of the time. The singer of the evening is Sarah Vaughan, who can mop, bop, or just break into simple plainsong without change of pace. The Béla Babai gypsy orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys plunk down dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

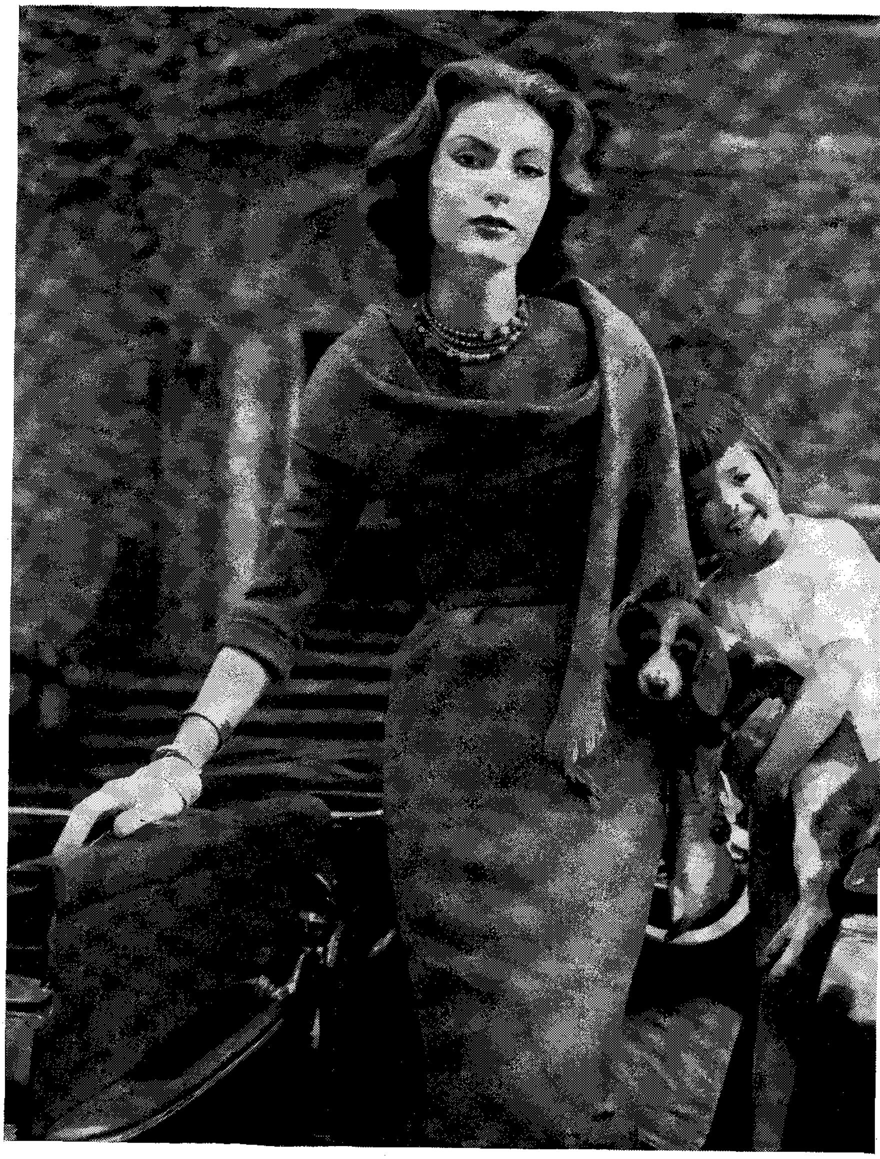
Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. Joel Forbes, now in charge of the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, bows out on Saturday, Aug. 17. Paul Morse will, as usual, be the Sunday operator, and on Monday, Aug. 19, Addison Bailey will begin what must be his hundredth season here. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano (chipper) of the owner and of Bill Taylor (romantic). The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **rsvp,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A new setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who looks down, a sadder but a wiser woman, upon mankind's unequal struggle with that lamentable affair called love. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also is at the piano whenever Don Evans, a drawing-room technician who resorts to none of the customary parlor tricks, takes a breather. Miss Mercer arrives around ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **gatsby's,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them set the same sort of table. The man at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **weylin,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the happiest, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabit-

H. C.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge



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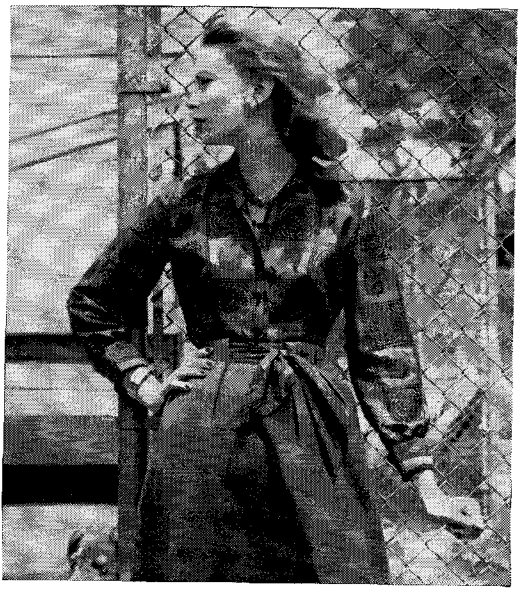

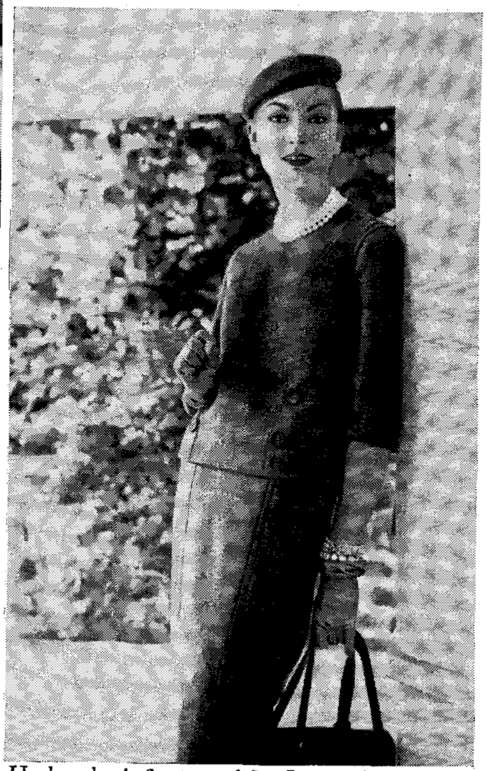

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ants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. The warm-weather schedule is Wednesday through Saturday every week. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Crusaders' National Guard must once have used it as an armory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Until ten, the amusement is the roguish art gallery of damsels in distress, all figments of the imagination; after that, it is the out-of-the-way songs and piano of Hubbell Pierce, man of the world, and the crackling jive of the Lee Evans trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabra grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. Piano, violin, and voice are among the many condiments. All this is available every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. The music, the singing, the cuisine, and the cheerfulness, all of them Danubian, are very real, though. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

SUPPER CLUBS

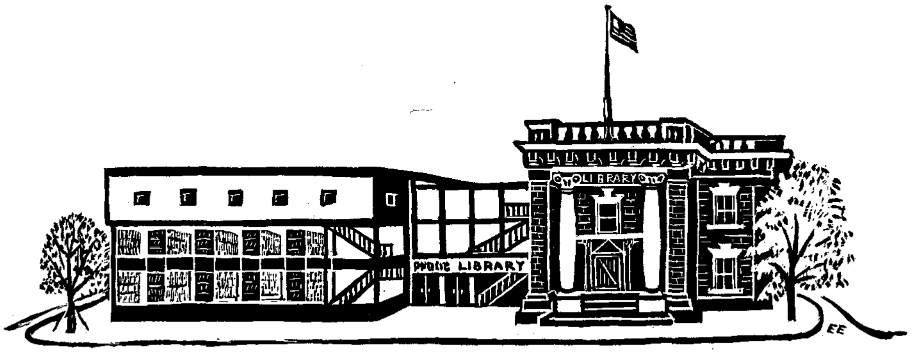
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Among the dramatis personae are Mae Barnes and Carol Burnett, two ladies in waiting (or lying in wait) for their favorite *bêtes noires*. Miss Barnes' *bête* is the homilies of songwriters; Miss Burnett's is the contents of television's little pointed head. The gentlemen in the cast are T. C. Jones, whose transvestite parodies of all too familiar characters can, when they are less than a yard wide, be funny, and Bob Ritterbush, a swinging, singing, Jawn Henry sort of chap. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are the background. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; Mondays through Fridays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A minute Garden of Eden inhabited, just for the hell of it, by two imps of Satan—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross—who put on angelic expressions as they trifle with the ditties that won them a small but definite renown on the east side of the Atlantic. Julius Monk, the inventor of the G. of E. brand of educated merriment, plays piano, and there's more music by Francy Boland and Eddie De Hass. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Summer vacation starts on Sunday, Aug. 18. Through that evening, the principal pleasures will be Anita Ellis, whose dramatic soprano could easily set the world on fire, and Charlie Manna, deviser of jokes with surprise endings. The rear will be commendably brought up by Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier ditties and the Three Flames' manic music. . . . **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): The songs are by Othella Dallas, a changed woman since her long stay abroad—slick, soignée, and sibilant, and in a variety of tongues. Not as much can be said for her fellow-musicians. Dancing, on a dime. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar is Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who have been playing piano since the Year 1. The transients are presently Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who work hand in hand and tongue in cheek. Sundays, when Miss Cedrone and Mr. Mitchell are away, there are silent movies.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, a talking guitarist, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ruby Braff, trumpeting at last in a band of his own (Pee Wee Russell, Walter Paige, and Steve Jordan are among his acolytes), does some very pretty scrollwork against a light-bodied background. There is also the trio of Jean Hoffman, a new girl in town, who has chosen to devote her talents to an electric piano, which sounds like a mixture of albatross and ancient mariner. On Sundays, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the same musicians, plus another session in the evening; the place is closed Mondays. A rearrangement will be effected on Tuesday, Aug. 20: Chris Connor, a large and deftly flavored order of jazz singer, and the Hampton Hawes trio, which may easily improve with a bit more age. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This temple of the lively arts has reverted to form at last by putting George Shearing's quintet back on the stand, and the sigh is one of relief. Jack Kelly's efficient trio takes up any slack moments. This music begins at nine, and there is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six, a group of firebrands from the wide-open spaces of little old Trenton, N.J., is making the noise in here now. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the primeval bar and join the listeners in the back room, where an absorbing music festival is being conducted by two honor exchange students—Marian McPartland, of London, and Bernard Peiffer, of Paris. Both are equipped with trios, pianos, and a considerable insight into present-day currents of thought about music. The Peiffers hide out on Sunday, and the McPartlands on Monday. Wednesday, Aug. 21, is the last night for the Parisian contingent. Next evening, Mary Lou Williams—an Einstein and Edison of modern piano—returns from hibernation in (naturally) the



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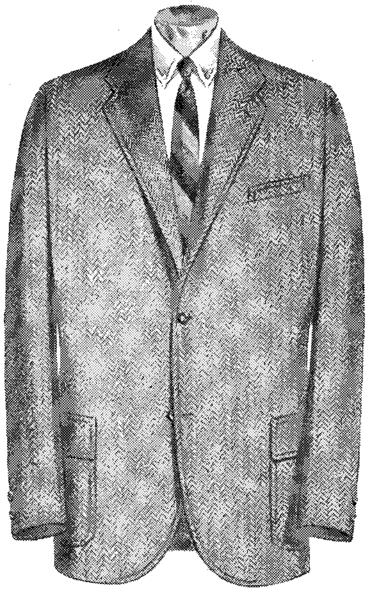
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Land of Oobladee with her new trio. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bud Powell's trio and Johnny Richards' orchestra are having it out in Broadway's oldest monument to progressive music. Mondays are guest nights. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, probably the only girl pianist (and certainly the only Japanese musician) who has ever sat in with the Duke Ellington band, is brightening the oval bar and sparking her latter-day trio after ten every evening but Monday. . . . LOWER BASIN STREET, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6060): Music to calm savage breasts, turned out by two groups that have given a great deal of thought to making progress without making enemies. They are the Stan Getz quartet and the Mitchell-Ruff duo, and they pack up on Sunday, Aug. 18. Closed Mondays. . . . BOURBON STREET, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The music that comes out of the woodwork (brand-new and kind of pretty woodwork, too) is well aged, since it is made by Turk Murphy's septet, which, though domiciled in San Francisco, sounds as if it had been born and bred in Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some old-line musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3:30 P.M. weekdays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend study hall for anyone who believes that jazz had a very happy childhood. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, helpful hints will be dropped by Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia indeed, operating on a timetable subject to change without notice. Buddy Rich's quartet should arrive on Friday, Aug. 16, and it's worth a listen. Two facts, though, are incontrovertible—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians, basically modernists, hold that the end justifies the means.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (WEIls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLEN COVE, L.I.: Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen Cove 4-2890); Thursdays through Saturdays, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); dancing on Thursday evenings, and piano every other evening. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Antoine Bourdelle—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Sol Wilson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart J. Davis, William Chaiken, and Stanley Twardowicz; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Aug. 30. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and Seong Moy; through Aug. 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 23.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Marie Laurencin, Buffet, Jacus, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by—to name a few of the artists—Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Knaths, Léger, and Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Aug. 30.

Pre-Columbian Art—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than a hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings. Works done up to 1925 will be shown through Aug. 25; prints and drawings through Sept. 2; and the rest of the exhibit will close on Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

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European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The Museum will be closed until Wednesday, Aug. 21, when the second part of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan will open. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: The yearly members' show, consisting of works in all mediums; starting Saturday, Aug. 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: "Twentieth-Century Sculpture," including objects by Picasso, Brancusi, Manzù, and others; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: A loan exhibit of paintings by Winslow Homer; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ The twenty-eighth annual display by southern Vermont artists; starting Saturday, Aug. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Water colors by Bernt Balchen and selections from the Boissevain Gallery, in New York City; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The thirty-seventh national annual, containing oils, water colors, caseins, and pastels by, among others, Aldro Hibbard and Gordon Grant; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** HCE Gallery: Gandy Brodie, Jan Müller, Richard Stankiewicz, and others; through Sunday, Aug. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6 and 8 to 10.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: Famous Polish artists; through Wednesday, Aug. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—Frederique Petrides conducting a chamber orchestra, with Michael Rosenker, violin. The third in a series of four free concerts. (Monday, Aug. 19, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

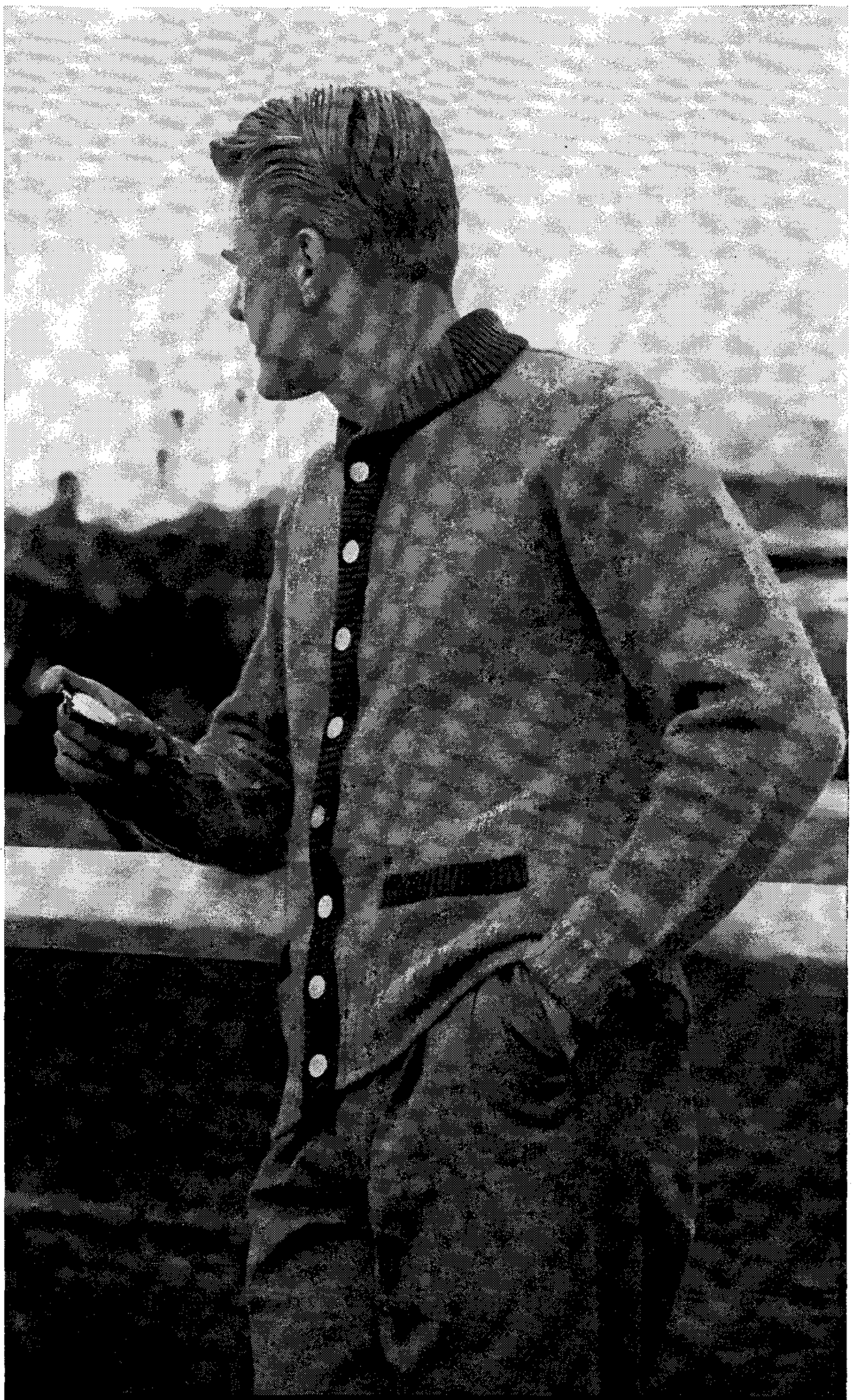
NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL—Count Basie and his orchestra, Joe Williams, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Miles Davis's and Horace Silver's quintets, Sarah Vaughan, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Coleman Hawkins, and others are scheduled to appear on Friday, Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Bobby Hackett's All-Stars, Bud Powell, Billie Holiday, Max Roach's quintet, Anita O'Day, and others are expected on Saturday, Aug. 24. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Curtain raisers at 7; main events at 8:15. For tickets, call CI 5-1380.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Thursday, Aug. 15: Mahalia Jackson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18: Wilbur de Paris and his New Orleans jazz band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25: Oscar Peterson's trio, Dizzy Gillespie, and Max Roach. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:40.)

CASTLE HILL—Geoffrey Holder and his Trinidad dancers in the final performances of the season. (Ipswich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, with Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: Walter Hendl conducting, with Muriel Kilby, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Walter Hendl



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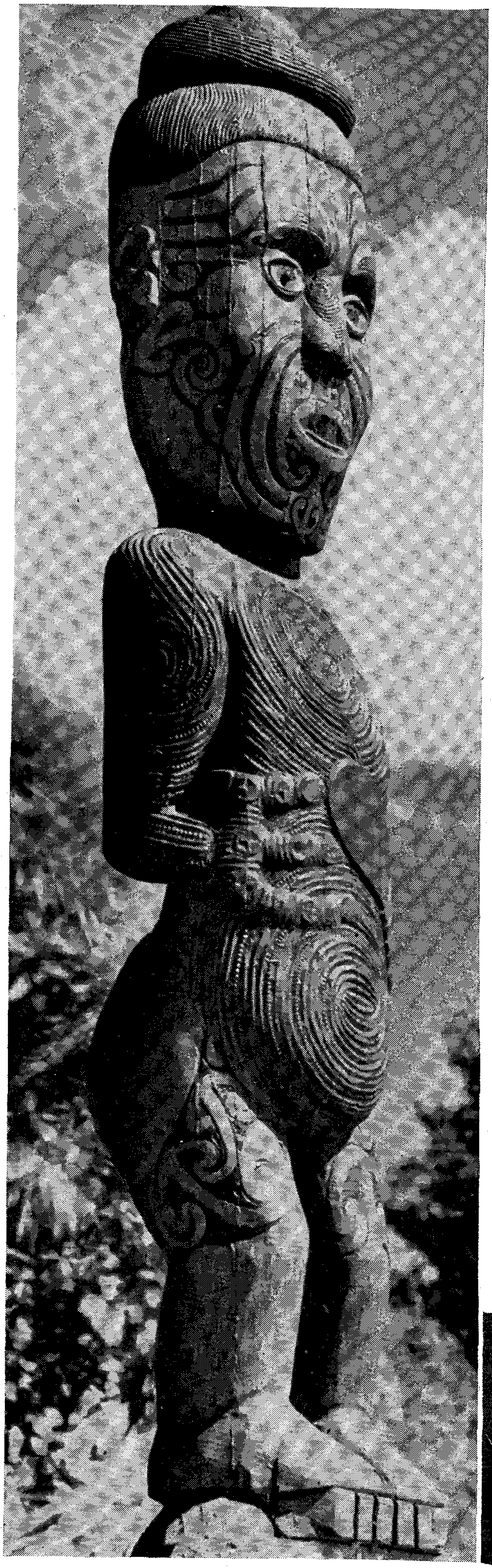

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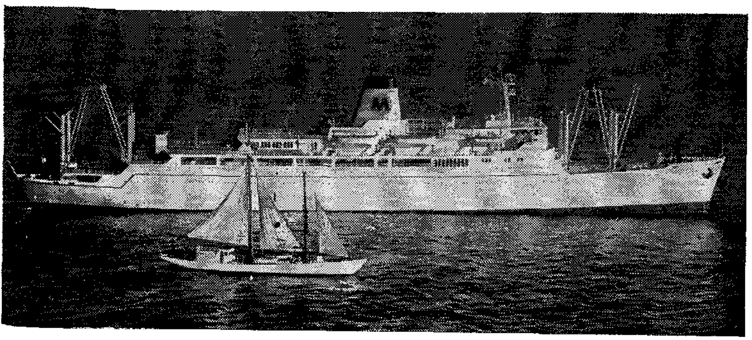


conducting a pop concert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: A recital by the First Piano Quartet. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in an all-Beethoven program, with Natasha Magg, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 18, at 4.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, Aug. 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 22, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 23, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2. . . . ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:15; Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2, and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 22-23, both at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Innis Arden Country Club, Old Greenwich, Conn. Friday, Aug. 16.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Travers and the Grand Union Hotel, Saturday, Aug. 17, and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Montgomery Air Force Base, Montgomery, N.Y.: Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 10.

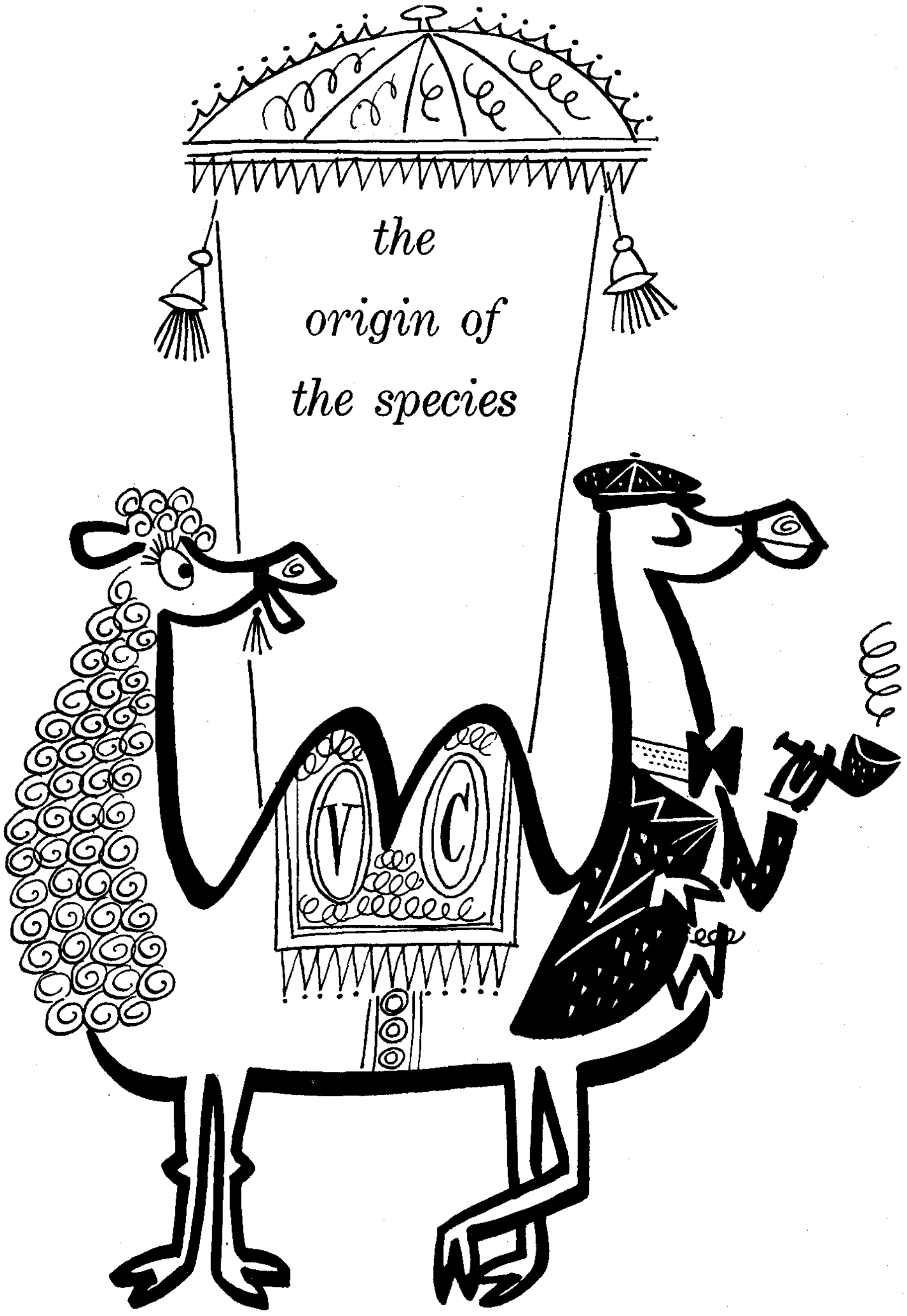
Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 19-25.) . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Starting Saturday, Aug. 24.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are first-rate. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Something about a TV entertainer who is mentally, morally, spiritually, and commercially dubious but nevertheless a hell of a man with a guitar. Andy Griffith is expert as the no-account strummer. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Aug. 18-20, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 21, tentative.)

Funny Face—An amiable excursion into the world of fashion, which presents Fred Astaire as a photographer and Audrey Hepburn as a girl who serves as his model, even though she wants to be an intellectual and above the modish battle. Kay Thompson, as the editor of a high-toned dress magazine, is helpful, and there are many stimulating views of Paris. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 20-21.)

The Green Man—An English film that gives Alastair Sim an opportunity to make the most of his enormous comic powers. It has to do with a man who discovers early in life that he should dedicate himself to homicide. Mr. Sim makes murder in all the film's lethal moments quite effective. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Aug. 18.)

A Hatful of Rain—Under Fred Zinnemann's forceful direction, this adaptation of the play about drug addiction that was presented hereabouts a couple of years ago proves to be a pretty exciting melodrama. In the cast are Don Murray, as a war hero who has taken to narcotics after being badly shot up in Korea; Eva Marie Saint, as his long-suffering wife; Anthony Franciosa, as his sympathetic brother; and Lloyd Nolan, as his selfish father. All of them give fine performances. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Silk Stockings—Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse leap about exuberantly in this movie version of the Broadway version of the old film called "Ninotchka," which had to do, as you'll remember, with a susceptible lady commissar on a mission to Paris. The book by now is old hat, but there are some good songs by Cole Porter, and quite a few funny scenes, in which Janis Paige, Jules Munshin, Peter Lorre, Joseph Buloff, and George Tobias figure happily. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film, whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. With English dialogue. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280, starting Aug. 21; tentative.)

Sweet Smell of Success—Another contribution to the current movie vogue for kicking heelish characters around. The low specimen on exhibit here is a Broadway gossip columnist who is so convinced of his importance that he behaves like a madhouse Napoleon. The theme of the piece has to do with his attempts to keep his young sister from marrying a guitar player, an undertaking in which he is assisted by a press agent as amoral as he is. Written by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, and directed by Alexander Mackendrick, the picture has a worthy cast headed by Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Aug. 21.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy who is accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden are included in a very strong cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Anthony Adverse (1936)—Fredric March as the peripatetic Anthony. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 19-20.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Aug. 19.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "A Night at the Movies" (1937), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 18-19.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Aug. 20.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 18-20.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 19-20.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 18-20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Aug. 17: "Vocation" (circa 1936), directed by Jean-Yves de la Cour; and "Un Partie de Campagne" (1936), directed by Jean Renoir. . . . ¶ Aug. 18-21: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), with Jean Gabin. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Fire Down Below," Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SILK STOCKINGS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Curse of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 21: **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
A HATFUL OF RAIN.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"It Happened in the Park" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Micheline Presle, Vittorio De Sica.

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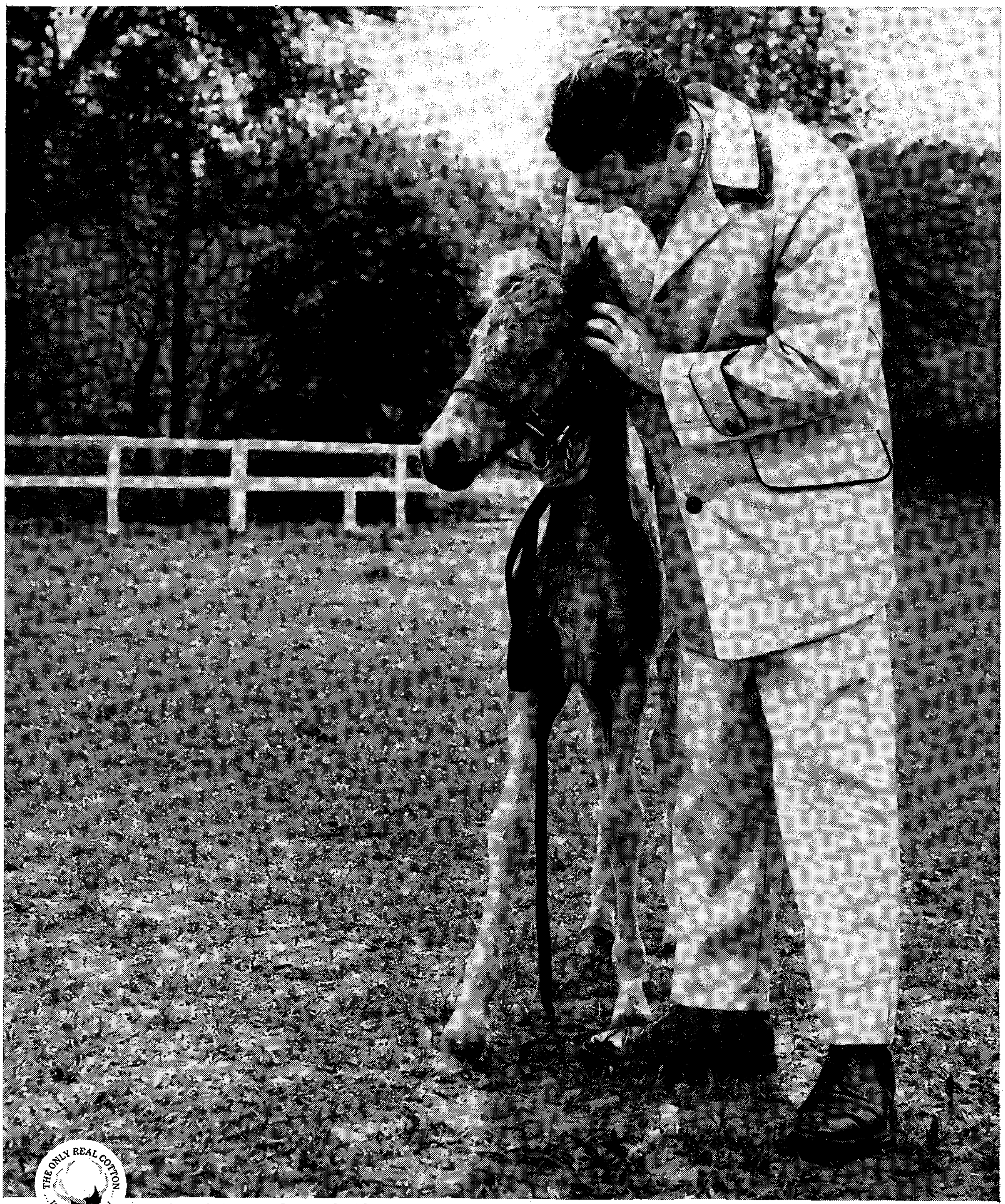

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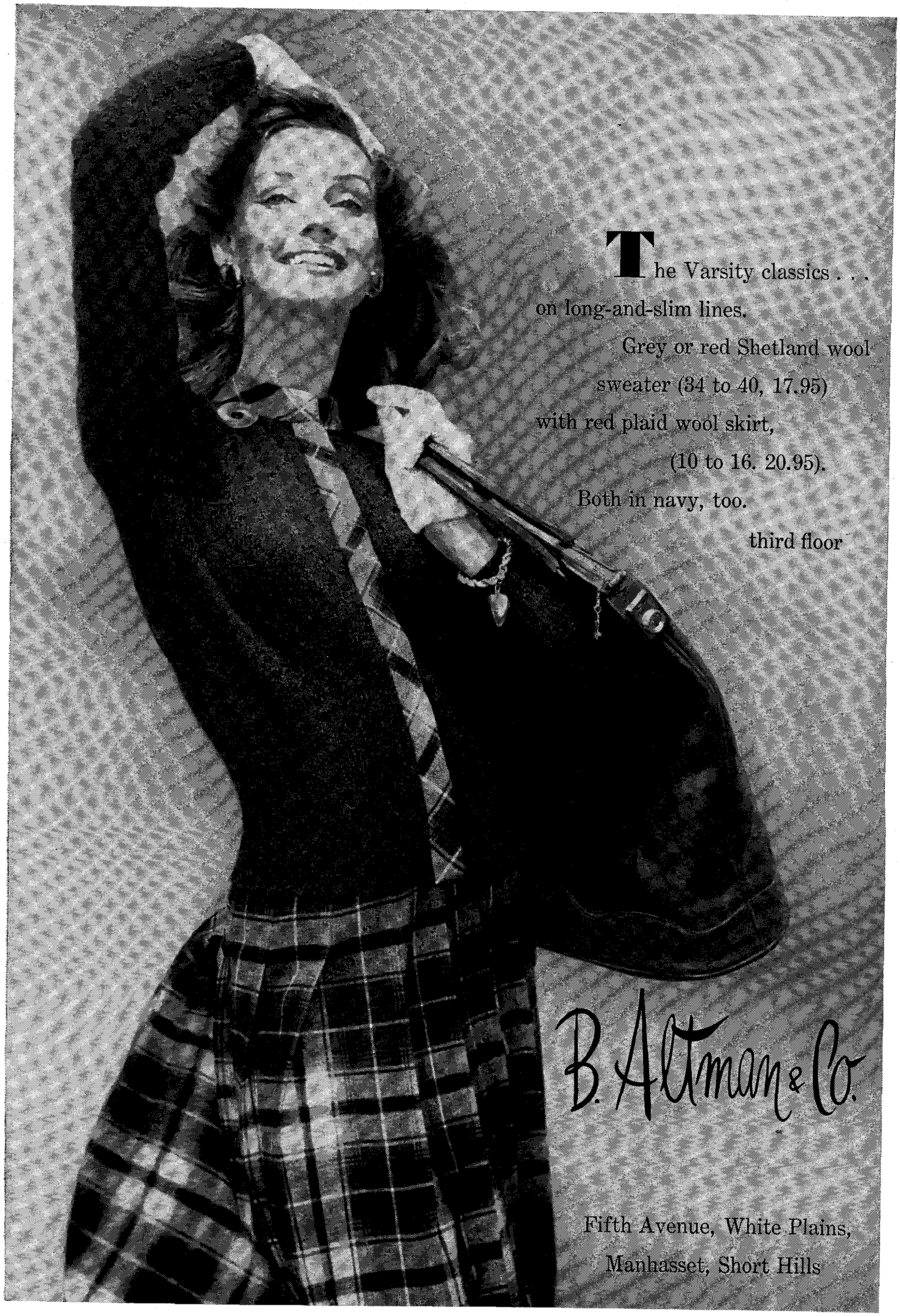

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE unitedness of the United Nations may sometimes seem doubtful in the Security Council, but never in the U.N. Gift Center. This festive and tinkly shop, for which we have long had an affection, now occupies expanded quarters in the basement of the General Assembly Building, and we have been over there on a midsummer visit. We found the place hopping, and all hands looking generally pleased. The visitors, when we arrived, included almost two dozen children between the ages of two and twelve, and about the same number of parents. The clerks, who were devoting most of their time and energy to answering questions and dislodging small fists from merchandise, were ladies of impeccably international aspect—the trace of unplaceable accent, the indefinable air of mystery. Among the items of chief interest on the counters were those labelled "Book Marks from Yugoslavia, 65¢ Each," "Chicken Pickers from Sweden, $1 Each," "Native Timber Pencil Boxes from New Zealand, $1.75 Each," "Balancing Devils from Somaliland, $6.50," "From Africa—Ebony Swallows, $1 Each," and an item with the catchy trade name "Please Don't Blow Shepherd's Flutes from Yugoslavia, $3 Double, $1.50 Single." A number of the smaller children were busy blowing these. We thought we could use a set of chicken pickers, whatever they were, so we pressed toward that label, only to find that the pickers were a toy with a swinging weight capable of causing half a dozen wooden chickens to pick at a round board.

After buying a particularly animated chicken picker, we devoted ourself to eavesdropping.

"Do you sell cribbage boards?" we heard.

"Cribbage boards from New Zealand, two dollars each," came the crisp reply.

"Cigarette holders?"

"From Turkey, thirty inches long, two dollars."

"Small lamps?"

"Two lamps from Holland, very, very small. Hand-painted, very cute. Three fifty."

"They had much more stuff here last time. What happened to all the stuff?"

"Well, we're all sold out of small-size elephant seeds *only*—six carved elephants in a seed a quarter of an inch in diameter, from India. Twenty-five cents a seed. We order five thousand seeds at a time, but they sell out."

"Do you have souvenirs that say 'United Nations'?"

"Next door, in the Souvenir Shop. The Gift Center has nothing to do with the Souvenir Shop" (archly).

"These hand-carved dogs from Italy, what kind of dogs are they?"

"Terriers, poodles, shepherds, all a dollar twenty-five each."

"Why do I need a camel saddle from Lebanon, please?"

"You watch television, you sit down on it."

"Oh."

On the lower levels of the throng, physically and diplomatically, sub-summit negotiations were going on among the children. (The air-conditioning was working best close to the floor, making the two-to-four-year-old area a little Antarctica.)

"Want a chicken picker?" asked a friendly girl of five or so.

"No, I want chewing gum," said the addressee, a stolid small boy.

"These are Japanese puzzles," the girl persisted. "Want some of those?"

"No. I want chewing gum."

"What did you buy?" we heard from another quarter.

And then: "Nothing."

On the invitation of one of the clerks, we followed her into an office in the rear of the shop, where, in military-headquarters style, there hung a large world map decorated with colored pins. Our guide explained that the pins showed the places from which the shop had things for sale. She also explained that the United Nations Gift Center is operated and managed by the United Nations Coöperative, a closed corporation of seventeen hundred stockholders, all of whom are officially associated with the United Nations. We asked her what the best-selling items were, apart from elephant seeds. Chicken pickers are one, she said; there are three cases to a crate, seven hundred and twenty pickers to a case, and twenty crates move out per year, on the average. Shepherd's flutes are another—twelve hundred singles and seven hundred doubles were sold in the past two weeks. "There was a run on New Zealand rulers one week not long ago—for what reason, I haven't the slightest idea," she told us. "Mail-order business is spotty but interesting. An order for a camel saddle from the American Middle West. An order for an American Indian beaded belt from Ghana. An order, which haunts me, from Paris, for one elephant seed and one New Zealand ruler."

Sociable Game

CRIES of "Cut the grass, Jimmy!," "Straight as a die!," and "You're a grand wee player!" reached our ears over an outcropping of Manhattan schist up in Central Park the other Sunday morning, and thus, not entirely by accident, we found our way to the

greens where the New York Lawn Bowling Club (organized April, 1926; club colors blue, white, orange; present membership forty-seven) was holding an open doubles competition. The playing area, which we discovered after scrambling over the outcropping, consists of two greens, each a hundred and twenty feet square and cropped and curried to billiard-table smoothness, that nestle in a tree-ringed depression along the western side of the Park, near Seventy-second Street. When we arrived at the closed gate of a fence that encircles the greens, we found one of them empty except for a whirling sprinkler, and the other occupied by two dozen players deployed at opposite edges, bowling and uttering incantatory cries. On a shaded bench at one side sat five lady spectators, and one of them, who immediately invited us inside the enclosure, proved to be as thorough and spirited a guide as we could possibly have wanted.

"The idea of the game is to get the bowls—those are the large balls—as near as possible to the jack, the small white ball that's thrown out first," she explained. "The bowls have a bias on them, to make things more interesting. It's a very ancient game; some say it began in Holland, some say in Scotland, and some say in Germany. Most of our members say Scotland. Bowling Green, downtown, is named after it, though only the good Lord knows when there was last a green down there. Very sociable game, too. They claim it's for old men, but look at that laddie right out there—twenty-five years old, and he won the club doubles earlier this year. He's Howard Chisholm, son of John Chisholm, the club secretary. Now, over beyond Howard, with the white hair and the white cap and the cigarette dangling, that's my husband, Ike Balmain. Seventy-five years old, and he won the Kelly Cup this year." Mrs. Balmain proudly watched the Kelly Cup winner bowl, and we asked her about the Cup. "Gift of Thomas Kelly, proprietor of Kelly Brothers' restaurant and bar, on Columbus Avenue north of Seventy-second," she said. "Kelly himself is an Irishman and no bowler, but we're his customers, and that's how he came to put up the Cup. After he's bowled a certain number of ends, a bowler gets hungry, and dry as well, and Kelly's is where the members are likely to go to talk things over—those that don't go down to the clubhouse. Like to see the clubhouse?"

We said we certainly would, and Mrs. Balmain led us out of the enclosure and into the basement of a Parks Department building, where we found lockers, benches, and walls festooned with score cards and group pictures. "Members keep their bowls in the lockers," she said. "You buy your own—forty dollars a set. The groundskeepers have their equipment down here, too. Each club member pays the city two dollars a year for a greens permit. In exchange, the city provides two groundskeepers, and a good job they do." Asking us to look at one of the group pictures, Mrs. Balmain said that all the club members are men, as provided in the bylaws, but that there is a women's auxiliary, consisting largely of members' wives, and that she had been a member of it for fifteen years. "The wee one in the second row, that's me," she pointed out.

Back at the greens, we found the morning's play finished, and Mrs. Balmain, continuing her exemplary guiding, offered to introduce us to a club officer. "Walter C. Hill, the president, is on vacation right now, but here's John Chisholm," she said, presenting a sharp-faced man with clear blue eyes and light hair. "What kind of game did you have, John?"

Mr. Chisholm said he'd had a good one. Then he glanced at his watch, remarked that Kelly's would be open now, and asked us if we'd like to mosey over there. As we moseyed toward Kelly's, accompanied by Mr. Chisholm and half a dozen other club and auxiliary members, he told us that the club is part of the American Lawn Bowling Association, a coast-to-coast affair, and that the most active states are Florida and California. "In Florida, they play mostly on marl, because the sun's too hot for good greens," he said. "A much faster game, but not quite the same thing."

Inside Kelly's, a comfortable retreat with panels and chandeliers, bowling gossip from a couple of tables at the back mingled uneasily with baseball gossip from the bar. We sat down with the bowling contingent and, being dry as a bowler, downed a pint or so. "Our local membership has fallen off from a peak of sixty, five years ago," Mr. Chisholm said. "Members die off every year, and we're not getting enough young recruits. The young want physical contact in their games. Never mind, laddie, there'll always be a New York Lawn Bowling Club, you can bet on that."

Deal

THE camping season being in full swing, we have received our usual bagful of juvenile correspondence, forwarded to us by parents of children out-of-doors. One letter that we like, from a first-time camper, aged twelve, runs this way:

DEAR MOTHER:

You gave me no money because the camp said we didn't need money. But we do need money. I am happy here.

Love,
JIMMIE

P. S. Could you send me a deck of cards?

The Twenties Kick

WE have here the rousing, cheerful tale of a freakish business success involving three young people from Greenwich Village who find themselves, quite unexpectedly, key figures in the latest college fad—wearing ancient raccoon coats. This revival has, we gather, been smoldering for some time, first at men's colleges and then among the girls, as leaders of campus fashion have discovered the shock value in the battered majesty of a thirty-year-old raccoon coat. The fad has been kept from spreading more rapidly only by the limited supply of coats. Just a few have been available on the racks of campus second-hand stores. The majority of the coats appearing on the campus have been dug out of attics by their present owners. Now, suddenly, thanks to a number of fortuitous circumstances, the fad has burst into full flame. Lord & Taylor's College Shop is selling fourteen hundred used raccoon coats at twenty-five dollars each. The coats are in what the store proudly advertises as "a state of magnificent disrepair." This particular collection, we learned, was assembled by the three young Greenwich Villagers mentioned above—an architect named Stanley Salzman, his wife Sue, and a lawyer friend of theirs named Benjamin Bejan. When we telephoned Mr. Salzman, he told us that his

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wife and Bejan were so frazzled by sudden success as to be temporarily incommunicado, but that he would receive us in his back yard, on West Tenth Street. Having repaired there, we found Mr. Salzman, a good-looking fellow clad in a fashionably ancient T shirt and duck pants, who installed us under an ailanthus, handed us a drink, and said, "The truth is we stumbled into the raccoon-coat business. It all started— Well, it all started in the Jazz Age, but *this* phase of it started at a party my wife and I gave last December. Sue was complaining about how she'd seen a beautiful old raccoon coat in a junk shop but hadn't had the nerve to buy it until too late—it was gone. Up spoke a young fellow named Gene Futterman, who used to be an architecture student of mine at Pratt Institute. Gene said that his brother's father-in-law was in the boys'-clothing business, and that at the time of the Davy Crockett craze, a couple of years ago, he'd offered Gene a job cutting up old raccoon coats to be made into Davy Crockett hats. Excuse me for wincing when I say that name. You'll find out later why I do it."

Mr. Salzman wiped his brow and went on, "Gene declined the job, but he told us that he recalled hearing that when the Crockett craze died down, his brother's father-in-law had had bales of old raccoon coats left over. Well, a few days after the party, Sue was still mourning over the junk-shop coat she'd missed, so we lined up our friend Bejan—I forgot to tell you Benjy wanted a raccoon coat, too—and went over to Gene's relative's warehouse. Bales of coats there, dirt cheap! We each bought ourself one, and then, since we were feeling manic, we bought one for everybody who had been at the party. Thirteen coats in all. The recipients immediately began to talk the coats up, and their friends asked where they could get some. Sue was a walking ad herself. She was on a real twenties kick—blue-black lipstick and her raccoon coat. The phone began to ring all the time—people wanting coats. Finally, Sue and Benjy decided to go into business. I'm an unofficial partner."

The business prospered from the first, Mr. Salzman said, refreshing our drink; it was a classic case of demand exceeding supply. Mrs. Salzman and Bejan devoted themselves to canvassing used-fur dealers for more coats, which were snapped up by customers as soon as they appeared. By late spring, the partners had sold about four hundred coats, and were getting tired of the business. "We'd outfitted the entire cast of a couple of Broadway shows. We'd sold a coat to Farley Granger. We'd had it," Salzman said. "Then, in June, *Glamour* published a picture of a raccoon coat, crediting us as supplier. Three hundred letters and phone calls, including an urgent inquiry from Lord & Taylor. We scraped up two hundred coats for them, and then another two hundred, and now we're getting them another thousand. Apparently, anything that Lord & Taylor does in college fashions is copied, because before we knew it we had practically every retail buyer in the country on our necks. I understand that this is driving some of the regular furriers crazy. Other furriers miss the point completely; they think that if old raccoon coats are good, new coats should be better—but try and sell that idea to the college people! For us, the last two weeks have been hell—phone ringing all day, buyers traipsing in day and night. We say, 'All right, all right, we'll give you coats as soon as we can find them.' Then we go to the dealers, and they give us the old story: most of the raccoon coats they had were cut up for those damn hats. Before the Crockett boom, there was believed to be a supply of about two million old raccoon coats in the country. But the boom practically decimated the supply. We've agreed to send coats to stores in Tulsa, Los Angeles, Boston, Indianapolis, and Chicago, but where are they coming from? We could sell fifty thousand coats right now, if we could locate them. That Crockett!"

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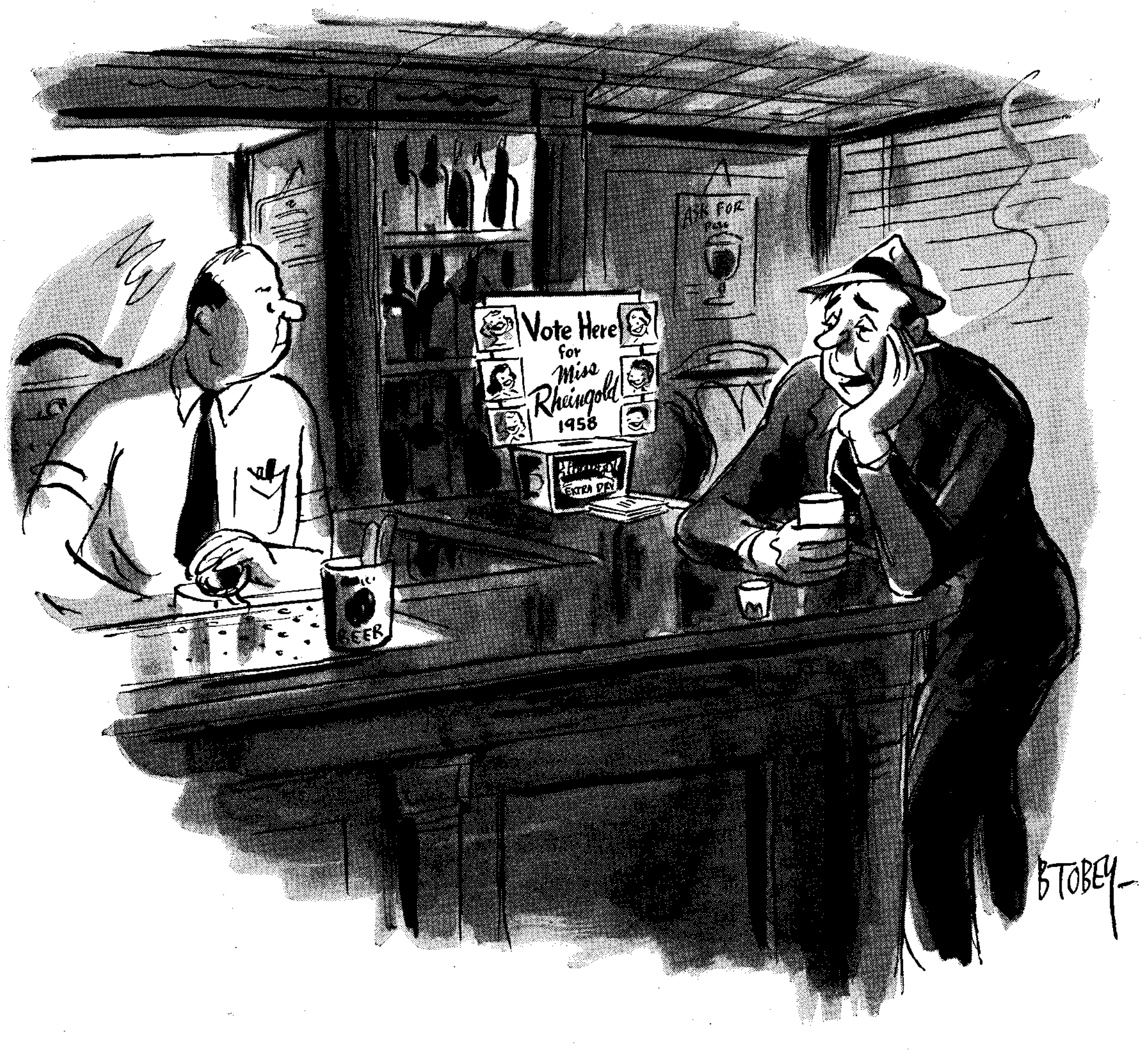
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Doing a brisk business in front of the Funcade, on Atlantic City's Boardwalk, is a white-jacketed attendant with a sphygmomanometer and a sign reading, "Check your blood pressure, 25¢."

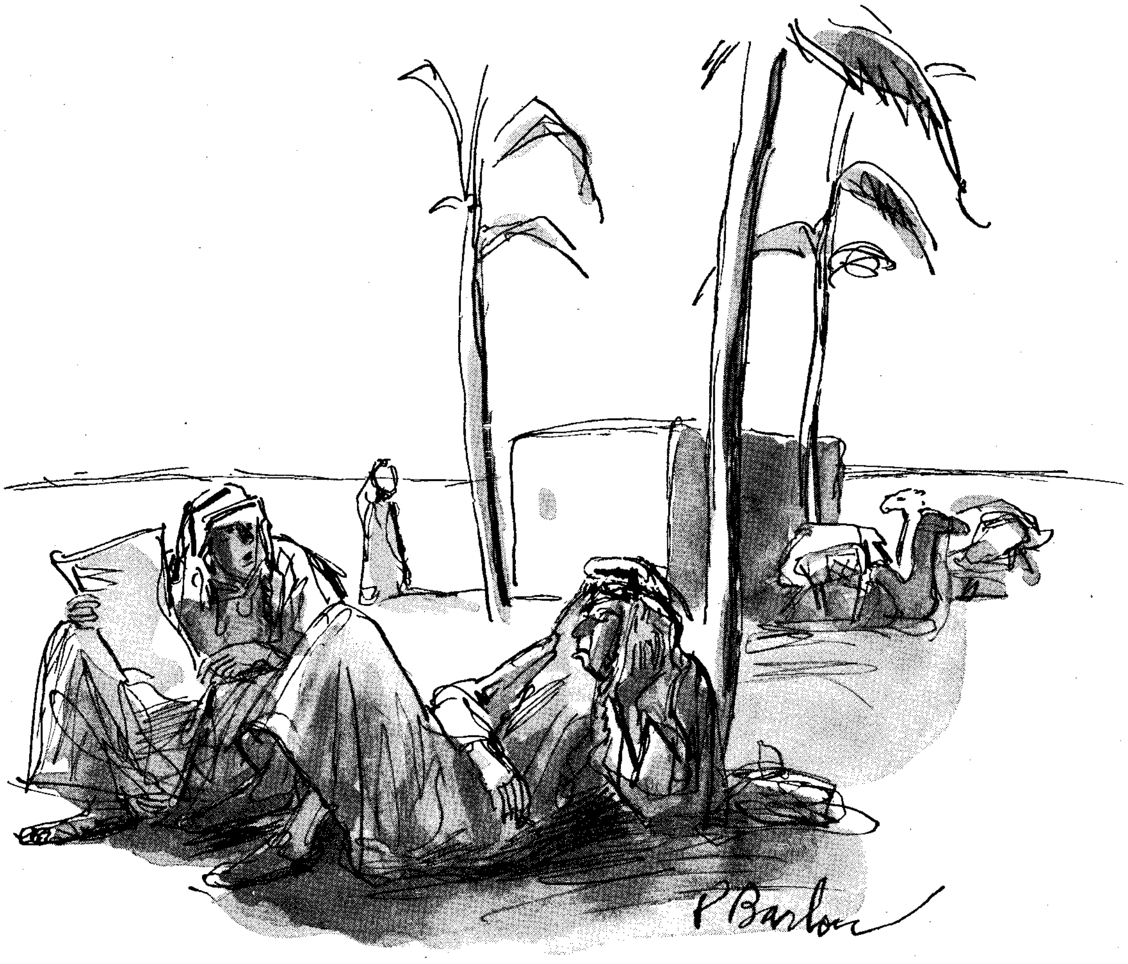
Beat

AT eight-forty-five one cool, brilliantly moonlit evening last week, Acting Police Commissioner James Robert Kennedy picked us up in midtown to take us with him on one of the checkup tours of troubled areas that he has been making nightly during the current police drive against juvenile crime. The Acting Commissioner, who became a cop in 1918 at the age of twenty-four and has since been in almost every branch of police work and held almost every rank—he is no relation of the temporarily absent Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy—is a square-jawed, crew-cut bachelor with a fixed look of innocence. He was wearing a blue serge suit, a cream-colored tie, an old-fashioned boater stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a revolver at his hip. Kennedy invited us to take a place beside him in the back seat of his car, an unmarked black sedan containing radio equipment tuned to monitor all five borough channels. The driver was a tall, baby-faced detective whom the Acting Commissioner addressed as Johnny. "I want to hit the areas saturated with the rookie cops," he said as we headed uptown on Lexington Avenue. "It's been rough, with Steve away on vacation," Kennedy told us, after Johnny had acknowledged the order. "I got hit with everything but the bucket. Crime is on the rise in the city, as it is all over the country, but actually we had seven fewer homicides committed by juveniles in the first eight months of this year than we had during the same period in 1956—twenty-two against twenty-nine. It runs in spells. From a purely personal point of view, I don't mind a spell like this. I always average three hours sleep a night anyway. I'm an old, experienced cop."



"But why, why is there no Miss Pabst, no Miss Schlitz, no Miss Budweiser?"

As we breezed along past Eighty-sixth Street, Kennedy stuck his head out the window and sniffed the air. "Full moon tonight," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone. "A full moon means trouble. Why? Who knows? Stirs people up. We're in the Twenty-third Precinct now. It's a hot area. I ought to know. I was inspector here for six years, beginning in 1945." He pointed to a couple of gray-uniformed patrolmen on the street. "Ah, there's some of the rookies," he said, in a satisfied way. "As you've seen in the papers, we've taken more than five hundred of our rookies out of the classrooms and put them out walking the beats, and we haven't had a major juvenile crime since. It's good for the rookies, too. I don't have to tell you there's nothing like experience. It's the difference between reading a cookbook and having a stove right in front of you to learn on. Before we put the rookies out on the street, we told them to be tactful and to remember that most of our people here are decent citizens, but that violence would not be tolerated and force would be returned with force. We've got everybody out working tonight—detectives in prowl cars, even the inspectors. We got a rumor there might be a rumble—one of those gang fights—over in the Twenty-fourth, on the upper West Side. If anything like that breaks, we'll hit the Twenty-fourth, and hit it quick."



"We're in ferment, it says."

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We moved above 100th Street, and Kennedy pointed to knots of boys loitering uncertainly on corners. "Look at them," he said. "I was born and raised in East Harlem myself, and we had a gang of kids, but we never shot and stabbed. We had block fights, but we only used fists. When we saw a cop, he gave us a touch of the night stick, and our feet couldn't carry us away far enough. The loafer or the bum was always the odd one, and he'd be shunned. I blame a lot of the situation on the parents, but, personally, I blame some of the violent shows on television, too. Johnny, pull in here at the Twenty-third."

At the Twenty-third Precinct station, on East 104th Street, Kennedy hopped out of the car and, with a policeman's characteristic half swagger, half run, went inside, with us following. A stocky, round-faced lieutenant behind the high wooden desk jumped to his feet and called "Attention!" to a couple of other officers. Kennedy put them at ease, and asked how conditions were. "Very quiet, Commissioner," said the lieutenant.

"That's the way to keep it," Kennedy said. "How's the Missis?"

"O.K. now," said the lieutenant. "It seems her trouble was caused by the heat, and her being in a family way."

"Well, take it easy," said the Commissioner, and led the way back to the car.

We pressed on to the Twenty-fifth Precinct, on East 126th Street, where everything was quiet and where Kennedy had some more homely exchanges with old colleagues on the force. "Johnny," he said to the driver, when we were back in the car, "pick up a Hundred and Tenth Street and then go up Fifth. I want to hit the two blocks from there to a Hundred and Twelfth. See how the rookies are doing over there." At the appointed area, we found two rookies on patrol. Kennedy asked Johnny to stop, climbed out, and walked up to the rookies. "How are you?" he asked.

"O.K.," said one of them, looking puzzled and suspicious.

"O.K., *Commissioner*," said the other rookie, giving his companion a telling glance.

"How you like the outside work?" Kennedy asked.

The rookies agreed that it was more educational than school.

"Keep up the good work, boys," said Kennedy, climbing back into the car.

At the Twenty-eighth Precinct, on West 123rd Street, a phone call for Kennedy came while he was talking to the officer on duty. It was from the Twenty-fourth, and the gist of it was that the rumble rumor had been unfounded. Kennedy said he was glad of that and hung up. "Well, I'm going over there before the night's over, just in case," he said. "Funny, it's so quiet tonight, even the radio in the car is quiet." He left the station, and on the way to the car he glanced up again at the huge, troublesome moon.

Delicate

ONE warm afternoon last week, we paused at the site of the new Time & Life Building, on West Fiftieth Street, to watch a huge steam shovel that was scooping up dynamited rock from the foundation and then swinging around to deposit it in a truck. When the truck was full, the operator used the head of the shovel to tap the load in place, and waited for the truck to move along. However, the driver had dozed off in his cab. Gently, the shovel head swung around again, moved in upon the driver, and tapped him on one arm. He awoke with a start, reached out of his cab, patted the steel underlip of the shovel appreciatively, and drove off.

THE BLUSH

THEY were the same age—Mrs. Allen and the woman who came every day to do the housework. "I shall never have children now," Mrs. Allen had begun to tell herself. Something had not come true—the essential part of her life. She had always imagined her children in fleeting scenes and intimations; that was how they had come to her, like snatches of a film. She had seen them plainly, their chins tilted up as she tied on their bibs at mealtimes. Their naked bodies had darted in and out of the water sprinkler on the lawn, and she had listened to their voices in the garden and, in the mornings, from their beds. She had even cried a little, dreaming of the day when the eldest boy would go off to boarding school. She pictured the train going out of the station; she raised her hand and her throat contracted and her lips trembled as she smiled. The years passing by had slowly filched from her the reality of these scenes—the gay sounds, the grave peace she had longed for, even the pride of grief.

She listened—as they worked together in the kitchen—to Mrs. Lacey's troubles with her family, her grumblings about her grown-up son, who would not get up till dinnertime on Sundays and then expected his mother to have cleaned his shoes for him; about the girl of eighteen, who was a hairdresser and too full of dainty ways, which she picked up from the women's magazines; and the adolescent girl, who moped and glowered and answered back.

My children wouldn't have turned out like that, Mrs. Allen thought as she made her murmured replies. "The more you do for some, the more you may," said Mrs. Lacey. But from gossip that Mrs. Allen heard in the village, she had done all too little. The children, one night after another, for years and years, had had to run out for parcels of fish and chips for their supper while their mother sat in The Horse and Jockey drinking brown ale. On summer evenings, when they were younger, they had hung about outside the pub. When they were bored, they pressed their foreheads to the window and looked in at the dark little bar, hearing the jolly laughter, their mother's the loudest of all. Seeing their faces, she would swing at once from the violence of hilarity to that of extreme annoyance, and although ginger beer and packets of potato crisps would be handed out through the window, her anger went out with them and threatened the children as they ate and drank.

QUICK SAND
TON SMITS

"And she doesn't always care who she goes there *with*," Mrs. Allen's gardener told her.

"She works hard and deserves a little pleasure. She has her anxieties," said Mrs. Allen, who, alas, had none.

She had never been inside The Horse and Jockey, although it was nearer to her house than The Chequers, at the other end of the village, to which she and her husband went sometimes for a glass of sherry on Sunday mornings. The Horse and Jockey attracted a different set of customers—for instance, people who sat down and drank, at tables all round the wall. At The Chequers no one ever sat down, but people stood and sipped and chatted as at a cocktail party, and luncheons and dinners were served, which made it so much more respectable. No children hung about outside, because they were all at home with their nannies.

Sometimes in the evenings—so many of them—when her husband was kept late in London, Mrs. Allen wished that she could go down to The Chequers and drink a glass of sherry and exchange a little conversation with someone, but she was too shy to open the door and go in alone. She imagined heads turning, a surprised welcome from her friends, who would all be safely in married pairs, and then, when she left, eyes meeting, with unspoken messages and conjecture in the air.

Mrs. Lacey went home at midday, and then there was gardening to do and the dog to be taken for a walk. After six o'clock, she began to pace restlessly about the house, glancing at the clocks in one room after another, listening for her husband's car—the sound she knew so well because she had awaited it for such a large part of her married life. She would hear, at last, the tires turning on the soft gravel, the door being slammed, then his footsteps hurrying toward the porch. She knew that it was a wasteful way of spending her years—and, looking back, she was unable to tell one of them from another—but she could not think what else she might do. Humphrey went on earning more and more money, and there was no stopping him now. Her acquaintances, in wretched quandaries about where the next term's school fees were to come from, would turn to her and say cruelly, "Oh, *you're* all right, Ruth. You've no idea what you are spared."

And Mrs. Lacey would be glad when Maureen could leave school and "get out earning." " 'I've got my geometry to do,' she says when it's time to wash up the tea things. 'I'll geometry you, my girl,' I said. 'When I was your age, I was out earning.' "

Mrs. Allen was fascinated by the life going on in that house, and the children were very real to her, although she had never seen them. Only Mr. Lacey remained blurred and unimaginable. No one knew him. He worked in the town in the valley, six miles away, and he kept himself to himself; had never been known to show his face in The Horse and Jockey. "I've got my own set," Mrs. Lacey said airily. "After all, he's nearly twenty years older than me. I'll make sure neither of my girls follow my mistake. 'I'd rather see you dead at my feet,' I said to Vera." Ron's young lady was lucky—having Ron, she added. Mrs. Allen found this strange, for Ron had always been painted so black; was, she had been led to believe, oafish, ungrateful, greedy, and slow to put his hands in his pockets if there was any paying out to do. There was also the matter of his shoe-cleaning, for no young women would do what his mother did for him—or said she did. Always, Mrs. Lacey would sigh and say, "Goodness me, if only I was their age and knew what I know now."

She was an envious woman. She envied Mrs. Allen her pretty house and her clothes, and she envied her own daughters their youth. "If I had your figure," she would say to Mrs. Allen. Her own had gone. What else could be expected, she asked, when she had had three children? Mrs. Allen thought, too, of all the brown ale Mrs. Lacey drank at The Horse and Jockey and of the reminiscences of meals past, which came so much into her conversations. Whatever the cause was, her flesh, slackly corseted, shook as she trod heavily about the kitchen. In summer, with bare arms and legs, she looked larger than ever. Although her skin was very white, the impression she gave was at once colorful—from her orange hair and bright lips and the floral patterns that she always wore. Her red-painted toenails poked through the straps of her fancy sandals. Turquoise-blue beads were wound around her throat.

Humphrey Allen had never seen her—he had always left for the station before she arrived—and that was a good thing, his wife thought. When she spoke of Mrs. Lacey, she wondered if he visualized a neat, homely woman in a clean white overall. She did not deliberately mislead him, but she took advantage of his indifference. Her relationship with Mrs. Lacey and the intimacy of their conversations in the kitchen he would not have approved of, and the sight of those callused feet, with their chipped nail varnish and yellowing heels, would have sickened him.

ONE Monday morning, Mrs. Lacey was later than usual. She was never very punctual and had many excuses about flat bicycle tires or Maureen being poorly. Mrs. Allen, waiting for her, sorted out all the washing. When she took another look at the clock, she decided that it was far too late for her to be expected at all. For some time lately, Mrs. Lacey had seemed ill and depressed. Her eyelids, which were chronically rather inflamed, had been more angrily red than ever, and, at the sink or ironing board, she would fall into unusual silences. She was absent-minded and full of sighs. She had always liked to talk about the "change" and now she did so more than ever, as if with a desperate hopefulness.

"I'm sorry, but I was ever so sick," she told Mrs. Allen when she arrived the next morning. "I still feel queerish. Such heartburn. I don't like the signs, I can tell you. All I crave is pickled walnuts, just the same as I did with Maureen. I don't like the signs one bit. I feel I'll throw myself into the river if I'm taken that way again."

Mrs. Allen felt stunned and antagonistic. "Surely not at your age," she said crossly.

"You can't be more astonished than me," Mrs. Lacey said, belching loudly. "Oh, pardon. I'm afraid I can't help myself."

"Too much purple."

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Not being able to help herself, she continued to belch and hiccup as she turned on taps and shook soap powder into the washing-up bowl. It was because of this that Mrs. Allen decided to take the dog for a walk. Feeling consciously fastidious and aloof, she made her way across the fields, trying to disengage her thoughts from Mrs. Lacey and her troubles, but unable to.

"Poor woman," she thought again and again, with bitter animosity.

She turned back when she noticed how the sky had darkened with racing, sharp-edged clouds. Before she could reach home, the rain began. Her hair, soaking wet, shrank into tight curls against her head. Her woollen suit smelled like a damp animal. "Oh, I am drenched!" she called out as she threw open the kitchen door.

She knew at once that the house was empty, that Mrs. Lacey must have put on her coat and left almost as soon as she started out on her walk. For nothing was done; the washing up was hardly started, and the floor was unswept. Among the stacked-up crockery a note was propped. She had come over funny, felt dizzy, and, leaving her apologies and respects, had gone.

Angrily, but methodically, Mrs. Allen set about making good the wasted morning. By afternoon, the grim look was fixed upon her face. "How dare she?" she found herself whispering, without allowing herself to wonder what it was the woman had dared.

She had her own little ways of cosseting herself through the lonely hours, comforts that were growing more important to her as she grew older, so that the time would come when not to have her cup of tea at four-thirty would seem a prelude to disaster. This afternoon, disorganized as it already was, she fell out of her usual habit, and instead of carrying the tray to the low table by the fire, she poured out her tea in the kitchen and drank it there, leaning tiredly against the dresser. Then she went upstairs to make herself tidy. She was trying to brush her frizzed hair smooth again when she heard the doorbell ringing.

When she opened the door, she saw quite plainly a look of astonishment take the place of anxiety on the face of the man standing there. Something about her surprised him, was not what he had expected. "Mrs. Allen?" he asked uncertainly, and the astonishment remained when she had answered him.

"Well, I'm calling about the wife,"

he said. "Mrs. Lacey that works here."

"I was worried about her," said Mrs. Allen.

She knew that she must face the embarrassment of hearing about Mrs. Lacey's condition, and invited the man into her husband's study, where she thought he might look less out of place than in her brocade-smothered drawing room. He looked about him resentfully and glared down at the floor that his wife had polished. With this thought in his mind, he said abruptly, "It's all taken its toll."

He sat down on a leather couch, with his cap and his bicycle clips beside him.

"I came home to my tea and found her in bed, crying," he said. This was true. Mrs. Lacey had succumbed to despair and gone to lie down. Feeling better at four o'clock, she went to the kitchen to find some food to comfort herself with, but the slice of dough cake was ill-chosen and brought on more heartburn and floods of bitter tears.

"If she carries on here for a while, it's all got to be very different," Mr. Lacey said threateningly. He was nervous at saying what he must, and could bring out the words only with the impetus of anger. "You may or may not know that she's expecting."

"Yes," said Mrs. Allen humbly. "This morning she told me that she thought—"

"There's no 'thought' about it. It's as plain as a pikestaff." Yet in his eyes she could see disbelief and bafflement, and he frowned and looked down again at the polished floor.

Twenty years older than his wife—or so his wife had said—he really, to Mrs. Allen, looked quite ageless, a crooked, bowlegged little man who might have been a jockey once. The expression about his blue eyes was like a child's. He was both stubborn and pathetic.

Mrs. Allen's fat spaniel came into the room and went straight to the stranger's chair and began to sniff at his corduroy trousers.

"It's too much for her," Mr. Lacey said. "It's too much to expect."

To Mrs. Allen's horror, she saw the blue eyes filling with tears. Hoping to hide his emotion, he bent down and fondled the dog, making playful thrusts at it with his fist closed.

He was a man utterly, bewilderedly at sea. His married life had been too much for him, with so much in it that he could not understand.

"Now I know, I will do what I can," Mrs. Allen told him. "I will try to get someone else in to do the rough."

"It's the late nights that are the trouble," he said. "She comes in dog-tired. Night after night. It's not good enough. 'Let them stay at home and mind their own children once in a while,' I told her. 'We don't need the money.' "

"I can't understand . . ." Mrs. Allen began. She was at sea herself now, but felt perilously near a barbarous, unknown shore and was afraid to make any movement toward it.

"I earn good money. For her to come out at all was only for extras. She likes new clothes. In the daytime I never had any objection. Then all these cocktail parties begin. It beats me how people can drink like it night after night and pay out for someone else to mind their kids. Perhaps you're thinking that it's not my business, but I'm the one who has to sit at home alone till all hours and get my own supper and see next to nothing of my wife. I'm boiling over some nights. Once I nearly rushed out when I heard the car stop down the road. I wanted to tell your husband what I thought of you both."

"My husband?" murmured Mrs. Allen.

" 'What am *I* supposed to have?' I would have asked him. 'Is she my wife or your sitter-in? Bringing her back at this time of night.' And it's no use saying she could have refused. She never would."

Mrs. Allen's quietness at last defeated him and dispelled the anger he had tried to rouse in himself. The look of her, too, filled him with doubts—her grave, uncertain demeanor and the shock her age had been to him. He had imagined someone so much younger, and—because of the cocktail parties—flighty. Instead, he recognized something of himself in her, a yearning disappointment. He picked up his cap and his bicycle clips and sat looking down at them, turning them round in his hands. "I had to come," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Allen.

"So you won't ask her again?" he pleaded. "It isn't right for her. Not now. Not as things are."

"No, I won't," Mrs. Allen promised, and she stood up as he did, and walked over to the door. He stooped and gave the spaniel a final pat. "You'll excuse my coming, I hope."

"Of course."

"It was no use saying any more to her. Whatever she's asked, she won't refuse. It's her way."

Mrs. Allen shut the front door after him and stood in the hall, listening to him wheel his bicycle across the gravel. Then she felt herself beginning to blush. She was glad that she was alone, for she could feel her face, her throat, even the tops of her arms burning, and she went over to a looking glass and studied with great interest this strange phenomenon.

—Elizabeth Taylor

TWO VOICES IN A MEADOW

A MILKWEED

Anonymous as cherubs
Over the crib of God,
White seeds are floating
Out of my burst pod.
What power had I
Before I learned to yield?
Shatter me, great wind:
I shall possess the field.

A STONE

As casual as cow-dung
Under the crib of God,
I lie where chance would have me,
Up to the ears in sod.
Why should I move? To move
Befits a light desire.
The sill of Heaven would founder
Did such as I aspire.

—Richard Wilbur

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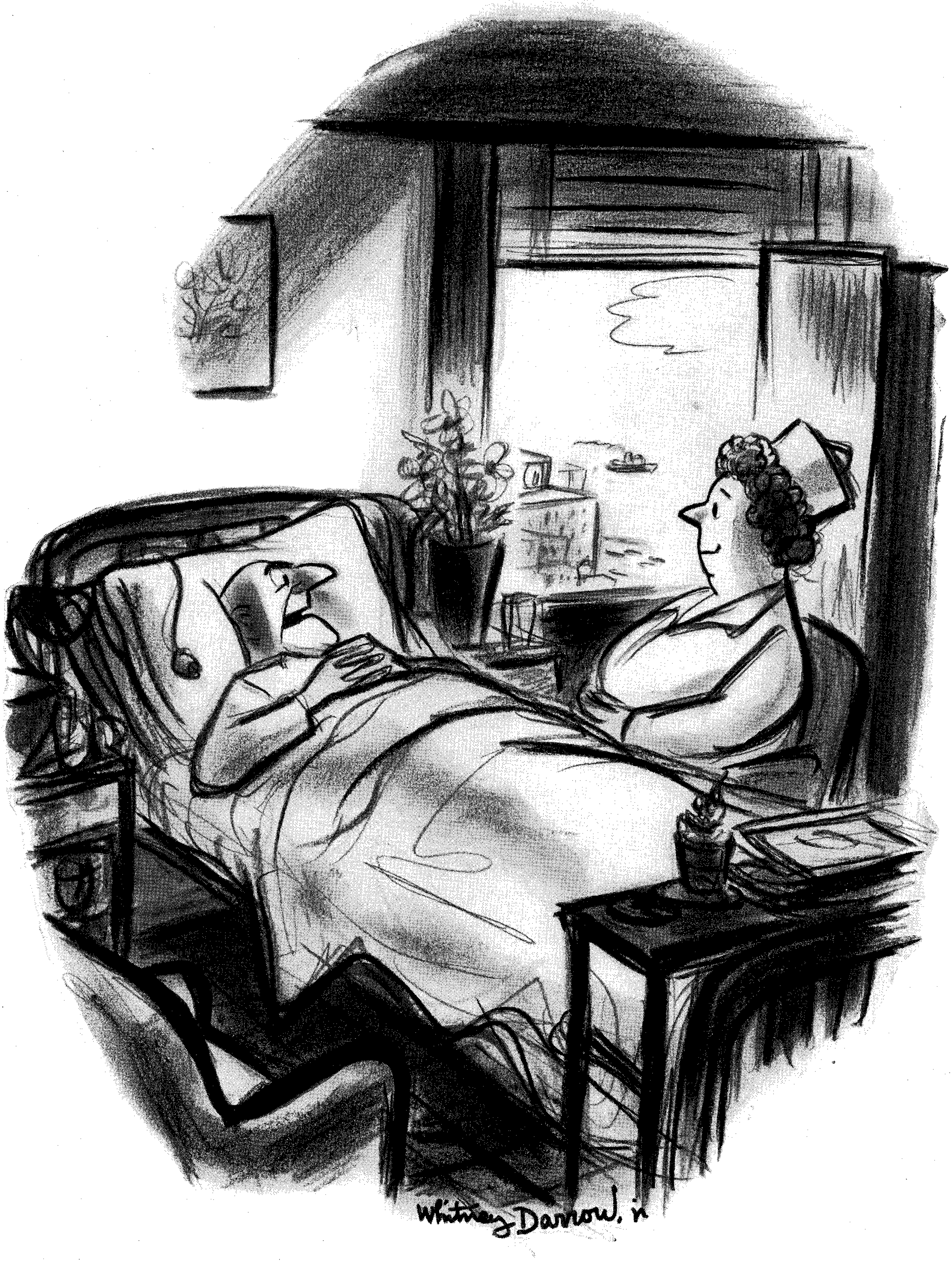

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"*Stop saying I'll live to be ninety. I am ninety.*"

POWDER RIVER IN THE OLD DAYS

WHEN my children come home from the movies, where they have been watching Randolph Scott or Sterling Hayden keep their vigil on our old frontiers, I like to tell them that I, too, was once a cowpuncher, and in one of the most select areas for that line of work—the Powder River country, in Wyoming. I usually begin, “Once upon a time, I became a cowpuncher through the machinations of a wicked uncle. . . .” The fairy-tale beginning quiets them, and they find it plausible that I should have had a wicked uncle, and never ask about him. They imagine him quite easily as the crooked-sheriff type with the broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hat, the string tie, the handle-bar mustache. I know they do, because I asked them once, and I have never corrected this image, although it could hardly be more false. My real uncle wore Borsalino hats and used to send to Alexander & Oviatt's every six months for neckties and French lisle socks. He had a set of Shaw's plays, and I believe he had read them. He was a childless banker, and the only reason I call him my wicked uncle is that when he died leaving a considerable fortune he left none of it to me.

I use the word “machinations” only to arouse my children's interest. Actually, there weren't any. When I was seventeen, he wrote me and asked if I would like to spend the summer at his home in Wyoming. My father and mother decided to let me, and as soon as school was out, I went.

The town where my uncle lived was so close to the Big Horn Mountains that you could not see them for the foothills. The country round about had gone through a cycle of cattle, sheep, and dry farming, and now it was devoting itself mainly to raising horses for cavalry remounts, and entertaining the first dudes. It was an interesting town, but what chiefly concerned me was the fact that it was thirty-eight hundred feet above sea level. I had never lived so high. I couldn't stay awake. I slept a solid twelve hours a night, and, as a rule, I took a little nap from eleven in the morning until lunch. Lunch always knocked me out, and my siesta afterward lasted until three or four. I was fairly alert until dinner, but the period between dinner and bedtime was a struggle.

My torpidity annoyed my aunt. Marooned on those bleak slopes, with only the snow and the cottonwood trees to look at most of the year, she yearned for society—not the picayune galas of church socials and the local Five-Hundred Club but the impossibilities of Park Avenue, Le Touquet, Paris. Copies of *Vogue*, *Spur*, and the *Tatler* filled her magazine rack. I don't believe she wore a stitch of clothing that didn't come from, at worst, New York. She couldn't stand me yawning around the house. I represented a social opportunity. She wanted me to have engagements. She told me there were two boys she wanted me to meet; the first was Henry Blackadder, who came from a very nice family and was, she believed, a senior at Yale. I looked at her appalled. I was about to be a senior in high school. Then I reflected that when you got to be as old as she was, a difference of four or five years in men's ages was probably not appreciable, so I said nothing.

One afternoon, she got out the Cadillac and took me to pay a formal call on Henry Blackadder. She had an Indian chauffeur named Frank Takes, which was short for Takes-the-Gun. He never spoke, on duty, but once I had come across him washing the car and he turned out to be very affable. When we reached the Blackadder house, I learned that Henry was upstairs packing to go on a trip to Montana. His mother thought it would be nice if I went upstairs to help him. I went upstairs. Henry and I shook hands. I sat mute on the bed while he folded his marvellous clothes and laid them in his suitcases.

He said, “Spending the summer here, eh?”

I said, “Yes.” Then I said, “You're a senior at Yale?”

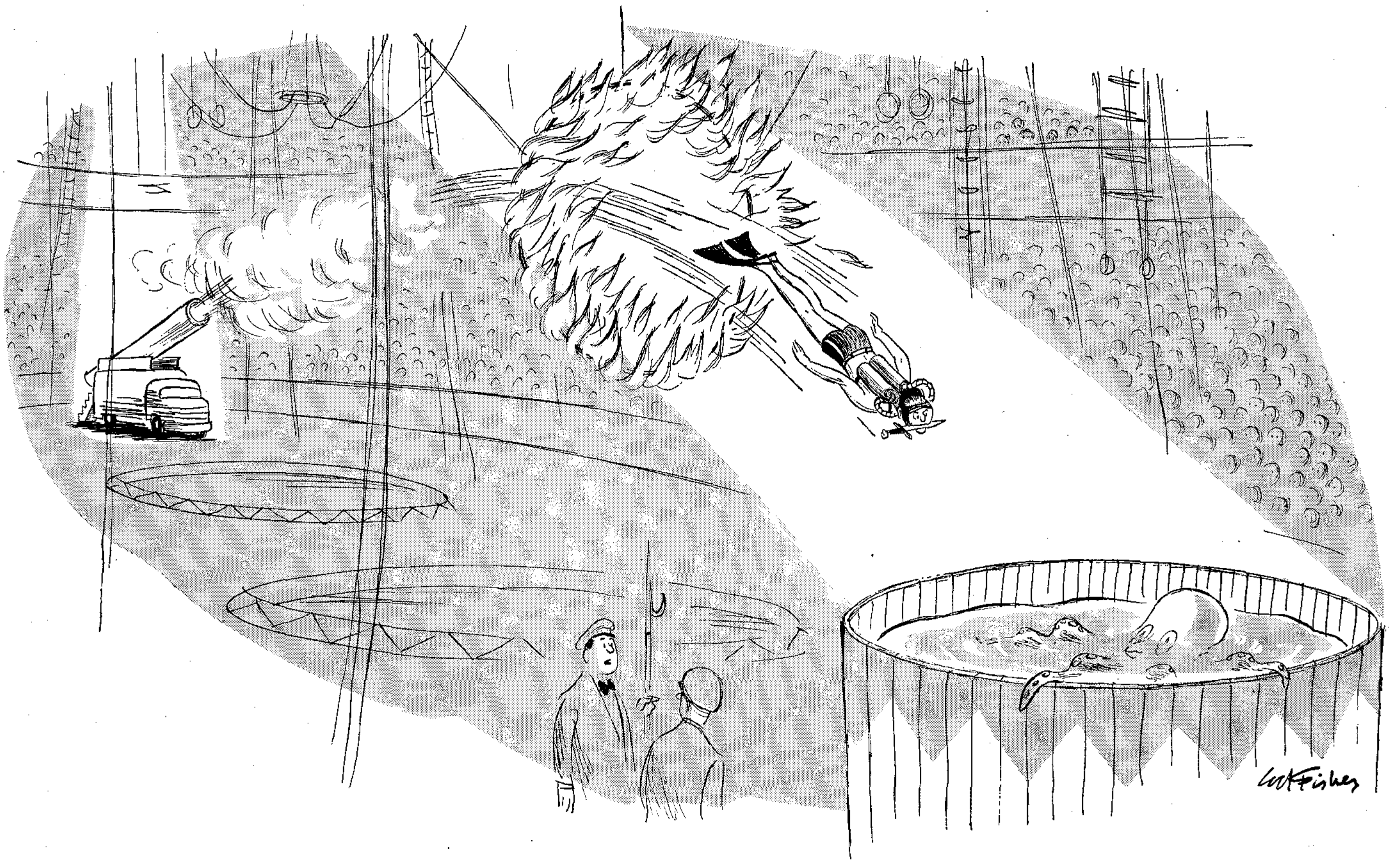
He said, “In the fall.”

That was it with Henry Blackadder.

The next boy my aunt took me to meet was St. John Creavy. She called him Sinjun and told me to be sure and do the same. The Creavys lived on a ranch, and on the way out she told me about them. Frederick Creavy, St. John's father, was really the Earl of Tynemouth, although he didn't use the title in Wyoming. He had been a younger brother, and he had come out to the States to make his own way. To everyone's amusement, he had begun as a simple English cowhand. He had prospered, and had married a local girl. Then a brother had died; then the Earl died and the title had come to Fred. He had hired an English butler, but the butler couldn't bear it so far away from home, so now the Creavys had only maids. I was to remember to say “Lady Tynemouth” when I was introduced. St. John was home from Jesus College, Cambridge, for the summer.

Lady Tynemouth was seated in a rattan chair on the lawn beside the ranch house. She told me that St. John was out at the stables. After a quarter of a mile's walk, I saw him sitting on the top bar of a corral. His riding boots gleamed in the sun, and as I went up to him, I saw that he was wearing whipcord breeches. I muttered, “Your mother sent me out here. My name is Allan Seager.”

He said, “ 'dyoudo,” and asked me if I rode, saying he needed a spare man for polo, on



"It's becoming very hard to get a rise out of people these days."

• •

a scratch team of dudes and cowhands he had got together. I thought I rode rather well. I had covered dozens of miles through the eroded gullies of my father's farm in Tennessee, in a McClellan saddle on the back of a dapper little single-footer named Prince, but I knew what Creavy meant. He meant in an English saddle. I said, "No."

"Hmm. Toughers," he said.

After a while, I said, "I'm glad to've met you."

He waved his hand, gave me a genial smile, and said, "Cheers."

I went back to the ranch house.

AFTER these failures, I was able to snug in for two or three days, but my aunt shook me out of it. She said she had found me a girl. Ordinarily this would have roused me from any lethargy, but I was suspicious by then. "What's her name?" I asked.

"Hilda Berryman. She's Faustine Berryman's niece, and she just got here yesterday. It's all arranged. You're to have tea with her tomorrow."

I had never had tea with anyone. "How old is she?" I asked.

"Why, how would I know?" my aunt said. "I haven't seen her. She's just a young girl. Her aunt says she's lovely."

On the off-chance that Miss Berryman might be as lovely as her aunt had said, I got up from my nap sharply at three the next afternoon. I bathed, shaved, and put on a whole suit of clothes. I received my aunt's last instructions, and I managed to duck the Cadillac, because Frank Takes-the-Gun was washing it again.

Hilda answered the door herself. I thought she *was* lovely, but I could see at my first glance that she was hopelessly old. I was six feet one inch tall, and in a crowd I could slyly pass into groups of people twenty or even twenty-one. But with one or two people I never pretended, because under any kind of pressure my coördination was bad; I had only to approach certain pieces of furniture to see them go crashing to the floor. Following Hilda, I negotiated a passage through what seemed to be a forest of flimsy chairs and tabourets, and made the living-room sofa, where I crouched gingerly beside her, gathering myself for the cup of tea and its saucer. I was aware that she was talking brightly and I was grateful. I got the sugar and the lemon in the tea all right, and, having achieved a precarious stability, was ready to say something. I said, "Where do you go to college?"

Well, it was Smith. She had just come from Bar Harbor, and she had once danced with the Prince of Wales. When Siegfried Sassoon had come to Northampton to give a reading of his poetry, she had gone out afterward into a sort of garden, where she could be alone to review the experience, and Sassoon himself had come up, mopping his face and saying, "Good God, what a mob! D'you mind if I talk just to you?"

Trying to keep afloat on this wash of sophistication, I said I had been reading Chekhov. This was well received, and we passed on to the stories in recent issues of *Vanity Fair*. Her hair was bobbed, a rich chestnut. Her eyes seemed green and she smoked long cigarettes of a pinkish color. I was beginning to think her the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I nerved myself to the point of asking, "What kind of perfume do you use?"

Her eyes changed focus and she said, "Black Narcissus. Why?"

"I think it's wonderful."

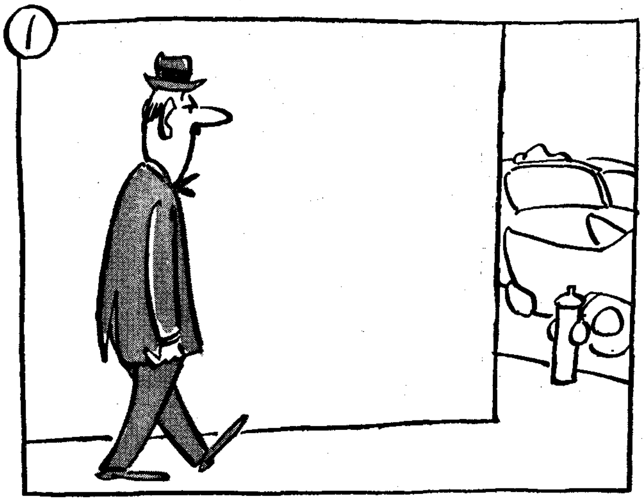
Now that she had noticed me, she said, "How's it come you've read Chekhov?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're so *young*." She smiled when she said it.

"I read Chekhov all the time," I said sullenly. Beautiful as she was, I knew I had to get out of there.

I walked back to my uncle's full of



imaginings. My aunt pounced as I went in the door, and asked, "How did you like her?"

"Wonderful," I said dreamily.

"When are you going to see her again?"

"I don't know," I said.

"What do you mean you don't know? Didn't you even ask her?"

"Aunt Emily, she's twenty-one years old," I said.

This struck a brief spark of comprehension from my aunt's flintlike determination. "A great hulking thing like you, anyone would take you for twenty-one," she said. "Now, you just phone her and ask her to go to the dance up at Piney tomorrow night. We'll take you."

Piney was a store and a dance hall thirty miles up in the mountains. Everyone went to the dances—ranchers, townspeople, dudes, and cowhands—and usually there were two or three Indians, with pigtails and high black sugar-loaf hats, looking solemnly in the windows. I would have liked nothing better than to drive the Cadillac up there with Hilda Berryman alone, if I had known how to drive, but I didn't want to appear chaperoned before all those eyes, local, Eastern, and barbaric. I knew this was a crisis, but I said, "Uh-uh."

"Why not?"

I couldn't explain, so I made a helpless great leap back into childhood. I sort of glazed my eyes and said, "I don't want to."

She really let me have it then. She concocted a series of lavish visions of the happiness I was rejecting because I was too uncouth to appreciate it. If I had not been such a lout with Henry Blackadder and St. John Creavy, she would have staged (I don't know where) a series of jolly little bachelor parties for me—black tie, I gathered. She sketched out a marital future for me. I could just as well love a rich girl as a poor one, and she happened to know that the Berryman girl had money in her own right. She quoted with stunning accuracy, and somewhat less aptness, the passage from "Lear" about how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child.

From my childhood retreat, I recognized this as a purely adult crisis; you waited it out and it would blow over. When she subsided into a gloomy mutter, I said, "I'm sorry, Aunt Emily," and went up to my room.

I WAS able to resume my estivation for a few days, drowsily pondering ways of getting to see Hilda Berryman alone, and then my uncle took a hand. He said to me, one night at dinner, "How'd you like to go up on Powder River?"

"Where's Powder River?" I asked.

Powder River was to the north and east, in the real cow country, he said; it was seven hundred miles long, a mile wide, and an inch deep. I would have a chance to see the old West—there weren't any dudes up there, he said, laughing.

"Sounds good," I said. "When do we start?"

"*You* start tomorrow morning," my uncle said. "Some fellows are taking some horses to Hargraves' place, up there. You can ride along with them, if you want."

"All right," I said.

He woke me in what seemed like the middle of the night, and we drove to a ranch east of town where the horses were. It was just getting light when we arrived. I could see a corral with about eight horses in it, kicking and biting each other. Three more horses were saddled and tied up outside the corral. Sitting on two of them were two young men, their knees around the saddle horns, smoking cigarettes. The third horse, a little black one, was mine.

I had thought maybe we were going in a car; my uncle had said "ride." I was wearing a tweed cap, the jacket of one of my old suits, a pair of my uncle's blue jeans, and high laced boots. I looked more like a *fin-de-siècle* cyclist than a horseman. However, I had ridden horseback in Tennessee, and I approached my mount fearlessly.

My uncle introduced me to the young men and went back to town. Their names were Jimmy Whitford and Pat Einsleben and they weren't much older than I was. They had finished high school in June and were picking up a little money cowpunching during the summer before going down to Laramie to the University. I didn't get on my horse at once, because I had heard there was something tricky about mounting Western horses, and I was hoping to see one of them do it first.

"We better get started," Jimmy said. He slid off his horse and let down the corral bars. A hush fell over the horses inside. For two or three seconds, they stood perfectly still, trembling. Then they all burst out of the corral at once, and ran off over the countryside every which way. Jimmy had his reins in his left hand, and he put it on the horse's neck, his left foot in the stirrup, took the saddle horn in his right, and he was on. I untied the black horse and did the same. He was moving before I was seated. By then, Pat and Jimmy were off in the middle distance rounding up the other horses.

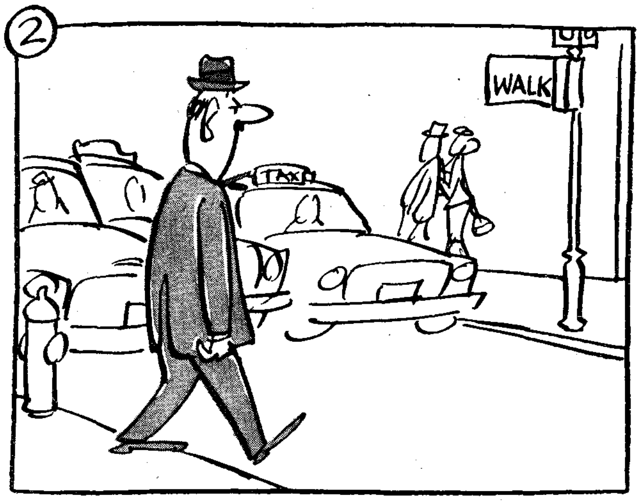
They got them together and started them down the road, the three of us following at a slow trot. "How far is this place we're going?" I asked.

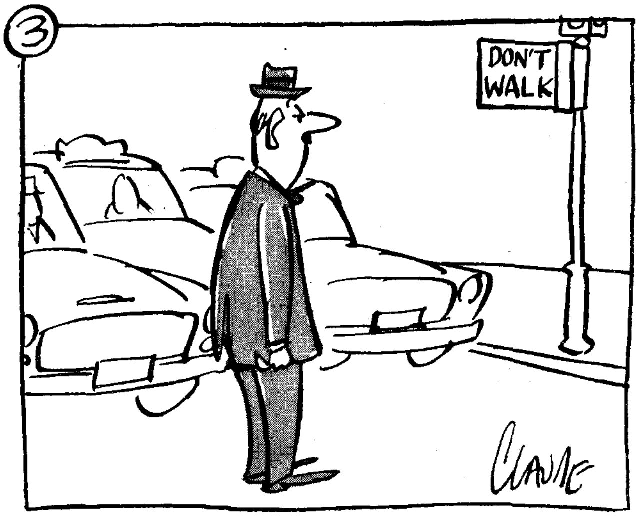
"Hargraves'? About ninety miles," Pat said. "We'll do it in two days."

I didn't know what a rate of forty-five miles a day meant. Since then, I have heard of cavalrymen killing their horses by doing fifty miles in a night, though they would have had a lot of equipment, while all I had was a package of sandwiches tied on behind.

I don't know whether the boys were playing a joke on me or not, but the little black horse was a pacer. I was glad, at first, because a pacer or a single-footer is easy to ride if you aren't going far, and I knew I couldn't sit a trot the way the cowpunchers did. However, if you are going to ride all day, it is better to take the bang-bang-bang of a trot than to have one side of you pulled forward and the other back at every step.

For the first two hours, we were in fairly civilized ranching country. There were barbed-wire fences on both sides of the road, which kept the horses from darting off. They could go only forward or back. Occasionally, one of them would wheel slyly and come charging straight at us, all flying mane and rolling eyeballs, but Jimmy and Pat would turn him and head him around. When we got to open country, the horses seemed to have used up their matutinal zip and they drove like sheep.





By then, the sun was up and shining in our eyes. Immediately around us were vast plains of sagebrush, with no trees except a few aspens and cottonwoods in the creek bottoms, and in the distance the long, suave lines of the hills. It began to get hot, and we didn't talk much. When we did, Jimmy and Pat were very civil. They knew they had a dude, but they didn't refer to my costume or my horsemanship. When the sun had passed over our heads, they both took out bandanna handkerchiefs and tied them to shield the backs of their necks. I did the same with a clean white handkerchief. Pat asked, "How's the little black horse ride?"

The little black horse had begun to tear subtly at my abdominal muscles some time before, but I said, "Fine. Why?"

They looked at each other, bleak, deadpan. Then Pat said, "Ain't neither one of us ever rode him, that's all."

About seven o'clock that evening, we pulled into a whistle stop of the C. B. & Q. Railroad. There were three trees, a water tower, some corrals, a general store, and a frame house adjoining it that had a sign, "HOTEL," on it. Pat and Jimmy put the tired horses into the corrals, and fed and watered them. Then we all went to the store.

I walked wide between the legs, feeling as though I were still astride, but not a horse—maybe a boiler full of steam. My head was so hot that I was sure I had a fever, and while the others were arranging with the proprietor, who was also the hotelkeeper, for beds and supper, I noticed a mirror hanging behind a counter piled with bolts of yard goods, and went to look in it. I felt changed. The mirror had "CHEW MAIL POUCH" across it in frosted script, and, peering between the letters, I saw that my forehead and nose were dead white under the dust but my cheeks and the sides of my neck were a deep, sore red.

We went over to the hotel. Pat and Jimmy ate a couple of pounds of the local beef. I ate only a quart of vanilla ice cream, and went straight to bed. It got cold there at night, so there were plenty of blankets. Draped over a wicker armchair in my room was a ratty old red Paisley shawl with a hole in it, and there was a large piece of Brussels carpet on the floor. I put both of these over the blankets on the bed and crawled in. When they called me, at four in the morning, the fever was gone and I felt better—at least until I climbed into the saddle.

Pat and Jimmy let the horses out of the corrals. A lone Indian, in moccasins and a blue serge suit, was sitting on one of the struts of the water tower. The horses broke out of the corral and tore off over the plain beyond the C. B. & Q. right of way. I saw the Indian laugh—a spectacle of some rarity. The horses, I had learned, had never had so much as a hackamore on them. We were taking them up to Hargraves' to be broken.

THE second day was much like the first. The country didn't seem to change, except when I looked behind, toward the mountains. The foothills gradually shrank to a thin green line, and bursting into the air above them was the white massif of Cloud Peak. I had never been far enough away to see it before.

It was just getting dark when we reached Powder River. It was a raging torrent five hundred yards wide. Pat and Jimmy rode up to the bank and stared down at it glumly.

"What's this about it being an inch deep?" I asked.

"It is, usually. I never seen it like this. Ain't been no rains," Pat said.

"Must've had a heavy dew up the river," Jimmy said.

"I'm laughing," Pat said sourly.

He rode back a little way, got off, let out his cinch, and slid his saddle and blanket to the ground. Jimmy did the same. I got down and led my horse back there. "What you doing?" I asked.

"Going to sleep here tonight," Pat said. "The river should be down in the morning. We'll just have to turn the horses loose and catch 'em then."

We were standing in a gravelly patch of sagebrush. It would be cold with nothing over me but a saddle blanket, and, as stiff as I had been that morning, I didn't know whether I would ever rise again after a night lying on gravel and sharp chat. We had talked about snakes, too. "What about rattlesnakes?" I asked.

"Why, they don't just come up and bite you. You got to bother 'em," Jimmy said.

I thought simple trespass might be a bother to them, and I led my horse back to the riverbank. I had won a couple of medals for swimming and I knew I could make it across, but I didn't think the little black horse was in shape to swim very far. I was trying to see how deep the river was. A dead tree came bobbing past. Its roots caught on the bottom and it stood up straight for a second before it was swept along, so I gauged that the water was only four or five feet deep. I went back to Pat and Jimmy, who were gathering wood to make a fire, and asked, "How far is it to Hargraves' after you get across?"

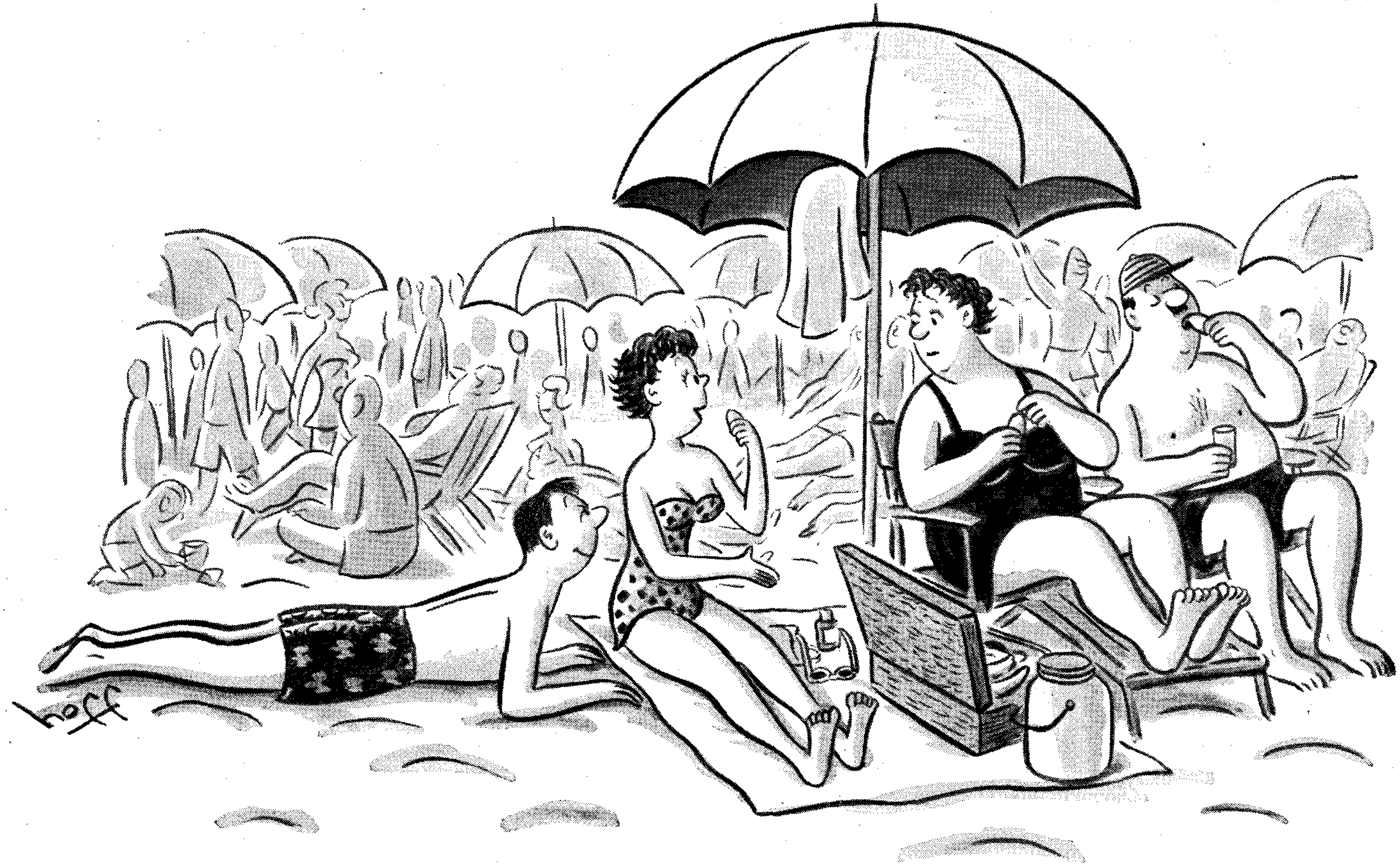
"Can you *swim*?" they both said.

"Sure," I said, justifying civilization.

"We can't swim a lick," Pat said.

"Toughers," I said. "Guess you'll have to sleep here, then."

I mounted and slid down the bank into the current. Pat called, "If you



"Mother, this gentleman wonders if we can spare a hard-boiled egg."

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make it, it ain't but about a mile! Just keep on the road!"

"Don't you worry! I'll make it!" I called back.

The little black horse took the current well. The water came up to my calves, then to my thighs, and we still had bottom. The horse instinctively faced upstream, but, pushed by the current, we crossed on a long downstream slant. When the water reached my armpits, I could feel him swimming, and I tried to hold his head up with the reins. Then I felt him touch bottom; he had had to swim only eighteen or twenty feet. In a minute, I rode up the far bank, dripping. I turned and waved to Pat and Jimmy, and yelled, "Come on! You can make it!"

I saw them talk a minute, and then they saddled up. They drove the tired mustangs into the river ahead of them, and the mustangs came out first and stood dripping and shuddering with their heads hanging down. I sat watching Pat and Jimmy's taut faces above the brown water with real enjoyment. They made it all right, and they talked about it the rest of the way to Hargraves'.

I WAS too tired and it was too dark for me to pay much attention to the ranch when we got there. Hargraves was a big man of forty, who needed a shave. His wife had that weather-beaten, male look women get when they have been lonely and overworked. There was no one else there. The kitchen had a clay floor that shone in the lamplight. Mrs. Hargraves fed us fat, thick bacon, beans, bread, and coffee, and we went to bed. The Hargraveses hadn't expected me, so the three of us had to sleep in the same bed, but it didn't matter.

In the morning, I was sure everyone could hear me creak when I moved. Mrs. Hargraves silently fed us bacon, beans, and bread again. I thought that afterward we would have nothing to do but wait around until Pat's brother came to get us in a car. The horses we had ridden were part of the lot that was to be sold to Hargraves, provided he liked the look of them. My interest in horses was faint that day, but Hargraves wanted to see this bunch, and the four of us went to the corral they were in to look at them. The others talked about hocks and fetlocks, while I, happy to be standing up, furtively clenched certain muscles to see if they still worked. Hargraves said he would start breaking the mustangs the next day. Later, he asked me if I had ever been on Powder River before, and when I said I hadn't, he took me to his artesian well. Water was flowing out of a four-inch pipe. Hargraves struck a match and held it to the mouth of the pipe, and I had before me the entertaining spectacle of fire and water coming from the same spout. The match lit a blue flame about a foot long that whistled straight out of the pipe, like a torch.

Then a little fat man with a gun on his hip came riding up. I hadn't seen a gun on anyone's hip since I came West. He got down and forthrightly told Hargraves he would have to dip all his cows.

"Why, for God's sake?" Hargraves asked.

"Tick," the little man said.

Hargraves said, "Man, I can't dip any cows. I let all my hands go for the summer."

The little man only shrugged. He got on his horse and went off down the road at a walk.

"Who's he?" I asked.

"Government man." Hargraves looked at us. "You got to stay and help me dip my cows. It won't take long."

My seat and thighs cried out almost audibly against this, but I could see that a kind of unbrookable neighborliness was involved.

"How many you running now?" Pat asked.

"Two thousand head, maybe," Hargraves told him.

After a while, we had dinner, and then we all three mounted again. I stood in my stirrups; I had seen real cowpunchers do this. Hargraves said to Pat, "Mile over that hill, you'll see some aspens. There's a bunch of cows there." To Jimmy, he said, "Go down there in those bottoms. They'll be strung out." And to me, "Go straight up that coulee. There'll be a hundred and fifty, two hundred up there."

We rode a quarter of a mile down a lane together before we split up. I asked, "How do you drive cows?"

"Just get in behind 'em and holler," Pat said.

I rode up the coulee. I didn't know how far I'd have to go, but in ten minutes I saw my quarry—a couple of hundred whiteface cows grazing peacefully. I rode slowly through them, and when I had got behind them, I called, "Come on! Get up! Let's go!" in a quiet, coaxing voice. Then I shouted. Then I swore at them, riding nervously back and forth. Nothing happened except that a cow here and there glanced up curiously at me and then went back to eating. My throat gave out. I waited and tried again. Not a cow moved. I was sitting there baffled when I heard the clippety-clip of a horse coming fast. Hargraves was on it. He shouted, "What in hell're you doing with them goddam cows? Bring 'em on down."

"I can't," I said.

Hargraves yelled at them once, and they all lifted their heads and started down the coulee. I thought, They know him, but I doubted it even as I thought it. There was some trick to it.

I didn't find out what it was, though. Hargraves sent me out again the next morning. I found my cows grazing in a swale. I rode around behind them and began to holler, and they all threw up their heads and started out of the swale at a trot. I got them down to the corral promptly, and Hargraves sent me out for another bunch.

I started these up almost casually, and then, about halfway back to the ranch, they came to a big coulee. They trotted up to the edge and looked down into it. It was about two hundred feet deep—a long slope of sand. No cow wanted to try it. I shouted and cursed, but they would not go down. I rode along the bank a little way, but I couldn't see the end of it; we had to cross. I took my horse back a hundred yards, kicked him into a gallop, and rode straight at them, shouting, expecting them to scare. They parted to let me through, and I nearly pitched down the slope myself.

The beasts didn't awe me as they had the day before, but I didn't know what to do. I was sure that Powder River cowpokes must have been in worse predicaments, and I tried to think of something easy and careless—something *frontier*—that would start them down. They were still standing in a line along the edge of the coulee, bawling. I tried running at them on foot, yelling and waving my cap. They didn't even look around. I booted a couple of them in the tail. They gave me hurt looks. I picked a small one, and charged her hind legs as I would a tackle, trying to make her stumble forward. It was like running full tilt into a wire fence. I bounced back, and the cow mooed reproachfully. At last, I picked up a week-old calf and tossed it down the slope. It rolled over and over, and the mother followed it, bellowing. The others followed the mother, and I had no more problems. That night, I asked Pat to show me how to roll a cigarette with one hand.

FOR three more days we rode the range. (I still rather like the phrase.) At last, we had all the cattle penned in the corrals, objecting. By government order, we had to immerse each one in a concrete vat full of a solution of warm water and nicotine sulphate, to kill the ticks. The vat was about thirty feet long, eight feet deep, and the width of a cow. A chute of cottonwood logs ran up to one end of it, and a ramp led down into the fluid. Hargraves said we would begin with the bulls.

Hargraves himself cut out his head bull and drove him into the chute. He was one of those enormous Herefords, with long, down-sweeping horns and a back as broad as a sidewalk. He was wary, and he walked stiff-legged the length of the chute, showing the whites of his eyes. He came to the edge of the ramp and stopped. He looked the setup over and started to back up the chute in a stately fashion. Hargraves went behind him, slipped a four-by-four between the cottonwood logs and against two uprights, and stopped him. "Now, come along, sir. Come on, old fellow," he murmured warmly. "Nothing to scare you." The bull lifted his chin and breathed fast, but he didn't move.

"Gimme that pitchfork," Hargraves said.

Pat handed it to him.

Hargraves thrust it between the logs and jabbed the bull in the ham. "Now, git along there, you old bastard!" he shouted. The bull blew all his breath out roughly, and we could hear his horns knock against the wood.

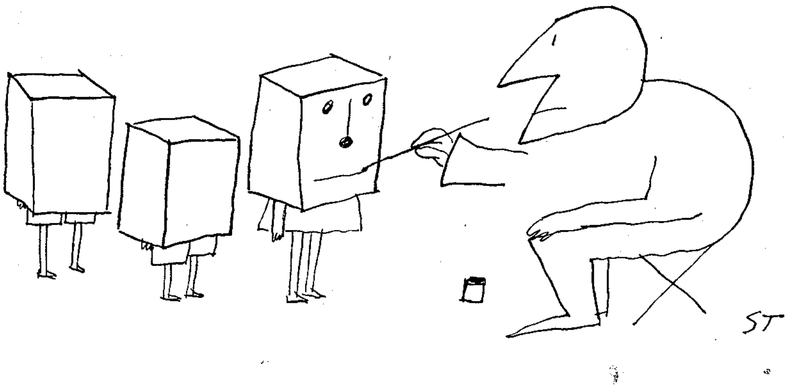
"He ain't going to move for that," Pat said.

"I know he ain't. I know what he will move for, though," Hargraves said, and he went into the barn.

He came back with a broomstick and a couple of dry-cell batteries. He had driven two nails into one end of the stick, and he wound some copper wire around the nails. He ran the wire up the stick, fixed a push button to the wire, taped it down, and attached it to the batteries. He went up to the chute and touched the nails to the bull's flank. Then he pressed the button.

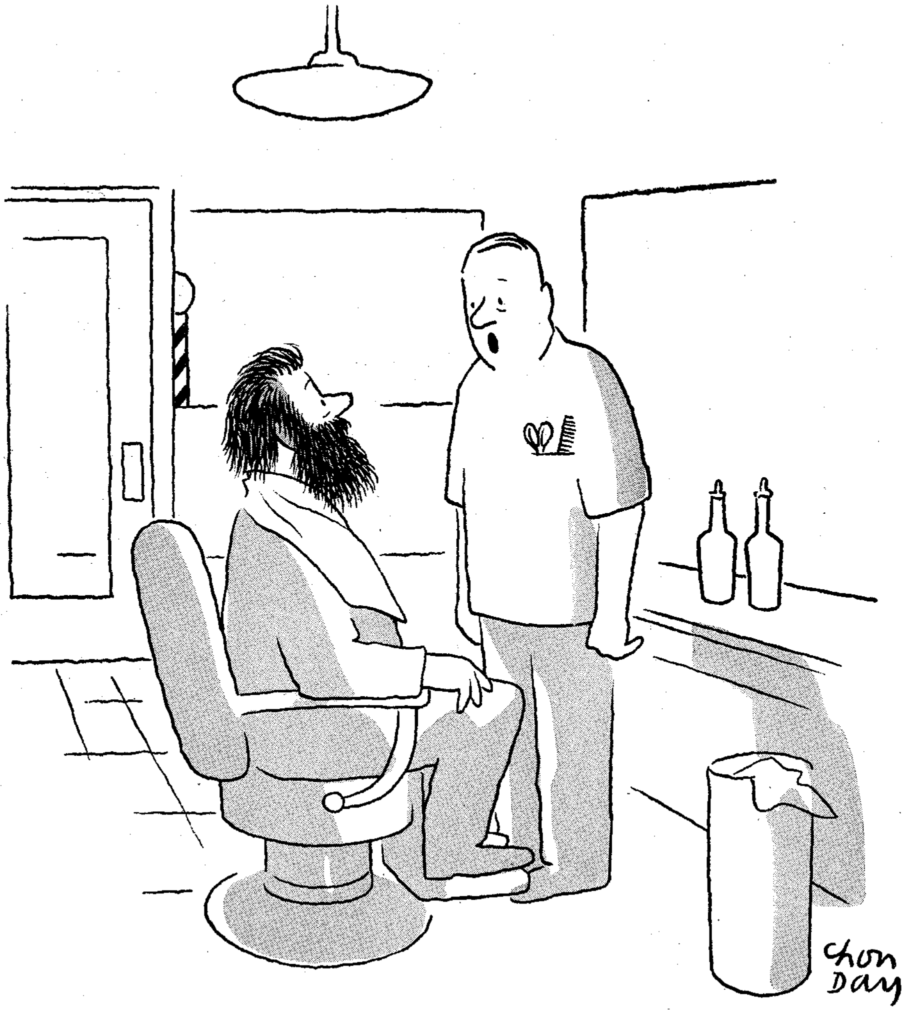
It may well have been the most magnificent sight I will ever see. The bull had room for a little run and he went down the chute as fast as he could go. He soared and, like Nijinsky, paused a moment against the blue sky, rampant, the sun glinting off his coppery flanks, one foreleg daintily bent, and his eyes as big and round as pool balls. Then he fell, and the water choked his bellow. A tremendous splash rose, and we all cheered.

Nothing exciting happened after that. The young bulls docilely followed the old one, and the cows the bulls.



The dipping took several days, and then Pat's brother came to get us in a car. The trip back to town took us only four hours.

I got out of the car at my uncle's house. It was the middle of the afternoon, and my aunt saw me from the



"How much do you want to spend?"

front porch. "Don't you come this way!" she called. "Go around to the back."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Pah! Look at you."

I must have been pretty dirty. I hadn't shaved, or even bathed, except once in Powder River, and it was so muddy I must have put on more than I took off. I went to take a bath and I heard my aunt telling Frank Takes-the-Gun to burn everything I had worn—everything. When I was clean, I put on some dude clothes and went out on the front porch. My uncle had come home. He was asking me what kind of time I'd had, and I was telling him, when my aunt broke in, squinting at me. "What's the matter with you? You're fat."

I didn't believe that. I felt lean and rangy. Bacon, beans, and bread make a weary meal three times a day, and after the first day or so I had eaten only enough to keep going on. I went and looked in the mirror over the hall table. She was right. I wasn't lean at all. My face was as round as the moon, and my skin was tight and shiny. I looked pumped up.

I went back out on the porch. My uncle said offhandedly, "It's just that water."

"What do you mean? What water?" my aunt asked.

"The water they drink up there," he said. "It's full of gas. He'll deflate in a day or two."

I WAITED a few days until I went down. Then I felt like a cowpuncher. With my red hands and red neck, I looked rather like one, and I believed that a natural way to ingratiate myself with Hilda Berryman would be to call on her and tell her all about Powder River. There was a livery stable in town. Later, I could rent some horses, and she and I would go riding. I gave myself two hours of stern sartorial preparation.

My aunt caught me slipping out of the door and asked where I was going. When I told her, she said, "You missed your chance there, all right, all right. Henry Blackadder's back from Montana."

I went on in spite of this. During the short nights on Powder River, lying three in the bed with the coyotes yowling, I had built up Hilda's beauty grain by grain until, if she had been mine to swap, I wouldn't have swapped her for Corinne Griffith, or Norma Talmadge as Moonyeen.

When I saw her in the flesh, she held up very well. But it was her advantage every time we met, and I had to wrestle for twenty minutes with "The Forsyte Saga" (which I had not read) before I could get on to Powder River. I enlarged the lone Indian in the blue serge suit into a surly tribe of Sioux; I whipped the head off a rattlesnake with a quirt (which was quite true: he had been sunning himself on the log that served as the Hargraveses' front stoop); and I posed as William S. Hart imperturbably guiding a stampede. Then I asked if she would go riding with me.

"Not here," she said, dismissing everything west of the Appalachians. "I ride only an English saddle."

I wasn't surprised at all. This was merely one more penalty for being too young. And since when evening came, so would Henry Blackadder, I thought of getting away. Still, I had to plot my exit, make myself look good. I said that if she wouldn't ride with me, I would ride alone ("into the sunset" went unspoken); I said restlessly that I wanted to get back into boots and jeans, implying that my present muscles made dude clothes constricting. In fact, I said, it had put me to quite a lot of trouble to get ready to see her.

She sniffed, smiling. "And you even shined your shoes, didn't you?" she said.

That ejected me. I wrote to her halfway through my senior year in high school, but I never mentioned Powder River to her again.

—ALLAN SEAGER

•

THE PARTING

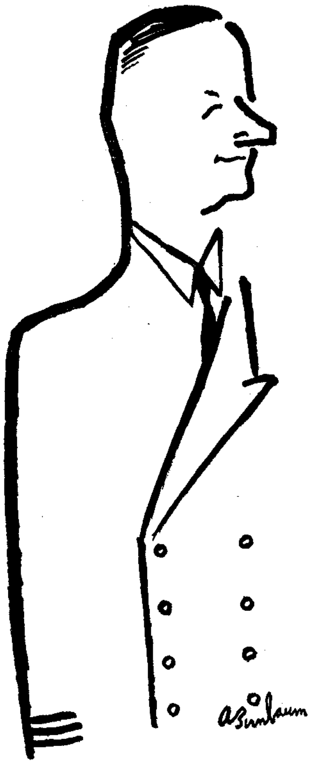
A subtle yet disruptive stir
Surrounds the girl, surrounds the man,
As other eyes become aware
These lovers are not what they were,
And doves drop hungry through the air,
Down past the green, unseeing leaf,
To watch this pair so bleakly scan
The panorama of their grief.

A murmur from the weeping tree,
Tall belvedere of every dove,
Invades the landscape of these two,
Mourning their mute inconstancy;
But there is nothing doves can do
And nothing man and girl would hear.
Poor late cartographers of love,
They leave the grieving belvedere.

—HARRY BROWN

PROFILES

CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE



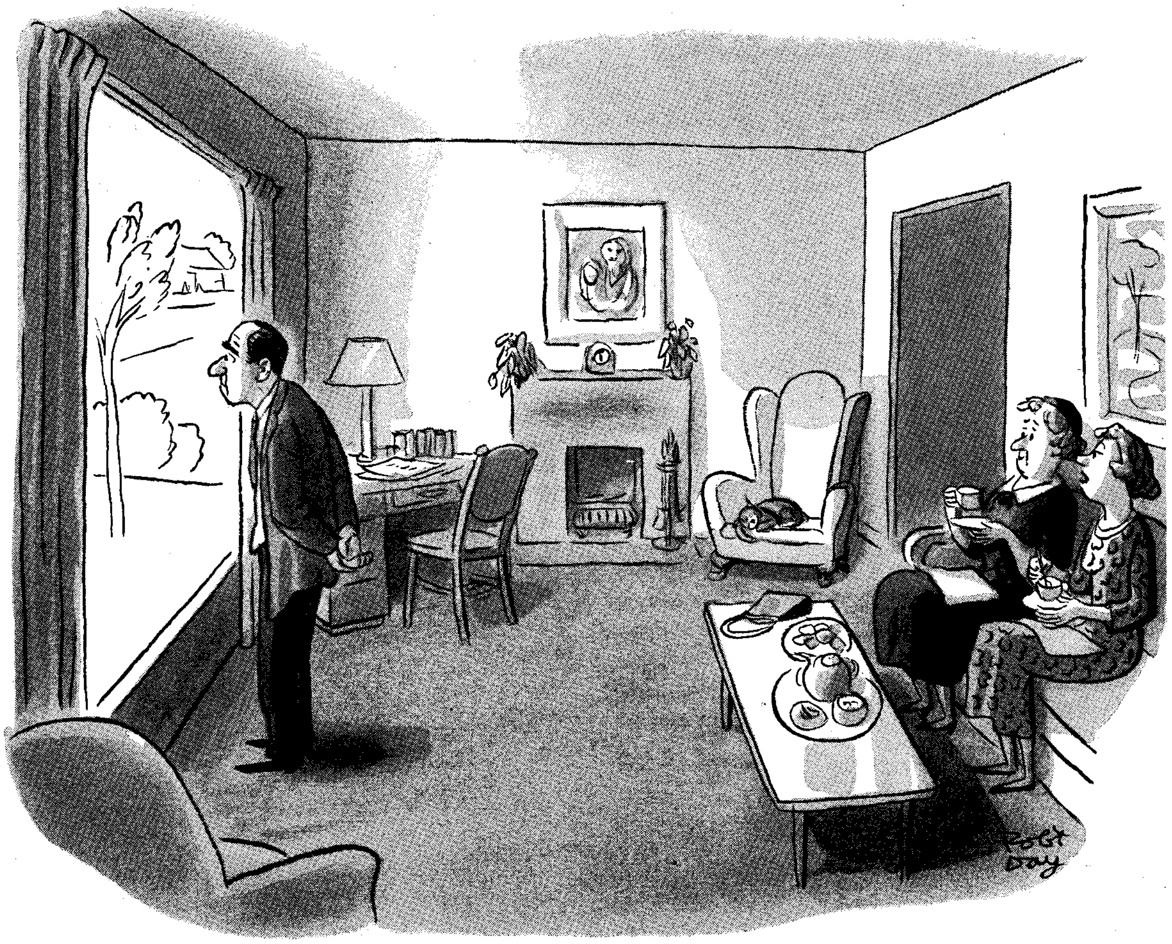
Robert Bellet

SETTING out for France on the Liberté one morning a few weeks ago, I went aboard a couple of hours ahead of the scheduled eleven-thirty sailing time, because I wanted to drop in on an old friend—Robert Bellet, the ship's *commissaire principal*, or chief purser—before he became submerged in the customary deluge of last-minute details. In the hierarchy of the French Line—known more formally as the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, which, in turn, is known less formally as Transat—Bellet's title carries considerably more weight than the English translation suggests. All the company's ships have pursers, of course, but they range in rank from seventh-grade on up; at the moment there are only twenty-six first-grade *commissaires*, and only four of these have been further honored by the designation *principal*. Since Bellet is the senior member of that tiny group, and since he has been decorated by his government as a Chevalier du Mérite Maritime, he is unquestionably a five-star man in his profession. In fact, it is largely because of Bellet that many travellers choose the Liberté; experience has taught them that he is unsurpassed in his ability to create an indefinable (but highly agreeable) something that old French Line hands call *l'atmosphère Transat*. I am partial to the Liberté for the same reason, and also because Bellet and I have known each other since the spring of 1928, when he was an apprentice purser on the Ile-de-France, making his first Atlantic crossing, and I was second violinist in the ship's seven-piece orchestra. Part of his job in those days was to persuade us musicians to forgo such shipboard distractions as the bar long enough to play our instruments for at least a couple of hours out of every twenty-four, and to prevent us from abstracting bottles of wine from the passengers' tables with the idea of disposing of them profitably on the parched American mainland. I can't say that Bellet was very successful in these efforts, but his superiors must have understood that the assignment was hopeless. At any rate, his present position suggests that no black mark was entered against his name.

After locating my stateroom and making my presence known to the steward, I headed for Bellet's office, which is situated at the end of a narrow corridor on the portside of A Deck amidships. As usual, the entrance to the corridor was flanked by two *mousses*, or bellboys, dressed in red livery, who stood at attention as they waited to run errands for the *commissaire principal*. The office itself is a nine-by-twelve-foot stateroom, with two portholes, walls of polished dark wood panelling, a thick brown carpet, a few leather chairs, and a highly polished desk, whose surface was bare except for a fountain pen, a small reading lamp, and a few neatly stacked papers. As I entered, Bellet rose from behind the desk and welcomed me with a characteristically vigorous handshake. In the nearly three decades since our first joint Atlantic crossing, we have occasionally met while travelling on French Line ships—he as a purser and I as a passenger—and each time I have marvelled at how little he has changed. Five feet nine, and now fifty-one years old, he has managed over the years to hold his weight down to about a hundred and seventy-five pounds, notwithstanding the gastronomically supercharged quality of *l'atmosphère Transat*. He has chestnut hair that is always neatly trimmed and brushed, a high forehead, blue-green eyes, a prominent, straight-bridged nose, thin lips, and a decisive jaw, and his face is capable, especially when he compresses his lips to the vanishing point, of expressing an enormous amount of skepticism—a traditional Norman trait that he comes by naturally as a native of Le Havre. A certain fastidiousness about his posture and his dress aboard ship (he was wearing a splendidly tailored white uniform that morning, with a white shirt and a black four-in-hand) makes many passengers take him for a German or an Anglo-Saxon, and except for the cigarette that usually dangles from the left corner of his mouth, he has none of the mannerisms commonly considered French. An unsentimental, imperturbable, and uncommunicative man who rarely raises his voice, he presents a front of what seems to be calculated aloofness. This gives some people the idea that his nature is a cold one, but in that, I have come to believe, they are mistaken.

As I had expected, Bellet and I did not have much time to chat before the interruptions began—novice passengers who were convinced that their luggage had been lost, French Line officials with papers to be signed, anxious assistants with problems of all sorts to present. While Bellet dealt with these callers, briefly but courteously, I examined the familiar *mise en scène*. On one wall of the stateroom hung three gouaches of Paris street scenes by Bernard Lamotte, a friend of Bellet's, and on another, alongside a telephone, there were a colored diagram of the interior of the Liberté and a list of the ship's sailing dates, with a capital "B" pencilled in next to some of them—not for "Bellet," I knew, but for "*Béatitude*," signifying that he would be on vacation. The Liberté annually makes about twenty round trips across the Atlantic, carrying a thousand or so passengers at each sailing, and Bellet goes along on about fifteen of them. For every thirty days aboard, whether at sea or in port, he gets eight days off, which amounts to about two and a half months of *béatitude* a year, and these he spends at his home in Le Havre, resting up from his labors.

Bellet's labors—although he is skilled at concealing the fact from his passengers—are tremendously taxing, and not the least taxing of them is to see to it that *l'atmosphère Transat* pervades the ship at all times. It took me a good many voyages on French Line ships to realize that, far from being just a spontaneous Gallic phenomenon, this atmosphere—as intangible yet as unmistakable as the tang of salt in the air—is the product of careful strategy, incessant watchfulness, and arduous training, spiced with tradition, imagination, and good taste. The master strategist is the purser, who ranks just below the captain and who supervises practically all aspects of the voyage that are not strictly nautical. On the Liberté, the purser's domain comprises staterooms, kitchens, dining rooms, night clubs, bars, swimming



"Roger was just beginning to find himself when he was displaced by automation."

• •

pools, and other recreation areas, and his staff numbers seven hundred and forty-two, including chefs (a hundred and sixty-five of them), bakers, butchers, confectioners, *cafetiers* (coffee-makers), headwaiters, waiters, busboys, wine stewards, barmen, *cavistes* (wine-cellar workers), stateroom stewards, bath stewards, deck stewards, smoking-room stewards, musicians, mechanics, laundrymen, telephone operators, bellhops, elevator operators, night watchmen, carpenters, plumbers, secretaries, typists, barbers, hairdressers, manicurists, florists, and salesgirls. The purser's success in generating and preserving the fragile atmosphere depends largely on his skill in directing this horde of subordinates, and although he must on occasion be a severe disciplinarian, he must not be so severe that the staff becomes spiritless or disgruntled. Moreover, awesome as his administrative duties are, the purser—of a French Line ship, at least—can never be merely an administrator. He must also display the talents of a hotel manager, a social arbiter, an impresario, and a linguist, prepared to converse with half a dozen people in half a dozen languages on half a dozen subjects, all pretty much at the same time.

Bellet seems admirably suited to this protean job. His subordinates appear to regard him with just the right mixture of respect and affection, he knows how to handle even the balkiest passengers, and he has a knack for clearing up ticklish situations—a knack that must certainly be appreciated by the captains under whom he has served. The captain relies on him to act as a go-between in dealing with customs and harbor officials and with all the people who feel an ungovernable urge to tell the captain how to run his ship. During a westward crossing in late December of 1950, Bellet acquitted himself with typical distinction in handling two touchy groups of passengers—the Russian and the Yugoslavian delegates to the United Nations, who were on their way to a meeting in New York. Relations between their countries were particularly strained just then, and Bellet could have wished that the two delegations had had the delicacy to take different ships. But since they hadn't, he did his best to ease the tension, and after four days of cautious but masterly diplomacy he succeeded in bringing the hostile factions together at—of all improbable occasions—a midnight Christmas service in the Liberté's theatre. Having once got them under one roof, Bellet rushed in a buffer state in the form of a children's choir, called Les Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois, that happened to be aboard, and had the tots sing both a Russian and a Yugoslavian carol. *L'atmosphère Transat* glowed like a Christmas candle.

As the hour of our departure approached, nervous passengers and harried assistants popped into Bellet's office with increasing frequency, and he answered their questions in the same unruffled manner—patient with the passengers, decisive but polite with his staff. Whenever he had a moment to himself, he leafed through a document that, he told me, listed *passagers de marque*—voyagers who, in the opinion of the French Line office in New York, merited special attention during the crossing. "Here, this will give you an idea of what I'm up against," he said, showing me a page. A notation after one name read, "*Grand ami de notre Compagnie*," and after another, "*Très fidèle client*," while a third pointed out that the traveller had been "highly recommended by our Freight Department"—bits of information that would, I gathered, be translated into preferred dining-room locations, invitations to select shipboard parties, and other forms of flattery. Studying this list, Bellet from time to time jotted a notation of his own beside a name, based on his personal knowledge of the passenger concerned. "Now here's a man," he said as he made one such jotting, "who absolutely detests cocktail parties."

Presently, a whistle sounded and a voice began chanting the familiar

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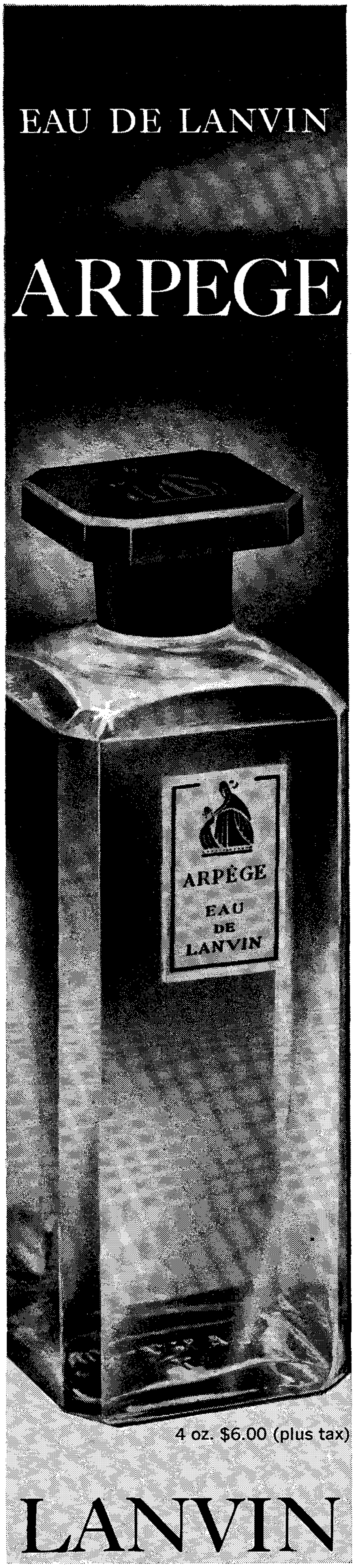

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bilingual request over the ship's loudspeaker system: "*Tous les visiteurs à terre, s'il vous plaît.* All visitors ashore, please." Just then, a tired-looking gray-haired man with thick-lensed spectacles came into the room and slumped into a chair. Bellet introduced him to me as Léon Douspis, the Liberté's chief radio officer, and I soon learned why he seemed so exhausted. This was to be his final crossing—he was almost fifty-five, the retirement age fixed by French law for all salaried employees who earn their living on the sea—and during the ship's stopover in New York he had been the guest of honor at a round of farewell parties, climaxed by one the night before at the Waldorf that had clearly been a great success. Douspis had dropped in to show Bellet a photograph of this grand finale—a lot of animated men and women at tables adorned with flowers, glasses, and bottles, and, in the smoke-filled background, the sardonic face of the chief purser. "*Ah, tu as toujours l'air d'un Méphistophélès,*" Douspis told Bellet, and rose wearily and left.

As the final all-visitors-ashore warning sounded, Guy de Berc, the French Line's general manager for this side of the ocean, hurried in to sign some papers having to do with the Liberté's expenses while in port. Then, wishing us a good trip, he departed. Two minutes later, right on the dot of eleven-thirty, the Liberté began to move out into the river, and Bellet, after glancing out of a porthole at the dirty-gray water of the harbor, resumed his paperwork.

THE next morning, Bellet was at his desk at the customary hour—seven-forty-five. No sooner had he seated himself than his first caller of the day appeared. This was the ship's chief printer, who had brought along proofs of all the menus for the day—the regular menus and the special ones for children, private parties, and officers, as well as a bill of fare for dogs, who were offered a choice of "La Gâterie 'Liberté' " (*Haricots Verts, Poulet Haché, Riz Nature arrosé de Jus de Viande, et des Biscottes en Poudre*) or "La Préférence du Danois" (*Os de Côté de Bœuf, de Jambon, et de Veau*). Bellet read the menus through carefully, pointing out one or two typographical errors, and then, with a nod, handed them back to the printer.

Next, Bellet picked up the telephone, asked to be connected with the ship's theatre, and told the person at the other end that the movie for that afternoon would be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Films are supplied to the Liberté by the French Line's New York and Paris offices, but it is up to Bellet to decide when they are to be shown, and if he doesn't think a particular film suitable, he refuses to show it at all. "Our pictures must please Frenchmen and Americans, young and old, priests and atheists, radicals and conservatives," he told me. "On a ship, people have no choice about what picture they will see, and we try to make sure that no one is offended. I turned down 'War and Peace,' for instance, because I felt that a lot of Frenchmen wouldn't have liked its portrait of Napoleon. To give you an idea, three films that have gone over well with practically all our passengers are 'Moby Dick,' 'The Solid-Gold Cadillac,' and a Fernandel picture called 'Sénéchal le Magnifique.' Now, 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'—that shouldn't rub anybody the wrong way."

At eight, Claude Ranchon, who, as *commissaire administratif*, is Bellet's top personnel officer, called on his chief to report, among other things, that the barber was in sick bay with a stomach ache and that the ship's restaurant employees had elected a man named Moulin to represent them in their dealings with the ship's officers.

"Moulin?" Bellet repeated vaguely.

"Père Moulin," said Ranchon. "The old *chef buffetier*."

"Oh, yes," Bellet said. "A fine fellow. He probably had the chefs, *cafetiers*, and *cavistes* on his side, and the barmen, waiters, headwaiters, and wine stewards against him."

After Ranchon came the cabin-class and tourist-class pursers, who report to Bellet every morning—their reports on this occasion were brief and presented no problems—and then came Henri Kernoa, the ship's *maître d'hôtel principal*, or chief steward, and Pierre Ollagnier, the *chef de réception*, who functions as the liaison man between the chief purser and the passengers. These high-ranking assistants had come to help Bellet plan how to initiate *l'atmosphère Transat* on this particular crossing, and the three men settled down to what promised to be a fairly lengthy discussion. Kernoa—gray-haired and dapper—had already got things started by assigning the passengers their places in the dining room. "It's a tricky business, deciding who sits at what table and with whom, and the way it's handled may make the difference between a happy and a not-so-happy voyage," Bellet re-

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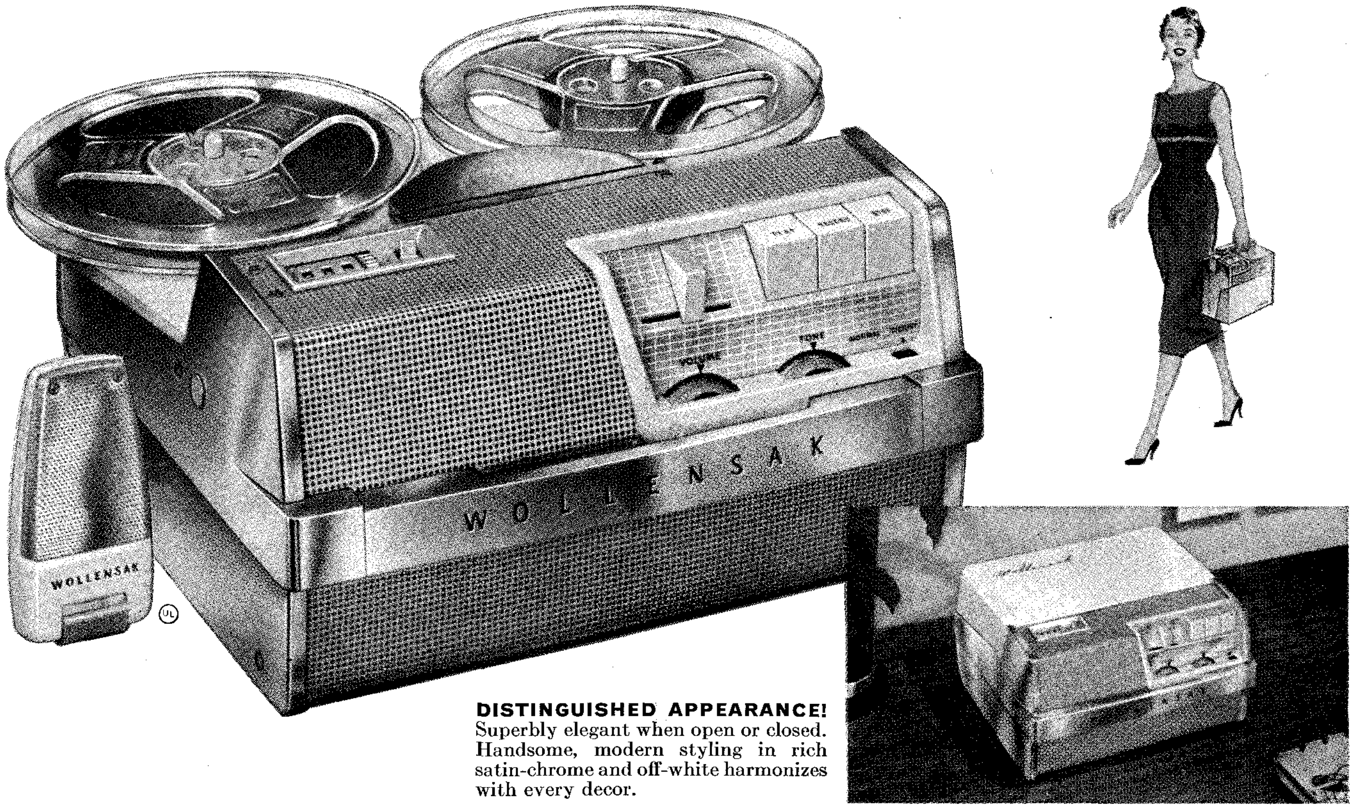

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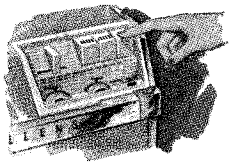

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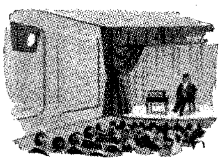

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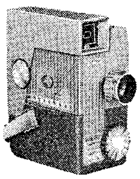

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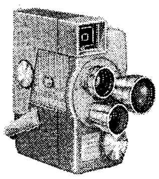

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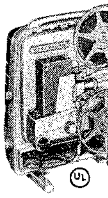

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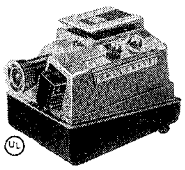

marked, for my benefit. "Some people want to be alone and others want company, but often neither kind will say so. M. Kernoa must therefore do a lot of guessing. Some people like to sit in the middle of the dining room and some want to hide out behind pillars. Old ladies may want to be seated with gay young people, but, unfortunately, as a usual thing gay young people don't want to sit with old ladies. So where *are* you going to put your old ladies?"

Kernoa told me that he had learned everything he knew about gracefully disposing of old ladies from Olivier Naffrechoux, a *maître d'hôtel principal*, now retired and living quietly in his home in southwestern France, who in his day was to the French Line what César Ritz had been to the world of luxury hotels. Serving, at one time or another, on all the company's best-known ships—the Normandie, the Ile-de-France, and the Liberté among them—Naffrechoux, who was called "Monseigneur" by those who worked under him, became famous for his almost overwhelmingly elegant hauteur. He was also celebrated for his powers of persuasion, and is said to have achieved the impossible by now and then making even the most finicky passengers believe that dining at the unfashionable and generally despised first sitting could be fun. "Ah, Naffrechoux was *formidable*," Kernoa said. "That first-sitting problem is as bad as ever—if not worse. Some people would rather have a table right beside the kitchen during the second sitting than a good table during the first. At home, no doubt, quite a few of them eat their dinner at six, but on a ship they feel they must wait until half past nine. I expect that I'll spend most of the afternoon dealing with people who want to transfer to the second sitting. But that's only one of our problems. What do you suppose happened at the second sitting last night? I assigned a honeymoon couple to a beautifully isolated table for two. Couldn't be more ideal, you might think. But no. They obviously didn't have a word to say to each other."

"Already!" said Bellet, puffing up his cheeks and then suddenly expelling the air—a favorite mannerism of his.

"Of course, a lot of people have their hearts set on sitting at the captain's table," Kernoa went on. "But even if they are invited to, there's a good chance they won't be happy about it. There are really only two seats of honor at a captain's table—the one at his right and

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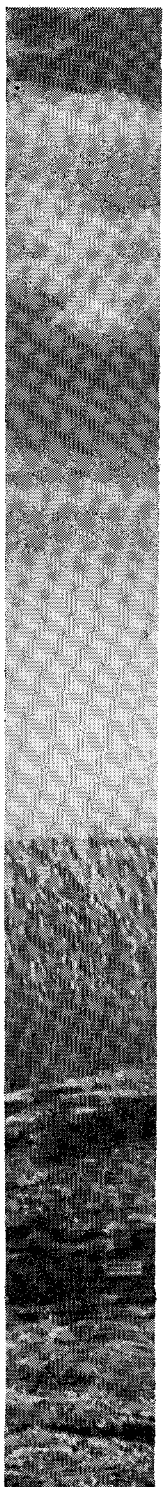

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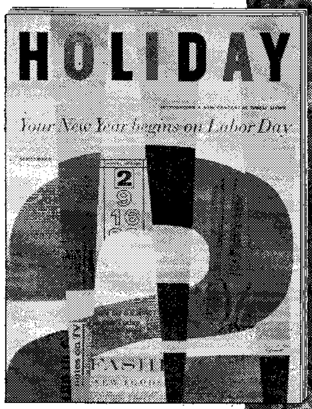

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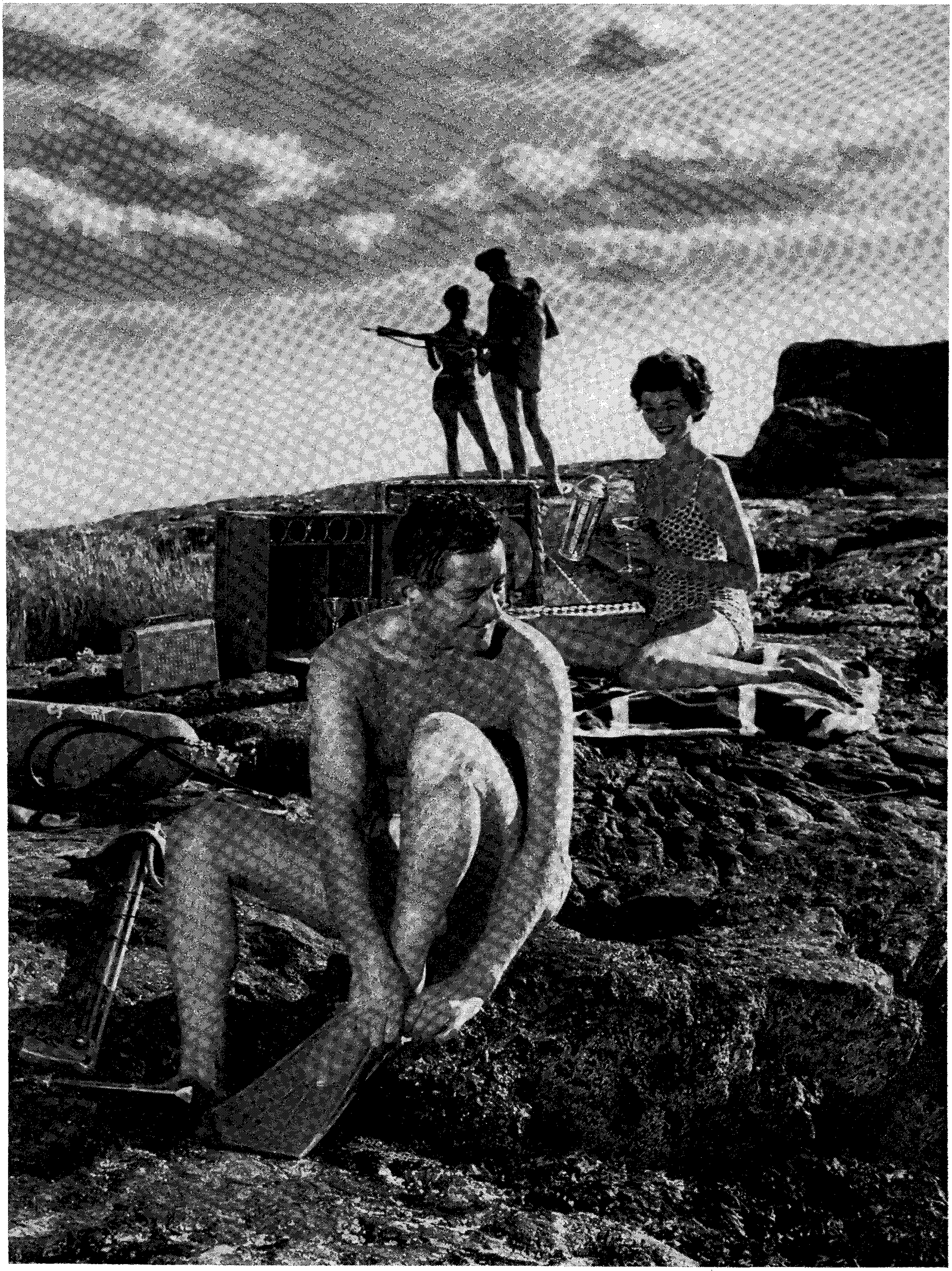

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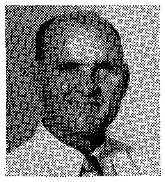

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the one directly opposite him. Well, when we are trying to please two passengers of almost equal importance, we sometimes place the higher dignitary opposite the captain, and assign the seat on the captain's right to the wife of the lesser one. Sort of evens things up—or so we hope. But who can tell? Perhaps the wife of the higher dignitary will be resentful. No matter what we do, some feelings are bound to be hurt, and the next morning Ollagnier has to make the rounds, apologizing to miffed dignitaries and inviting them to cocktail parties and receptions, and M. Bellet has to send flowers and perfumes to the wives."

Bellet, Kernoa, and Ollagnier, I discovered, go to considerable lengths to anticipate and forestall trouble in this edgy field of social relations. They keep dossiers on all regular passengers who have some claim to recognition as important personages, listing the dining-room tables to which they have been assigned on previous crossings, the places they have occupied at the captain's table, and the special functions they have been invited to. Thus, if a favored passenger on his previous crossing wound up sitting on the captain's extreme left (very undesirable), his humiliation—whether he felt it or not—was recorded by MM. Bellet, Kernoa, and Ollagnier, and they try to arrange something better for him this time.

Ollagnier, a man with graying temples and a Quai d'Orsay presence, had brought along a tentative seating plan for an after-dinner get-together party, to be held that evening in the Liberté's Café de l'Atlantique, on the sun deck, and now he laid it on Bellet's desk. The chief purser examined it thoughtfully, checking the names against his list of *passagers de marque*. "What was it I heard about this one?" he asked, pointing to a name on the list. "Oh, yes. I was told she was sitting alone at a table in the bar last night, looking gloomy."

Ollagnier leaned across the desk to have a look. "Oh," he said. "Don't worry about her. As you can see, we've placed her at a very good table."

"And how about this one?" Bellet said, pointing to another name. "She's from Berlin, and I believe she speaks neither French nor English."

"All's well with her, too," Ollagnier assured him. "We've placed her alongside a Swiss businessman who speaks German. And we've arranged for Martin, who also speaks German, to handle that table."

"And this man," Bellet went on. "I don't think he speaks French, either, does he? No, I'm sure he doesn't. So he won't do at the table you've assigned him to. How about putting this lady there, instead?"

"With all those young people?" Ollagnier said in a tone of mild reproach.

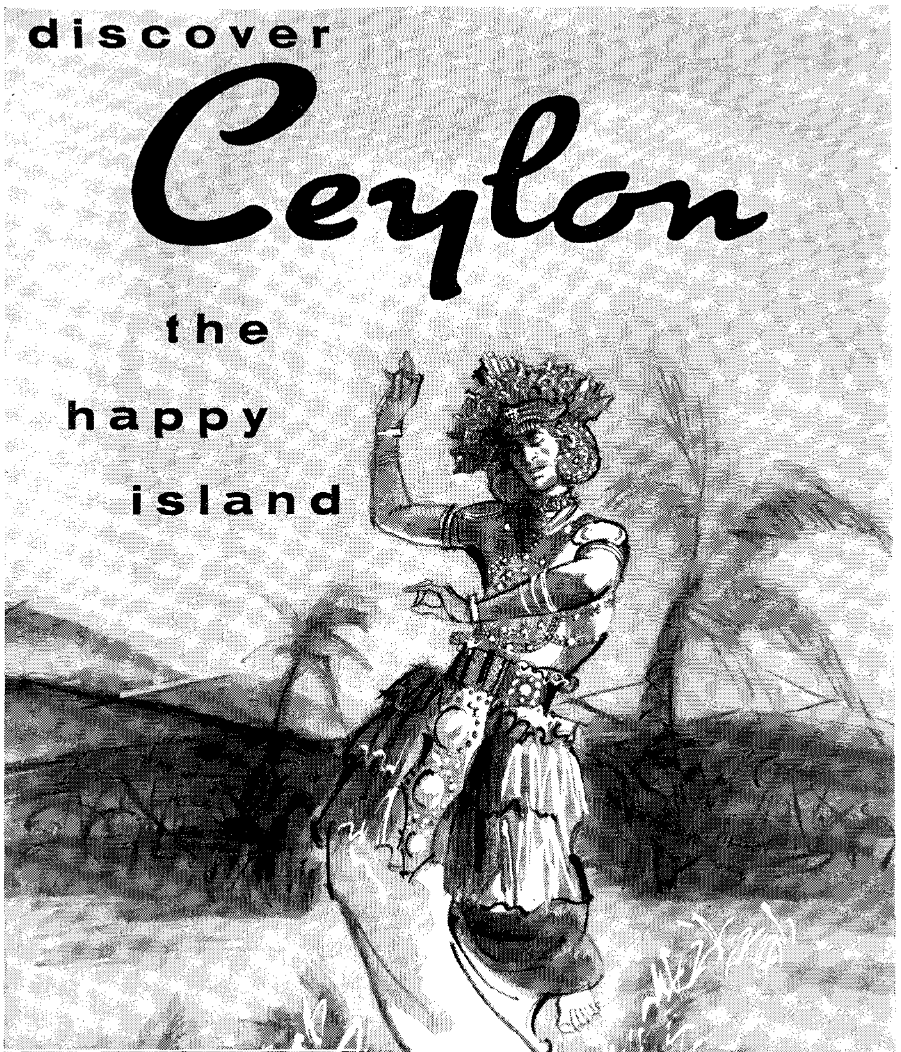
"Well, how old *is* she?" Bellet asked.

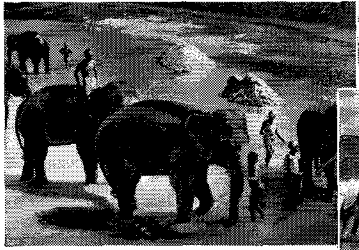
"At a guess, around forty," Ollagnier replied.

"Well, that's not so old," Bellet said. "And if it comes to that, the others aren't so young, either."

Half an hour later, everything had been agreed on, and Kernoa and Ollagnier departed, prepared to carry out a strategy that even the passengers who benefited most would hardly be aware of. The *maître d'hôtel principal*, the *chef de réception*, and all the forces at their command would see to it that the company at every table was as congenial as possible, that the old and the shy were not neglected, and that the highly extroverted were properly dispersed. Bellet and his aides had taken into consideration many things besides language, nationality, and age—background, personality, character, likes, and dislikes, for example—but still I found it surprising that so evanescent a thing as *l'atmosphère Transat* could be brewed so methodically.

The next caller was André Papion, the Liberté's *chef des cuisines*, who—for the moment, at any rate—was unbeset by cares. He was there merely to discuss a lunch that Bellet himself was planning to have that day, and it only then developed that I was to be one of his guests. "Just the two of us and M. and Mme. Robin," Bellet told me. "Pleasant and informal. Robin was a pupil of mine back when he was starting in as a purser. Right now, he is a passenger. He and his wife have been vacationing in the United States, and now he's returning to Paris to get his next assignment." Papion, a remarkably even-tempered fellow for a man of his calling, suggested that we start with his *gourmandise de homard Bonne-Bouche*. And he had a saddle of venison aboard, so how about *noisettes de chevreuil Grand Veneur*? I said that sounded fine to me, Bellet rather indifferently concurred, and Papion returned to his kitchens. After giving the matter some thought, Bellet phoned the chief wine steward and ordered a Geisweiler Réserve '49 and a Chambolle-Musigny '49, to go with the sea food and venison. Then—it was just about ten—he set out to see the captain, Jean Comilia, taking along a sheaf of papers and inviting me to accompany him. We walked to an eleva-

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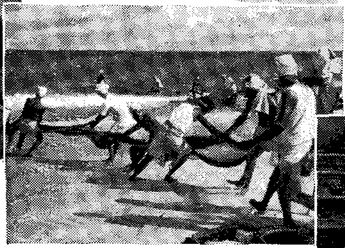
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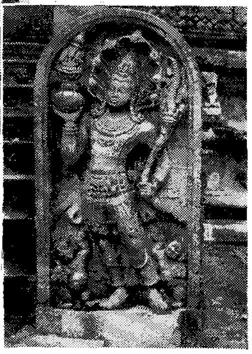

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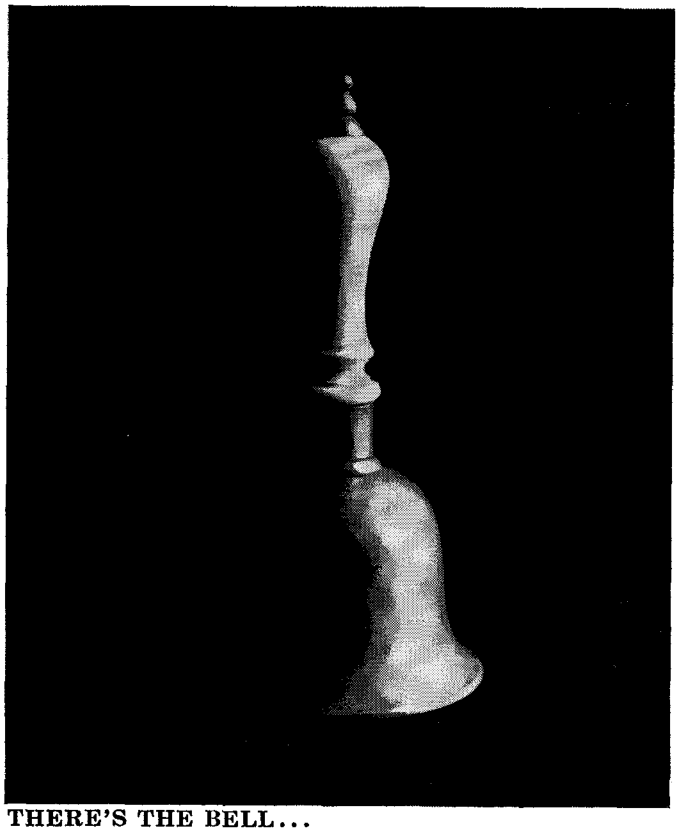
tor, and when we stepped into it, Bellet noticed that one of its fluorescent lights was flickering. He looked disapprovingly at the operator, a tall youth, who hastily volunteered the information that he had already notified the electrician.

The elevator carried us to the sun deck, we climbed a few steps to Captain Comilia's office, just aft of the bridge, and there on guard at the entrance we found the captain's mascot—Minette, a black cat, who, Bellet told me, prefers olives to mice. The captain, a sturdy, forthright Ardennais, and his chief purser quickly disposed of the business at hand—a few matters of personnel (including the election of Père Moulin), some papers to be signed, and the question of which passengers were to be invited to the Captain's Dinner, to be held two nights before the Liberté reached Plymouth, en route to its home port of Le Havre. As we were about to leave, Roger Thyebaut, the second captain, came in, and Comilia, with a slightly mischievous look, asked him, "Do you think it is true that the Normans have English blood in their veins?" Both men smiled, as if at a standing joke.

"On the contrary, *mon commandant*," Bellet put in, playing his part deadpan. "It is the English who have Norman blood in *their* veins. And not only that. Some of them must have Bellet blood in their veins. I have established that one of the Domesday Books mentions a Bellet who took part in the conquest of England by William in 1066." As we took our leave, Bellet's lips were compressed to the point of invisibility, but this time I thought his expression was less that of a skeptic than that of a man pleased with himself at having scored a point.

AT one o'clock, I went to the bar, where I was to meet Bellet and the Robins. Bellet had not arrived yet, but the barman pointed out the Robins, who were having a drink at a table on the other side of the room. I went over and introduced myself to M. Robin, a tall, alert-looking young man, and he introduced me to his quiet and attractive brunette wife.

While we were waiting for Bellet, I asked Robin to tell me about his apprenticeship as a purser, and he warmed to the subject immediately. "I started out in May, 1951, as a student purser under M. Bellet here on the Liberté," he began. "When I reported for duty, M. Bellet shook hands with me and said '*Bonjour*,' and that was about the only thing he *did* say to me, all the way to



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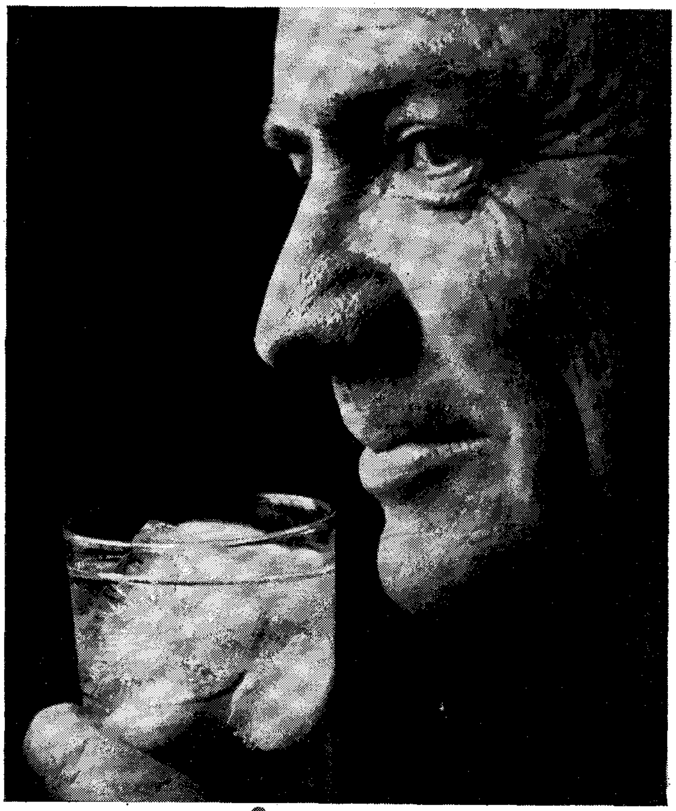

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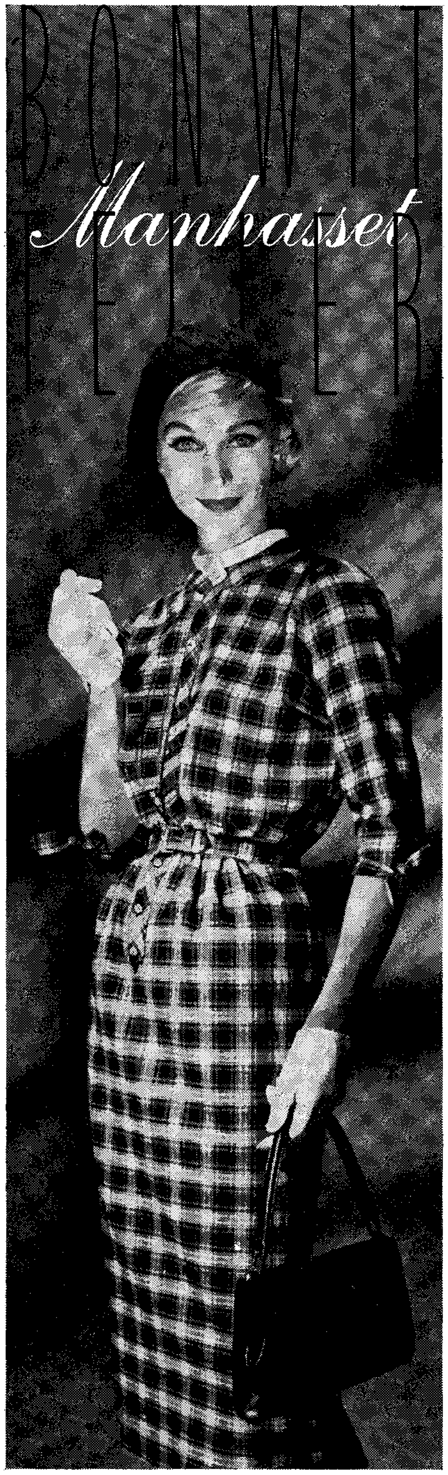

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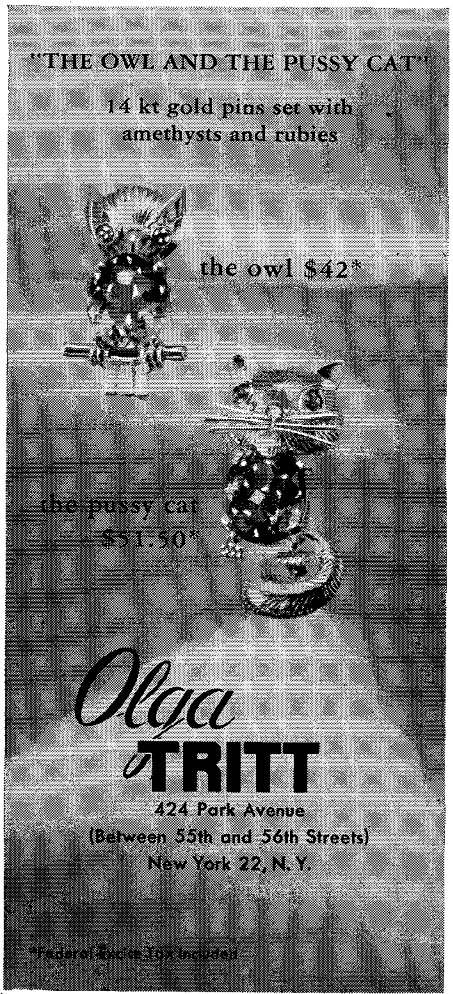
New York. In fact, no one said much to me, but I could tell that they were all watching me closely. Now I know why. No one can really teach you how to be a purser. Of course, beginners have to pass quite a few exams, and that takes a lot of studying, but in the end the job is essentially a blend of tact, manners, instinct, and resourcefulness. They throw you into the water, and it's up to you whether you sink or swim. It's also up to you what you make of the job, especially in the higher echelons. M. Bellet, now, keeps himself available twenty-four hours a day during the whole trip, while on some ships the pursers keep regular office hours, quitting at six o'clock like the cashiers and clerks. M. Bellet knows everything that is going on on this ship, from bow to stern and from boat deck to F deck. But to get back to my first trip. One evening, M. Bellet broke his silence long enough to invite me to have dinner with him and some other people at his table. He wanted to see what my table manners were like, I suspected; it was some kind of social test, anyway. Afterward I had no idea how I'd made out, and, all in all, I was feeling pretty depressed by the time we reached New York. That night, though, M. Bellet sent for me and told me to put on a civilian suit—I was going out on the town with him. We had dinner at the home of some American friends of his—very pleasant people—and then he took me on a tour of Broadway. When we got back to the ship, he said, 'Robin, I invited you to come along with me tonight because I wanted you to get a proper first impression of New York. It's a terrific city, and you must learn to feel as much at ease here as in Paris.' "

Robin paused, and then continued, "From then on, everything went well. I kept watching M. Bellet, and learned how to be a purser. He taught me how important it can be sometimes to make quick decisions—even if it means an occasional mistake. M. Bellet is a man of deep intuition. He's also a very precise man and a very uncompromising man. Everybody automatically spruces up when he walks by. And just watch the way he lets people know what he wants them to do. Mostly, he doesn't even have to speak. All he does is raise an eyebrow or give a nod or a glance. Just watch him at lunch."

"M. Bellet also taught my husband to be philosophical and not get homesick when he's away on trips," Mme. Robin put in, with what I took to be some wryness.

"But he was right, *chérie*," Robin



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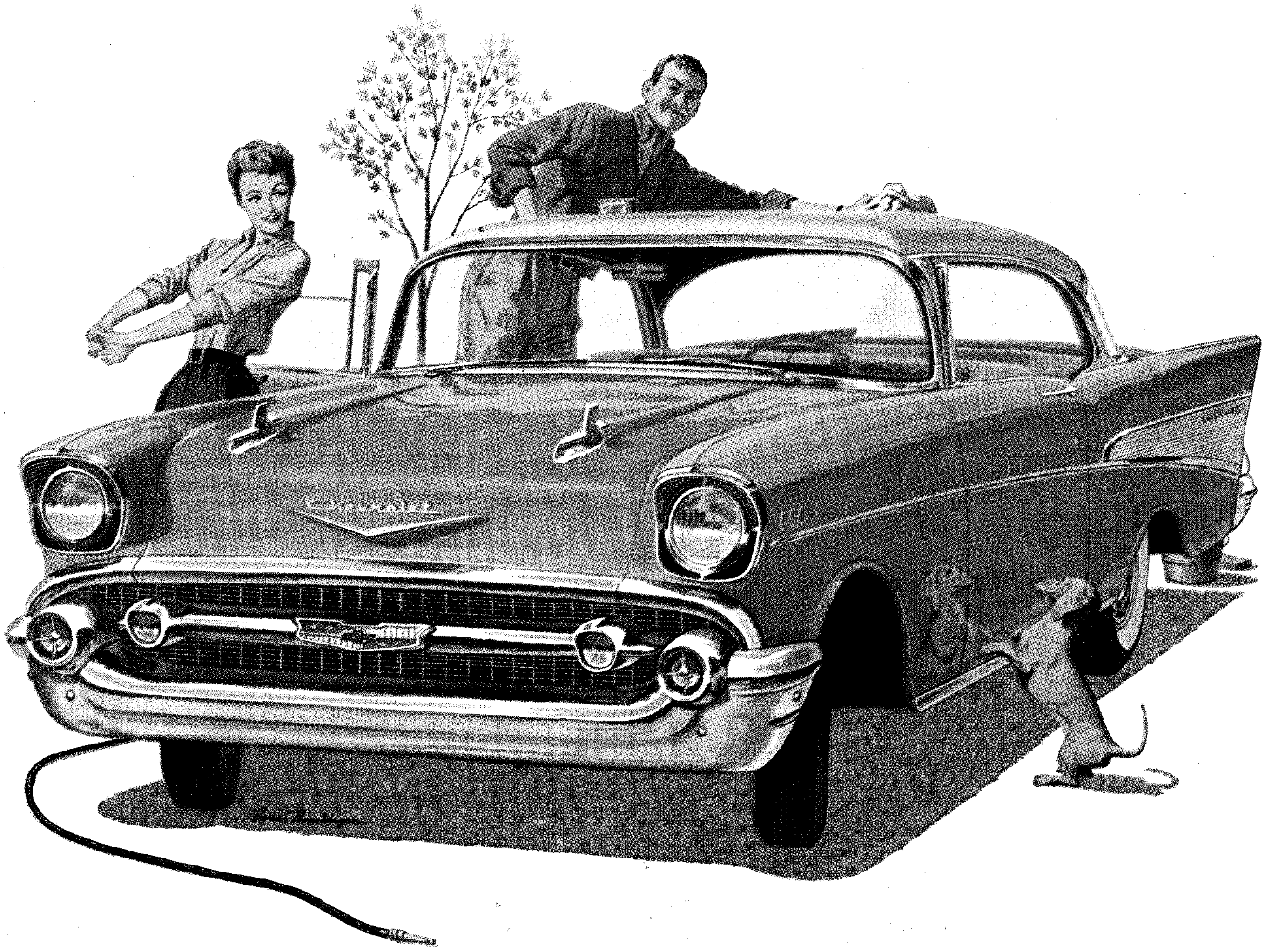

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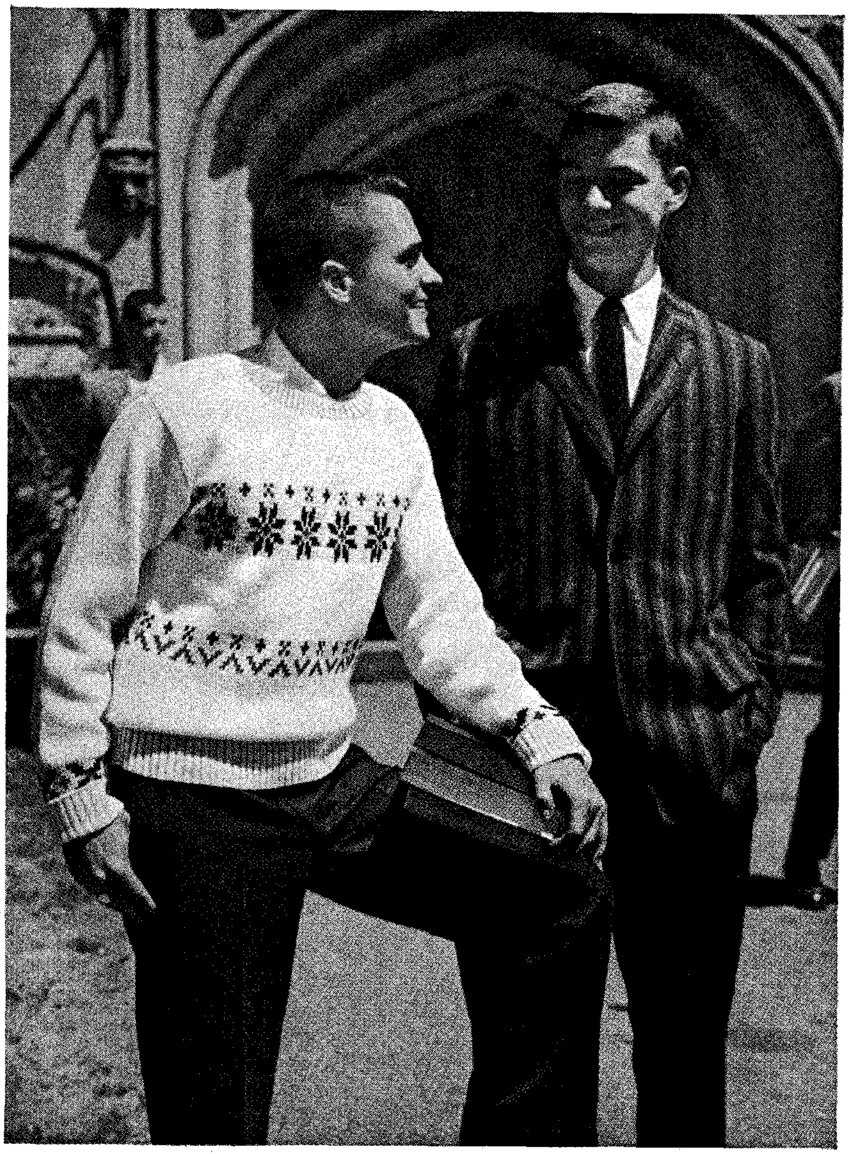
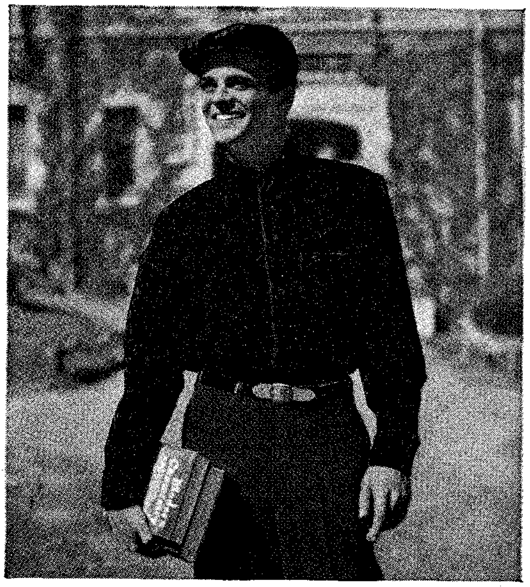
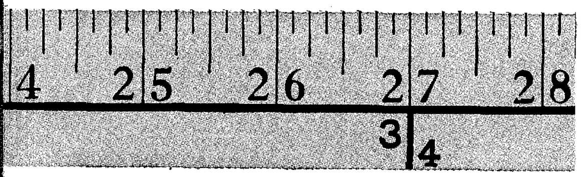


Campus athletes wear wool off the field as well as on. One reason—wool gives leeway for action. It flexes like your own muscle. Shown: jacquard-knit wool sweater, striped wool jacket.



It's right to be colorful—and this red wool flannel shirt will stay bright all its life—for wool locks dye deep into its very heart. Slacks are pure wool, too.



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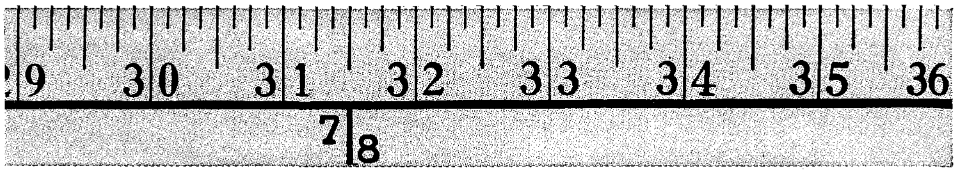

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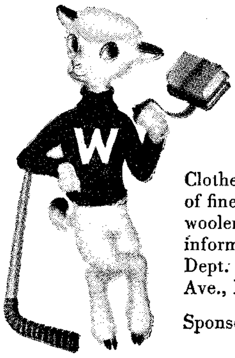

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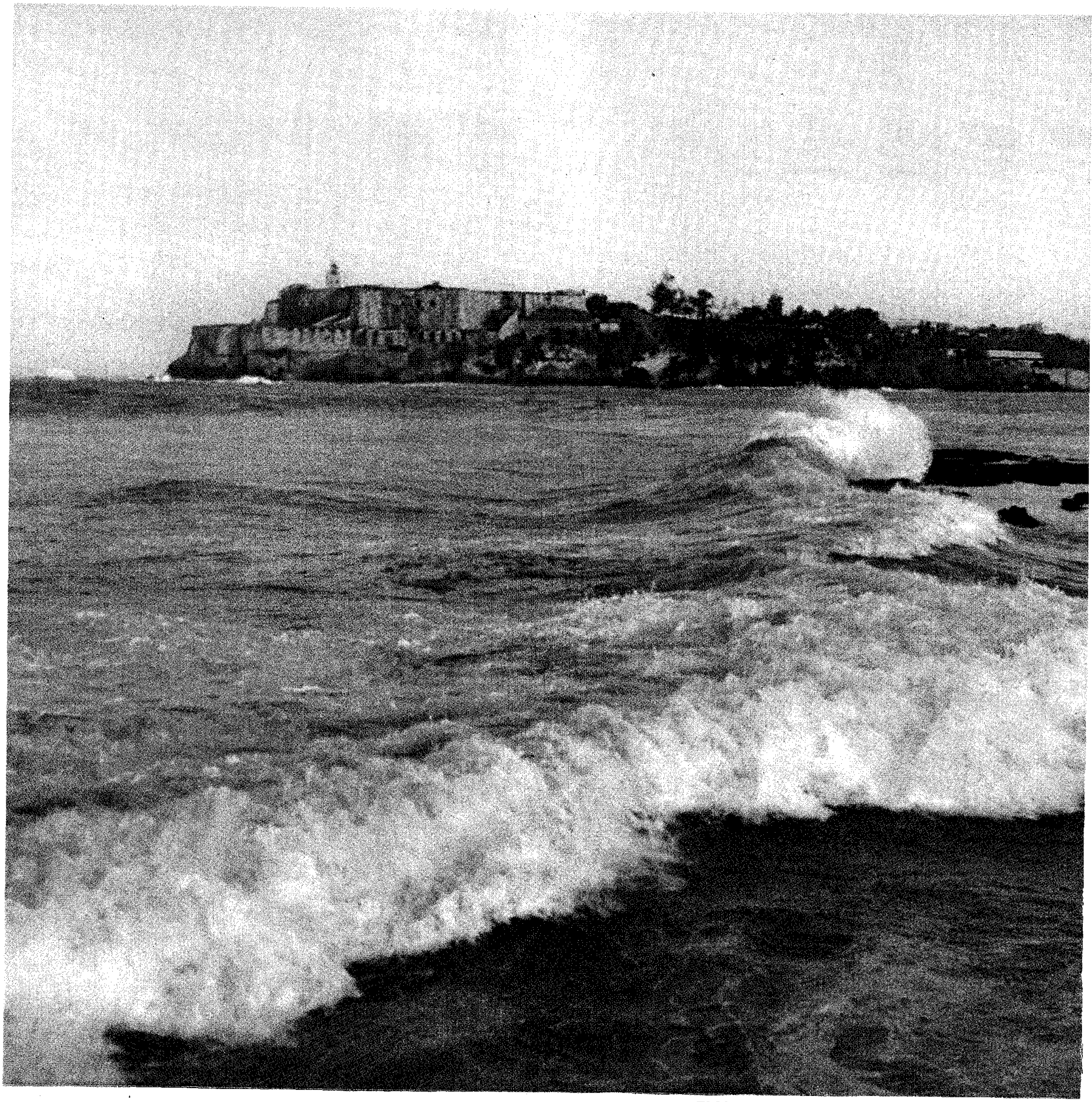

El Morro Castle at sunset. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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assured her. Turning back to me, he said, "M. Bellet once took me aside and warned me, 'You've chosen a profession that is going to keep you away from your family a great deal. If you're miserable whenever your ship sails, you'd better change jobs.' But it hasn't turned out to be so bad, after all. When you know you'll be home only two days between two-week journeys, you make the most of those two days. You make a point of being nice to your wife, and cut out all those silly fights. A seagoing man's honeymoon lasts longer."

"What's that?" said Bellet, who had walked up behind Robin in time to catch the last sentence or two. "You know, Robin," he went on, as he sat down, "a purser can't permit himself the luxury of being sentimental."

"But he isn't on duty now!" Mme. Robin protested, in a voice of despair, but Bellet, showing no pity, compressed his lips firmly. In a moment, though, he relented, and the line became a faint smile. "A purser, Madame, is always on duty," he said, and then puffed his cheeks and expelled the air.

Bellet waved to a party of passengers three tables away, nodded to a steward (who immediately rushed out of the room on some mysterious errand), and made a note on the back of an envelope—all without seeming to divert his attention from Mme. Robin. His drink—tomato juice—was placed before him, and he took a swallow of it. Then, sounding less didactic, he said, "A purser must be prepared for anything. To give you an example, as I was coming to join you, I got a report from the kitchen that we probably wouldn't have enough fish, and I had to radiograph an order for more—a hundred pounds of Dover sole, to be put aboard at Plymouth."

We went to the first-class dining room for lunch, and there, from a corner table, Bellet put on an amazing demonstration of the fact that a purser is always on duty—a scarcely perceptible demonstration that could only be caught by someone on the alert for it, as I was. Somehow, Bellet managed to make the occasion a most agreeable and informal one for his guests and at the same time to direct the activities of a dozen members of his staff by means of signs and whispers so faint that if Robin had not told me to look for them I might not have detected a single one. At one point, Kernoa came to our table and bent over Bellet as if to ask if everything was satisfactory, but actually, as I could barely make out, he

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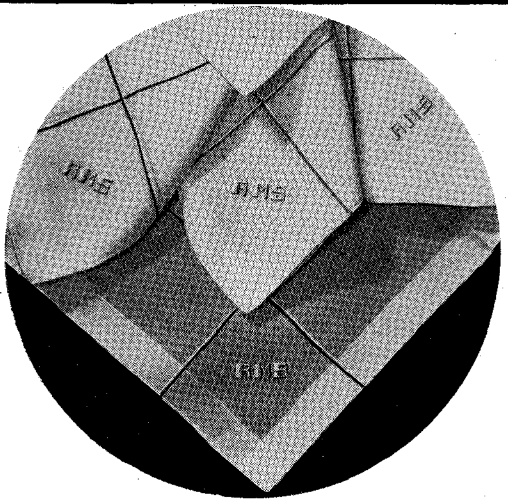

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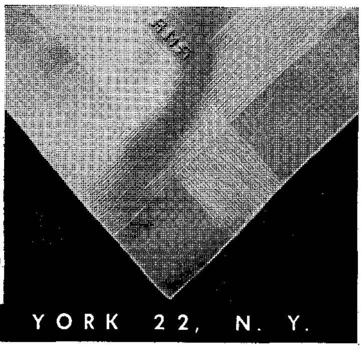

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was receiving sotto-voce instructions that had nothing to do with our little group. It was a flawless performance by both actors.

The lunch, of course, was excellent, but Bellet ate only a little of the *gourmandise de homard Bonne-Bouche*, a superior concoction of lobster, crayfish, and shrimp, and he hardly touched the *chevreuil Grand Veneur*, which came with an exquisite chestnut purée. He did take a bite of cheese—to bring out the full bouquet of the Chambolle-Musigny, he explained—but he ate no other dessert. In fact, he said, he allows himself only one real meal a day—in the evening—and even then he avoids the rich triumphs of the *haute cuisine*, preferring the less exalted *cuisine bourgeoise*. He often calls upon Auguste, a chef who cooks for the passengers in third class, to make him a simple *pot-au-feu* or *cassoulet*.

AFTER lunch, Bellet and I stopped in at the Café de l'Atlantique to visit an old friend of ours—Tony Prothes, the ship's musical director, who has three orchestras under his command and who was at the moment listening to one of them rehearse for a *soirée de gala* that was to follow the Captain's Dinner, as a benefit for several French seamen's organizations. I have known Prothes since my fiddle-playing days on the Ile-de-France, when he was the drummer in the orchestra and could also, if necessary, take over on the double bass. A big man with a long, sad face and a prominent nose, he was sitting alone at a small table as the orchestra played Des Grieux's aria "Ah! fuyez, douce image," from Massenet's "Manon," and Bellet and I walked through the large, empty café to join him.

"What about talent for the gala?" Bellet asked Prothes, after we had greeted each other. Prothes replied that he had discovered two first-rate attractions in cabin class—a group of American entertainers who would put on a variety act, and a French-Canadian tenor who was going to sing three arias, including the "Ah! fuyez." Among the Liberté passengers, Bellet told me, there is rarely a shortage—but often an overabundance—of professional entertainers eager to perform before their fellow-voyagers, and one of his more difficult duties is to tactfully break the news to some of them that their services may not be needed.

I asked Prothes if he was still playing any of the numbers we used to play to-

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He started soon after graduation from Columbia in 1925. His reportorial interest had started even earlier. He was high school correspondent for the New York Evening Mail. He was on the staff of the Columbia Spectator. He worked briefly for a newspaper in Bridgeport, Conn.

Then he went to Pinehurst, N. C., to do resort publicity. He was soon immersed in golf and its personalities. This led to his being assigned by The New York Times to cover the 1928 U. S. Open playoff in which Johnny Farrell beat Bobby Jones.

On The Times sports staff since then, Link has covered other sports as well as golf. He started the "Wood, Field and Stream" column. He now writes a golf column, "Along Local Fairways." Since 1948 he has covered every major golf championship in the U. S.

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gether—such things as "Singin' in the Rain," "Valencia," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," and "Ça C'est Paris!"

"Sure, we play them all," he said. "It's not just the people of our age who like them, either. Kids who weren't even born in 1928 come around and ask for them. But we also play the latest hits. I've just shelled out a fortune for orchestrations of the 'My Fair Lady' music. I can get French music free of charge, but that New York stuff is expensive."

"Please, Tony, no funny business tonight," Bellet said, and then explained to me that a few weeks earlier he had felt obliged to invite the wife of an influential passenger to dance. "I can dance if I have to," he said, "but I hate it. Well, this lady was old enough to make me think she might gratefully turn me down—but no. Tony had already started to play 'The Blue Danube' when I went over to her, and she said she'd be delighted. When Tony had nearly finished playing the waltz, I signalled him to give it up, for the love of heaven. And what did he do? He played it through again and then he had his men stand up and join him in a solemn bow to me and my partner."

"You made the lady very happy," Prothes said gravely. "Later, she thanked me for playing such lovely music for her, and she told me it was the first time in twenty-two years that anyone had asked her to dance."

After proposing that I join him at the bar for a drink before dinner, Bellet excused himself to return to his office. Prothes and I talked some more about the old days, and then I went to my stateroom to doze awhile in preparation for what I judged might be a fairly strenuous evening. The weather had turned bad, and the Liberté had begun to roll noticeably—enough to bring from my cabin steward the reluctant admission "*Ça bouge un peu.*" By the time I went to keep my rendezvous with Bellet at the bar, the ship was rolling so badly that stewards were rigging up guide ropes for the passengers and were advising women to take off their high-heeled shoes, for safety's sake, and walk in their stocking feet.

At the bar, I found Bellet surrounded by a group of passengers who were determined to draw him into a discussion of the rough weather and the ship's response to it—subjects that he appeared equally determined to ignore. Finally, however, he obliquely acknowledged

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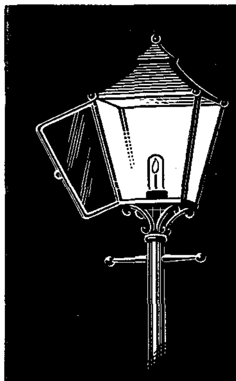
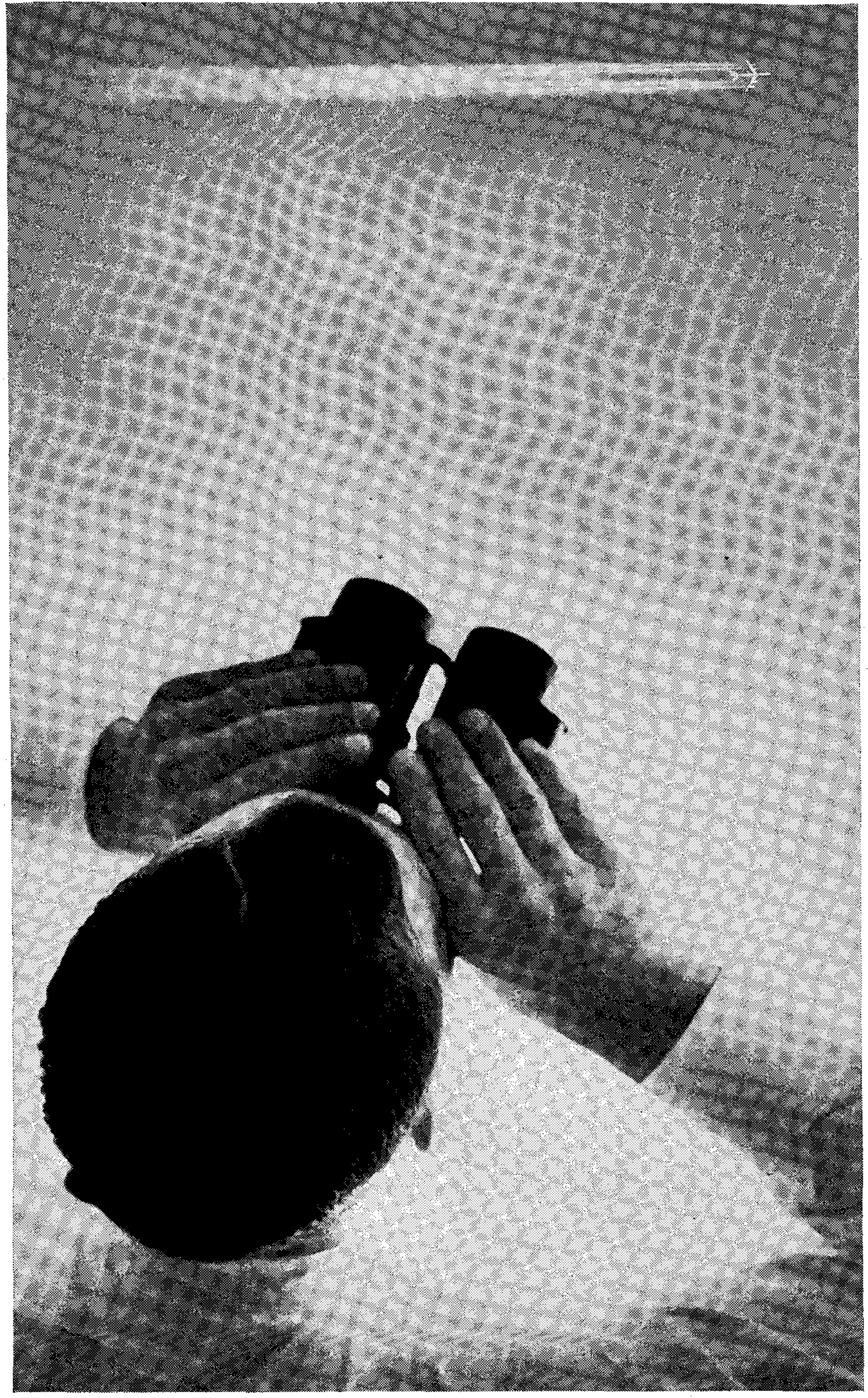


Lamplighter is on the way

the *roulis* by replying to the question of a woman who wanted to know if he had ever been seasick. "Only once," he said. "That was when I was a student purser on the Ile-de-France, and it happened one morning while I was shaving. All of a sudden, as I was looking at myself in the mirror, I saw my face turn green. '*Tiens!*' I said. 'What can this be?' The next thing I knew, I was in bed and someone was offering me a dry Martini. I drank it, and I've never been seasick since. Take alcohol—whiskey, gin, cognac—straight or almost straight, and you won't have any trouble."

Some of the passengers in the bar looked uneasy, and when the time came for dinner Bellet had to coax a few of them to go into the dining room, urging them to order all sorts of unlisted delicacies. This sort of persuasion was going on in other parts of the ship, too, I gathered, for by ten o'clock the dining room was filled with a rich aroma—a blend of ladies' perfumes, the smoke of expensive cigars, and heady fumes from the crêpes Suzette being prepared beside many a table. As the passengers left the dining room, Ollagnier and his aides guided them to the Café de l'Atlantique, where Prothes and his men played "Wouldn't It Be Loverly?" and then "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," which they followed with our old favorite—"Ain't She Sweet?" Champagne corks were popping and Bellet was at his table, dressed now in his evening uniform—black tie, starched white collar, and a sort of smoking jacket. It was certainly no accident that from where he sat he commanded a view of the entire room. Kernoa stood in one corner, watching Bellet for signals that he could pass on to subordinates in the form of orders. Soon the ship started to roll so violently that Bellet ordered that a rug be spread over the dance floor, but by then the prevailing mood was one of mellow detachment, and no one appeared disposed to complain. At twelve-thirty (one-thirty, really, for the clocks had been pushed ahead, though it is doubtful whether many of the passengers in the café were aware of it), Bellet stood up, wished the guests at his table a pleasant night, and returned to his office. *L'atmosphère Transat* was in the air. Now all he had to do was to keep it there for five more days.

DESPITE his tight schedule and the emergencies that a purser has to contend with at all hours, Bellet managed to find the time now and then during the remainder of the crossing to



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tell me a little something about himself. His full name is Robert Charles Frédéric Bellet, and he was born on June 15, 1906, in Le Havre. "Bellet," as the chief purser had already made quite clear in my presence, is an old Norman name, and it is one that is widely known in northern France. His paternal grandfather, Célestin Bellet, was for twenty-five years mayor of Goderville, a small town near Le Havre, and was so admired by his constituents that they installed a statue of him in the center of a square, which they named Place Bellet; a fine figure of a man, he wore a long beard, a stovepipe hat, and striped trousers, carried an ebony cane with a silver handle, rode in a *calèche*, ate enormous meals, and dearly loved his wines. His son Charles, father of the Liberté's chief purser, was a well-known physician in Le Havre. Although the French Line piers were within walking distance of Charles Bellet's home, young Robert never went down to the waterfront to see the big ships come and go. As a youth, he never set foot on a ship, and he was not interested in medicine, either. What he cared about was soccer, a game that he played with furious concentration both in grade school and at the local *lycée*.

At the age of nineteen, Bellet volunteered for the Army, instead of waiting to be called up. He did so not because he felt any particular fondness for a soldier's life but because volunteers could choose their branch of the service, and he had an aversion to the infantry; he could also have avoided the infantry by joining the Navy, but he didn't even consider that. The branch of the Army that Bellet chose, for reasons that elude him now, was the Corps of Engineers. He served in it uneventfully for the required eighteen months, rising to the rank of sergeant, and then returned to Le Havre, where, in the fall of 1927, he went to work as a clerk for the French Line. "Everybody in Le Havre wanted to work for Transat, because it was the biggest company in town," he told me. Before long, still without having set foot on a ship, he was transferred to the headquarters of the line, in Paris, and was assigned to the accounting department, where he checked on ships' expenses in foreign harbors. Soon he became, in his own phrase, "a master of French bureaucracy," corresponding diligently with employees all over the world in an effort to straighten out two- or three-franc discrepancies in their figures. He found the work monotonous, however, and in the spring of

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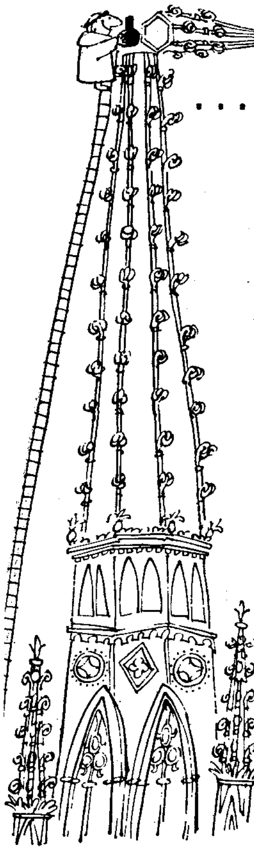

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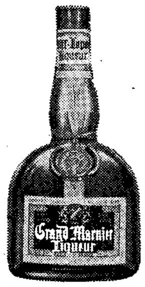

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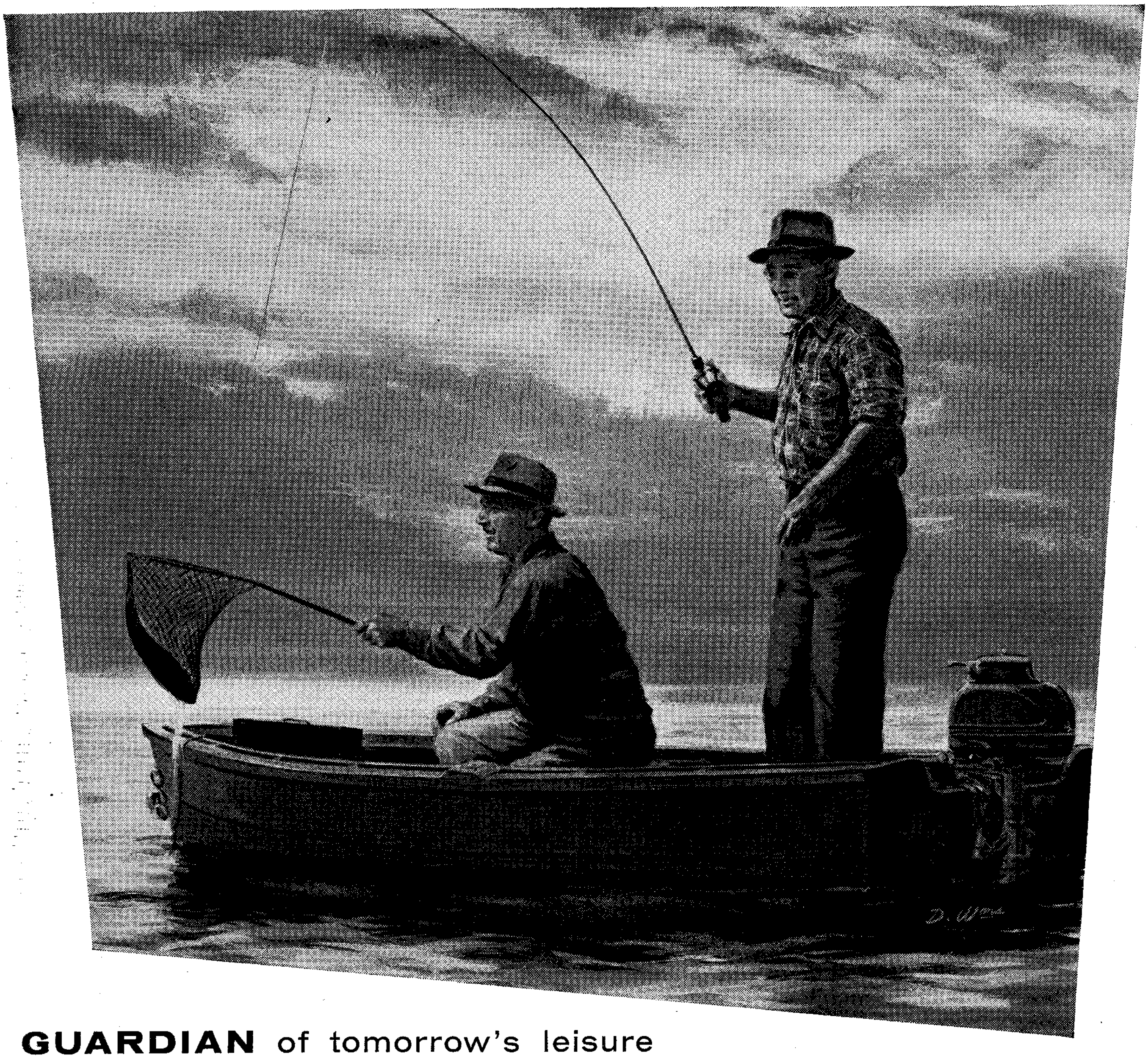

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1928, when one of his superiors asked him if he'd like to become a purser, he said he would be glad to. "I suppose they just happened to be short of pursers at the time," he said. "As a matter of fact, I had no idea what a purser's job was, but I was sure it couldn't be any worse than going over expense vouchers. I was assigned to the Ile-de-France, at a salary of twelve dollars a month, and was told to report to Henri Villar, a famous chief purser. It was men like Villar—and Roger Raulin, now the head of the Transat offices in London, was another—who began to develop the present concept of the broad duties of a French Line purser. I was lucky to get in at a time when I could serve under him."

Bellet got in at a time when the company was a good deal more casual than it is now about selecting candidates for the job of purser. Today, a candidate must have a university education. He has to pass a series of examinations, both oral and written, in French, English, Spanish, law, commercial organization, mathematics, and accounting with sufficiently high grades, and then he is called before a commission of company officials (Bellet himself has been a member of it on several occasions) to prove his *orientation professionnelle et valeur générale*. If he gets by the commission, he is taken on as a student purser, at ninety dollars a month, and after three years at sea he is obliged to take another series of examinations, given by the French Ministry of the Merchant Marine and dealing with such subjects as history, geography, international maritime law, and commerce. If he passes these, he receives a *brevet de commissaire de la marine marchande* and becomes a full-fledged purser—seventh-class, to be sure, but at least with his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder.

In the course of Bellet's own climb up the ladder, he has served on twenty-four French Line ships. He has seen duty on all the company's routes, sailing from Le Havre to the Gulf ports and the West Indies (French, British, and Dutch); from Marseille to Algiers, Oran, Bizerte, Tunis, Bône, and Philippeville; and from Bordeaux to Casablanca. While he has never bothered to keep track—feeling that he has enough records to keep as it is—he believes he has made well over seven hundred Atlantic crossings.

In 1932, Bellet married a Chicago girl he met on one of those crossings, and by the time the Second World War broke out, they had three children. He was nevertheless mobilized, and was assigned, with his former rating of sergeant, to a signal battalion. Early in the spring of 1940, with a seeming stalemate at the front, the French Line felt justified in seeing what it could do to get Bellet out of his Army uniform and back into its uniform—specifically, as the purser of the Normandie, which was about to be sent to New York for safekeeping. The attempt almost succeeded. The Army approved his discharge and Bellet was going through the formalities of being mustered out when, on May 10th, the Germans opened their devastating attack. Bellet's field commander, suddenly finding himself in need of every available man, refused to release him, and Bellet stoically put aside thoughts of the New York junket that might have been. Instead, for the next few weeks, he laid telephone lines along the eastern border of France from Remonville to Tournon, where his battalion arrived on June 20th. Two days later, the Vichy government signed its armistice agreement with the Germans.

Bellet was demobilized five months after the armistice, in Le Puy, a town in south central France. He went back to Le Havre, but he felt uncomfortable there with so many Germans around and didn't stay long. Making his way south into Unoccupied France, he eventually arrived in Marseille, where he reported to the local offices of the French Line. He was told that the company was continuing to operate ships between Marseille and various North African ports, and that a purser's job could probably be found for him aboard one of them. He thereupon wangled permission for his wife and children to leave Le Havre and join him in Marseille. A day or two after they arrived, he was assigned as purser on the Ville d'Oran, which sailed at once for Algiers, and he saw little of his family during the remaining years of the war. His wife and children managed to get over to Algiers, and Mme. Bellet joined the American Red Cross, leaving the children with friends while she organized recreation centers for Allied troops in the North African hinterland, turning schools and other public buildings into jukebox-and-doughnut El Dorados—a job she performed so well that after the invasion of Italy she was sent there to carry on in the same fashion. Bellet, working as a purser on a succession of French Line ships in the Mediterranean, had an increasingly precarious time of it, for as it gradually dawned on the Germans that they were losing the war, they

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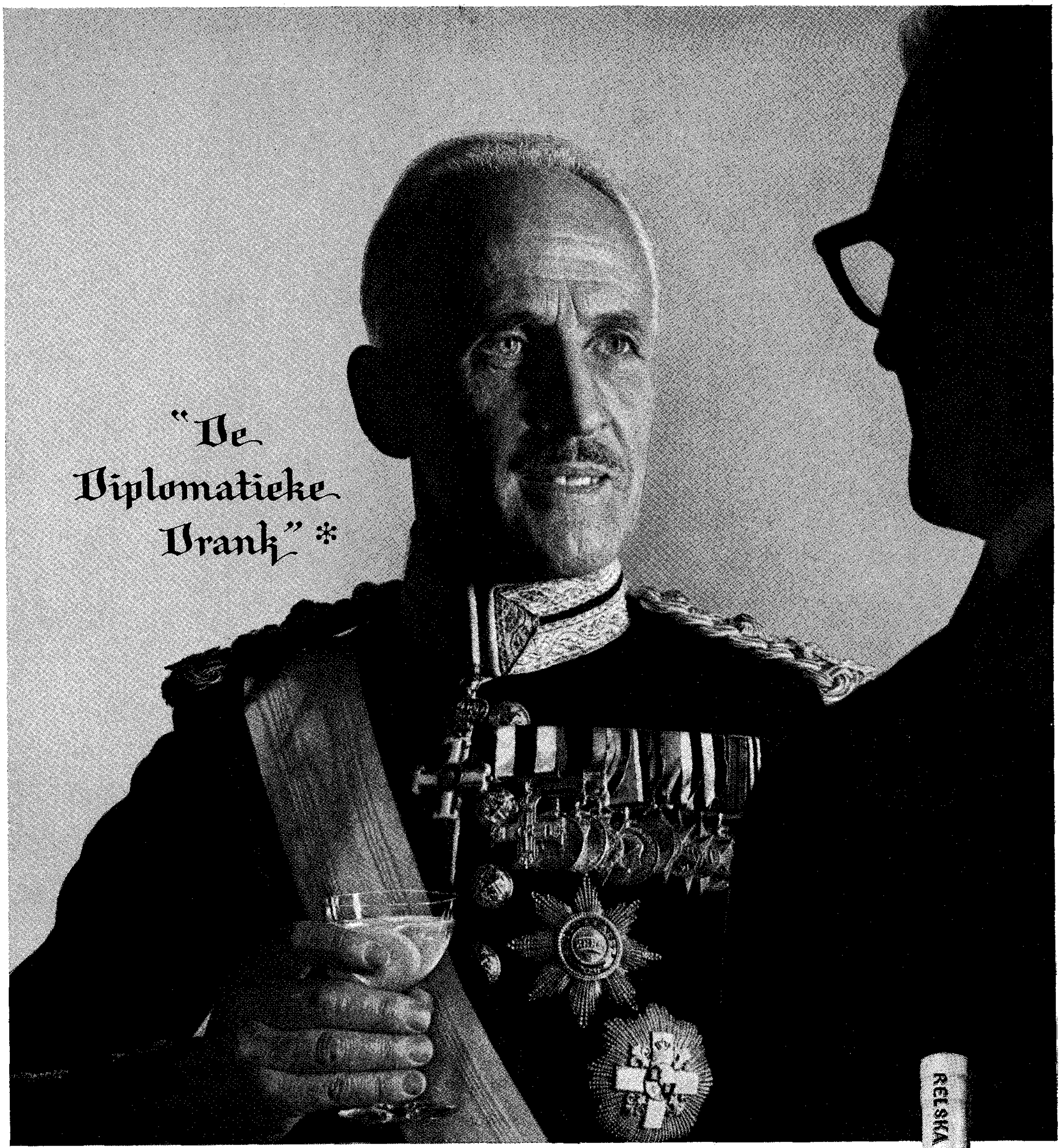

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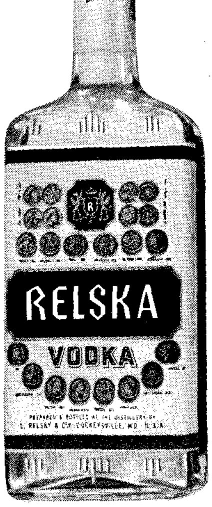

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bore down more and more harshly on the French. Early in 1944, the Germans seized the vessel he was then working on—the Ville d'Alger—as it lay moored at Etang de Berre, near Marseille, and, after chasing the crew ashore, scuttled it. Bellet was at loose ends until December, 1944, when he got back his job as purser on the Ville d'Oran, which the British Ministry of War Transport had taken over for the duration and was operating as a troop transport. The ship, which was designed for six hundred passengers, generally carried two thousand or more soldiers, and Bellet's principal task was to see to it that they had plenty of food and medical supplies.

After France was liberated, Bellet's wife collected the children and took them back to Le Havre, while he worked as purser on various ships that were repatriating British troops from all over the eastern Mediterranean. In October, 1945, he fell ill at Alexandria, and was sent home to Le Havre. By the following spring, he had recovered sufficiently to return to peacetime service with the French Line as purser of the Oregon, plying between Le Havre and New York. "It was rather pleasant to be sailing once again with passengers who didn't scrape every last morsel off their dinner plates," Bellet remarked to me, with one of his wan, sardonic smiles.

From the Oregon, Bellet went to the de Grasse, and from there, in April, 1949, he went to the Liberté. Now the flagship of the French Line and one of the finest vessels engaged in the transatlantic luxury trade, the Liberté was then at the Penhoët Shipyards, at Saint-Nazaire, being reconverted for civilian use after having seen rough service as a troopship. It had formerly been the German liner Europa, which in 1945 was captured at Bremerhaven by the Americans. They turned its dining rooms into sleeping quarters and its grand salon into a basketball court, and assigned it to troop-carrying duty. After the collapse of Germany and the lifting of security on the ship's movements, it became famous for the thousands of soldiers it brought home to the United States. In the spring of 1946, upon completing its last crossing for the Army, it was handed over to France, in recognition of the deprivations that the French had suffered at the hands of the Nazis, and became a part of the French Line fleet. The ship's name was officially changed at a christening ceremony at Cherbourg on July 27, 1946. Then the job of rehabilitating it for peacetime use began—a job so big that not until

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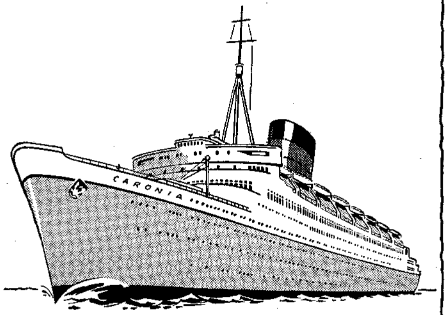

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August, 1950, did it make its first transatlantic crossing as the Liberté, with Bellet installed in the purser's office.

THE night before we were scheduled to dock at Le Havre, Bellet suggested that I stay there for a few hours and have lunch with him and his wife at their home—an invitation I was happy to accept. The next morning, I saw him only briefly before going ashore, for his office was jammed with callers of all kinds—official, professional, and social. We had agreed that I would wait for him in the lobby of the Hôtel de Normandie, a modern structure in Le Havre's modern harbor district, both of which are products of postwar planning. Shortly after twelve, I saw Bellet enter the lobby, but if I hadn't been expecting him I doubt whether I would have recognized him. He had changed into informal, at-home attire, consisting of baggy dark trousers, a light-colored jacket, a bright-blue shirt, and a crumpled cap—an ensemble that, together with the cigarette hanging from his lips, gave him the appearance of a standard Le Havre waterfront character. He sounded a little breathless as he greeted me, and explained that after he had got his car out of the garage, he had gone to say hello to his mother, aged seventy-nine, whose house is at the other end of town from his. The visit had not been motivated solely by filial devotion, it developed; he had also picked up a few bottles of wine from a supply that he keeps in his mother's cellar. Occasionally, when he miscalculates his needs while ashore, this arrangement makes it necessary for him to drive all the way across Le Havre and back just to have something suitable to drink with his dinner, but it is safer, he assured me, between tightly compressed lips, than keeping his wine at home, for he is not at all sure that his own household has the proper respect for it. I gathered from his tone that any Frenchman would consider these precautions eminently reasonable.

We had a quick *apéro* in the bar of the hotel, and then got into Bellet's car—a Mercury—and drove out toward the suburb of Sainte-Adresse, first stopping at a fish store to buy some mussels. As we drove along, Bellet told me that he and his wife had been lucky to get a house there on returning to Le Havre after the Liberation, for they had found the city struggling with an acute housing shortage. The house, Bellet went on, had been occupied by Belgian refugees during the war and

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later requisitioned by the Nazis, and it was in a sorry state of repair. Nevertheless, he said, it had its attractive aspects—notably, a superior view, since it stood on a promontory, with the harbor in the foreground and the coast of Deauville out beyond. "At night, the lights of Deauville look like a string of blue diamonds," Bellet told me, as he swung the car into a lane leading toward the house—an old Norman villa, with peaked gables and rough-hewn beams. Then, as if to disavow this rare lapse into lyricism, he added gruffly, "But you can't see a thing if there's a fog."

LEAVING the car in the lane, Bellet and I walked through a small garden, across a lawn, and into the house. The chief purser was home again. We moved into a living room beautifully furnished with old French pieces, where we were greeted by Mme. Bellet, a friendly, easygoing woman with a thoroughly American manner, which somehow made her seem a visitor herself in those surroundings.

A young maid, wearing a black uniform with a white apron, came in, and Bellet advanced toward her, holding out the package from the fish store. She stared at it a moment, and then, snatching it from him with an air of panic, fled from the room.

"As soon as Robert steps into the house, Marguerite gets nervous," Mme. Bellet said, laughing. "The poor girl has been almost hysterical all morning."

"I hardly ever say a word to her," Bellet protested.

"It's your formidable presence," Mme. Bellet said. "Always the *commissaire principal*, you know."

Although Bellet's lips tightened, he gave the impression of being rather pleased. A moment later, he stalked out of the room, and returned shortly with three Scotch highballs. After the couple had briefly discussed the trip, as matter-of-factly as if it had been a walk to the corner grocery, I asked Mme. Bellet how she and her husband had become acquainted. She said it all began one day in April, 1930, when she—Miss Ethel Engstrom, at the time—and a friend, another Chicago girl, embarked on a Mediterranean cruise, cabin class, aboard a since-demolished ship called the France, having been persuaded to make the trip by a French Line folder that promised good food, varied entertainment, and surroundings congenial to romance. For Miss Engstrom, romance came early, in the person of the slim, slow-spoken, self-contained

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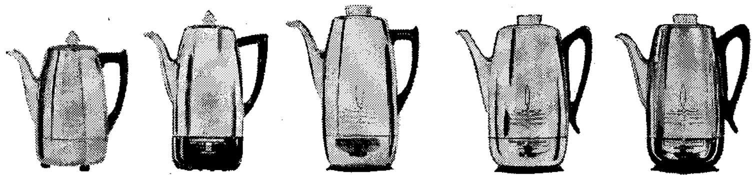

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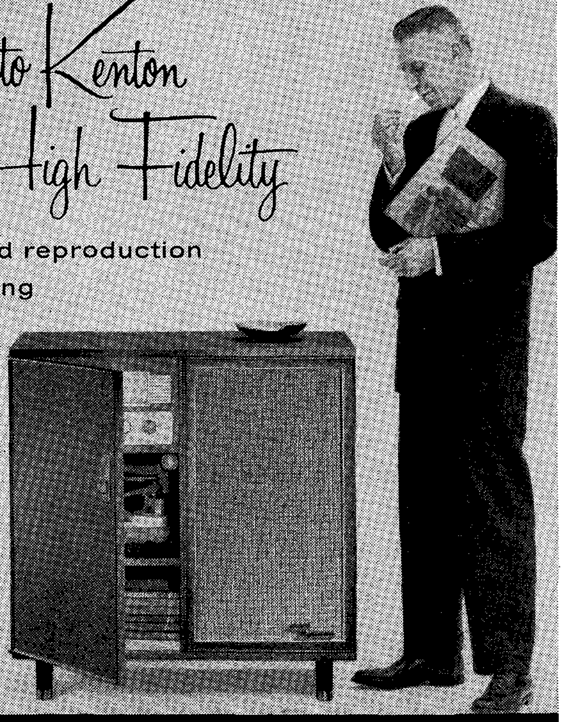

cabin-class purser—M. Bellet—whom she had to consult about a lost pair of gloves. She had decided then and there that no other man would do. Being the kind of man he is, Bellet probably did not decide quite then and there, his wife told me, and she got off to a bad start the very first day by asking him if he was an Italian. "I don't know why, but I imagined that he must be Italian," Mme. Bellet told me. "Robert became very indignant and said, 'No, I am a German.' So then I didn't know what to think, but, anyway, that evening he invited me to be a guest at his table for the whole trip. You should have seen my friend's face when I told her that! And then, on the third day out of New York, he proposed to me."

"The fourth," her husband said.

"Well, then, the fourth," Mme. Bellet agreed, and went on. "We were walking down a stairway—I can still see it—and Robert was a little behind me, and suddenly he asked, 'Do you want to marry me?' I was so overwhelmed that I didn't answer right off, and he misunderstood my silence and said, quite formally, 'Of course, you don't have to if you don't want to.' Then I found my tongue, and assured him that I did want to—very much indeed."

When the cruise was over, Miss Engstrom returned to Chicago in a state of bliss that survived even the sharpest warnings of relatives who were dead set against her marrying any Frenchman, and especially a seagoing Frenchman. Over the next two years she and Bellet didn't manage to see each other once, but they did correspond frequently, and when, at the end of that time, both were quite sure they had not been mistaken, Miss Engstrom went to France. They were married in Le Havre on July 28, 1932. The Bellets now have four children: Freya, twenty-four, who is the wife of an official of the Courvoisier Company and lives in Jarnac, near Cognac, with her husband and their year-old daughter; Anita, twenty-two, who works for the American Consulate in Le Havre; Peter, seventeen, who is attending school in England; and Robbie, ten, who is a student at the local *lycée.*

"Some of my friends in Chicago, who had romantic ideas about what it would be like to be married to a dashing Frenchman, would be surprised if they could see us now," Mme. Bellet said. "When my dashing Frenchman gets back from a trip, he hangs up his cap and announces to the household at

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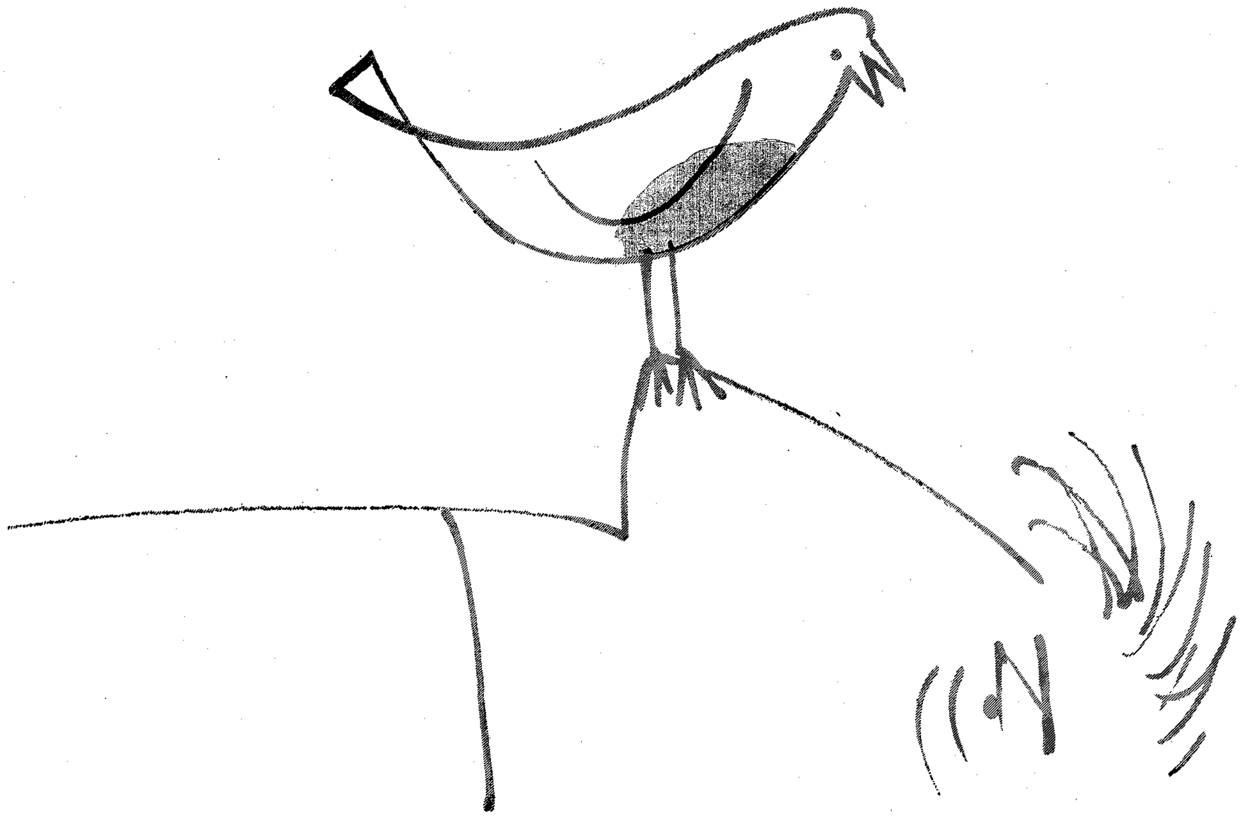

Getting up at 5 a.m. is for the birds!

Nevertheless, regularly at 5 a.m. millions of warm, bare feet hit the hard, cold floor with grim determination. Another day has started.

But in the Great Lakes area things aren't quite so grim. This conclusion was reached after reading a sizeable stack of mail addressed to WJR, regarding its "Wake Up Show." It seems that the choice of music and cheerfulness of this show takes the curse off early rising. One woman went so far as to say, "Your program makes getting up at 5 a.m. worth the effort." Many stated that they appreciate the report of the weather and road conditions before setting out for work.

It isn't surprising that WJR programs receive a lot of fan mail. People are quick to show their appreciation for a radio show that fits their particular requirements. And people in the Detroit-Great Lakes area have made it known that the finest is found on WJR at all hours. A survey made by Alfred Politz, Inc. supports this. The survey disclosed that in WJR's primary signal area, where 196 other stations can be heard, almost half of the listeners prefer WJR.

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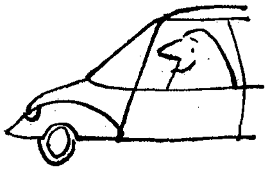
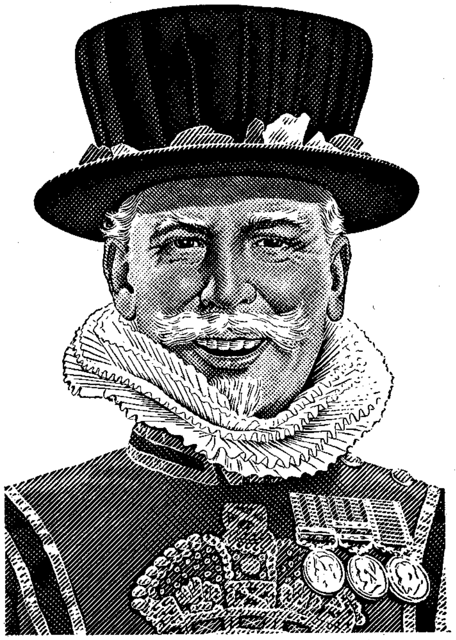


It's never too early to drive carefully, but it's often too late.



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large, '*Je suis fatigué et fauché.*' Tired and broke—that's the way he always describes his condition. They'll probably inscribe that on his tombstone. 'Here lies Robert Bellet—*Fatigué et Fauché.*' No matter how tired and broke he may be, though, we're all very glad to see him."

"Thank you," Bellet said crisply.

"As for Robert's French ways, my Chicago friends would be downright shocked by some of them, but they've come to seem perfectly natural to me," Mme. Bellet continued. "Things like keeping his wine at his mother's house, because he doesn't trust me to use it properly. And then, there's his car. I was driving a car practically before the people in Le Havre had ever seen one, but do you think Robert will let me drive his? No indeed!"

"A man doesn't lend his automobile, his bicycle, or his wife," Bellet remarked complacently, finishing his drink and going out to the kitchen, where he was to cook our lunch himself.

WHILE her husband was busy with the lunch, Mme. Bellet entertained me by describing some other French ways that she had long ago learned to take in her stride. To begin with, she said, an American woman accustomed since childhood to a casually hospitable acceptance of other people has a hard time of it for a while after she settles in a French city. "In Chicago, we always took it for granted that a person was O.K. until the person proved us wrong," she said. "Here it's the other way around—in the provinces, at least. If you're a stranger, the French are instinctively suspicious of you, and it's up to you to prove that you're O.K. That certainly makes it difficult for a newcomer to meet people. In spite of automobiles and television, the insular mood of the provinces doesn't seem to have changed much since Flaubert wrote 'Madame Bovary.' And then, of course, there are the routine physical discomforts. The heating, for instance. Before the war, we were lucky with our heating. We had a lovely little house—a real jewel, a bit of Old France, with fine white-and-gold wallpaper and miraculously good heating and plumbing. Well, it was gone when we got back. This house, now, isn't a bit modern. I like to have my house warm, but Robert, being a Norman, insists on plenty of fresh air. So when he comes home in winter, he opens all the windows and then tries to keep the place warm by throwing more wood on the fire. Well, you know, a fireplace is lovely, provided

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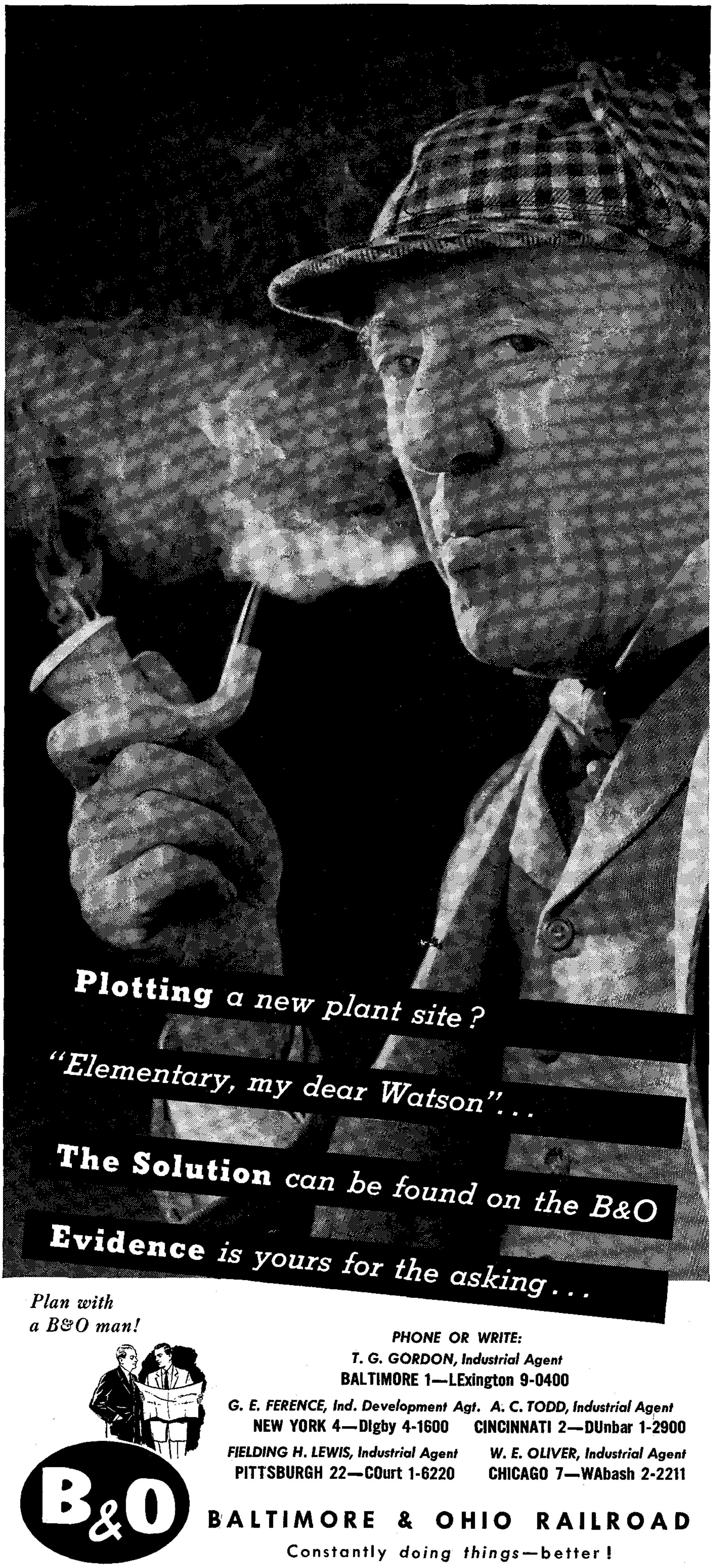
you have some other source of heat, too, so two years ago, while Robert was away, I had a gas heater installed in my bedroom. Now the whole family gathers there on cold days—even Robert, though he still won't admit he likes it."

Mme. Bellet paused, smiling at the thought of this small triumph. Then she shrugged, and said, "My one real grievance, I suppose, is that we haven't got a telephone, but that's a private, special quirk of Robert's. We did have a phone years ago; then the girls began growing up and getting calls from their boy friends, and one day when Robert was home it was ringing every minute, so at last he said, '*C'est assez*,' and ripped the wires out. He had always hated phones, anyway, and I can understand that perfectly. It's reasonable for him to want to relax when he's home, and not feel that he is likely to be disturbed at any moment. He's convinced that if we had a phone he'd be getting calls from the ship at all hours, whenever something went wrong. Now people who want to get in touch with him have to call his *bistro*, down the street, and he picks up the messages and calls them back. When he's home, he leaves the house at eleven every morning—time for the first apéritif—and goes to the *bistro* to get his messages and make his calls. He comes home for lunch, spends the afternoon reading, and never goes out after dinner. It makes a pretty quiet life for me, but I can't blame him. After all, he has more than enough social life on his ship, and wants to be left in peace when he's ashore."

Again Mme. Bellet paused and smiled, this time with a sort of cheerful resignation. "Robert loves his *bistro*," she continued. "A year or so ago, Helen Stevenson, who has since married Governor Meyner, of New Jersey, came to visit us. Helen and her parents are very good friends of ours. Her father, William Edwards Stevenson, is president of Oberlin College. I got to know him during the war, when he was a Red Cross official in North Africa. Well, we had no place in the house for Helen to sleep, because the children were all here at the time, so Robert put her up in a room above the *bistro*. Really! And now Robbie, our youngest, is beginning to love the place, too. One night last week, he was late getting home. It seems he'd been down at the *bistro* looking at television, and I suppose it's only natural that a ten-year-old boy who has a French father and an American mother should stop in at Papa's *bistro* to look at TV. Not that I mind. The people there are a fine lot, and



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they're just as fond of Robert as Robert is of them. On the Liberté he's the purser, but in the *bistro* he's the captain."

BELLET came back to the living room and told us that lunch was ready, adding that he had put no onions or carrots into the veal stew he had made. We went into the dining room and seated ourselves at the table. Bellet had prepared *moules à la marinière*, to start off with, and they had the full freshness of mussels gathered only a few hours earlier. As for the stew, it was just the sort of dish I'd hoped for after six days of Papion's *haute cuisine*. It was served with rice cooked to perfection—light and dry. Afterward, we had some cheese with a fine Château Beychevelle.

When Marguerite served the coffee, Bellet tasted it, shook his head, and declared that it wasn't the brand he had bought during his previous stay at home.

"Naturally not," said Mme. Bellet. "We ran out of your coffee a week after you left."

Bellet shook his head again, and turned sorrowfully to me. "Each time I leave home, I see to it that everything is in good working order—you know, lights, plumbing, and all the rest of it—and I also see to it that the pantry is stocked. And when I get back, I find that the lights won't work and the pipes are leaking and the pantry is full of things I haven't bought. It's plain that it takes a man to run a household."

"We Red Cross women ran quite a big operation during the war," Mme. Bellet observed.

Bellet refused to be sidetracked. "What happened to all the stuff I bought for the pantry?" he asked.

"If you ordered your ship's supplies the way you order ours, you'd run out of coffee and sugar in mid-ocean," his wife replied. "Suppose Anita or Robbie brings home some friends and they get hungry. I can't very well refuse to feed them, can I? As a matter of fact, it's fun to have a lot of young things around, enjoying themselves."

Bellet drank the rest of his coffee in disapproving silence.

LATER that afternoon, as the hour for me to catch the Paris train drew near, I said goodbye to my hostess and followed Bellet out of the house. Fog was drifting in from the sea, enveloping the port in a white, salty shroud. Every few seconds, a foghorn

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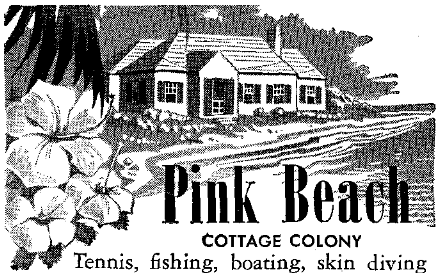

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sounded. At the head of the lane, Bellet stopped to admire the ghostly scene, and just then the fog lifted momentarily from the harbor and we saw a large ship heading out into the Channel. Bellet stood there for some time, inhaling the smell of the sea. When at last we moved on, he told me we had plenty of time to get to the station, and proposed that we walk down to the *bistro* for a beer. On our way, we saw a young boy approaching, dressed in blue jeans and a checked jacket. It was the Bellets' son Robbie, on his way home from the *lycée*.

"How was school?" Bellet asked in English, and the lad replied with a laconic "*Pas mal.*"

"All four children speak both French and English, but at the moment Robbie is going through one of his French phases," Bellet said to me. "*Tu as du travail?*" he asked, deferring to his son's preference in tongues.

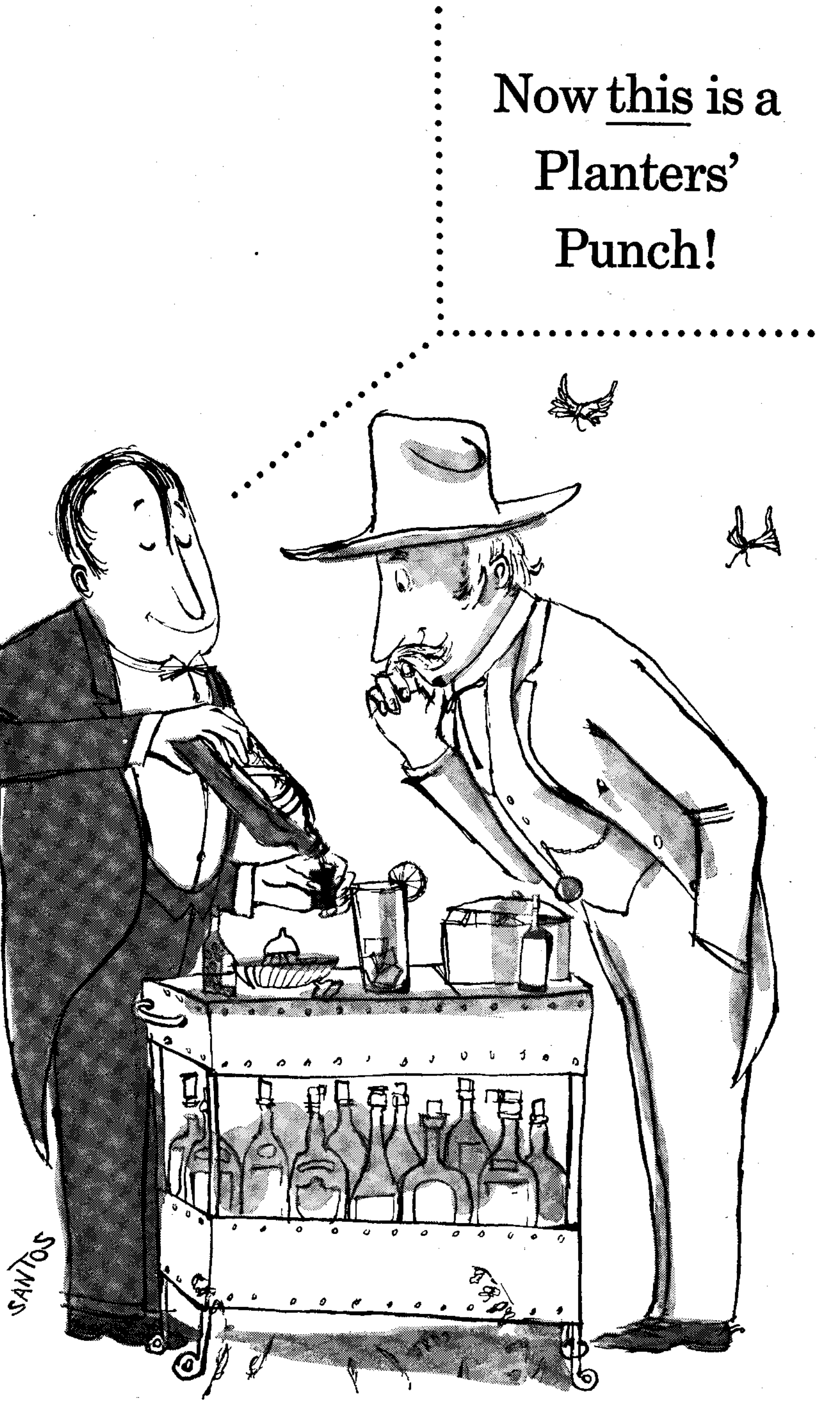
"No, Papa," Robbie said, perversely shifting to English. "May I go down to the *bistro* later on and look at the television?"

"We'll see when I get back," Bellet said, in a stern, ship's-officer voice. Then, suddenly, he bent over and kissed the top of Robbie's head. The boy flushed and ran on past us.

The *bistro* proved to be a small, nondescript establishment, with no name—only the usual BAR-TABAC sign over the doorway. It had fluorescent lights, and its several marble-topped tables were arranged around an oil stove. A prominent fixture was the television set, which stood in one corner of the room and was being worked over by a mechanic in blue overalls. Bellet and I shook hands with the *patron*, who was standing behind the bar in his shirtsleeves, and with two customers in workmen's clothes, who stood facing him. One of the rear tables was occupied by a family group that might have come straight out of a Fernandel picture—a sad-faced woman, two sad-faced little girls, and a sad-faced man with a mustache, who had not bothered to remove his hat and was sitting with both palms resting on the handle of an umbrella, staring straight ahead of him. Bellet walked back and shook hands with all of them, and the little girls got up and curtsied.

Returning to the bar, Bellet ordered a couple of *bocks*, and the *patron* told him that a man had called to remind him that he was expected at the Hôtel Terminus at five-thirty that afternoon.

"I know," Bellet said. "A farewell



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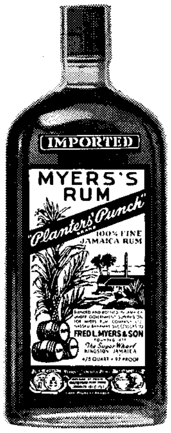

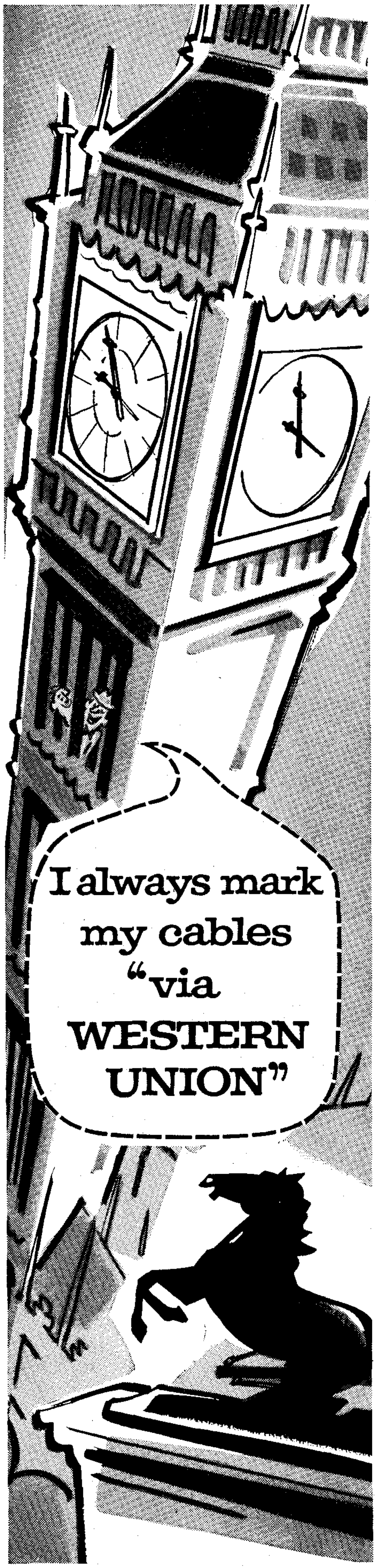
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party for three of my men who are retiring."

"What are you going to do when *you* retire?" the sad-faced man unexpectedly called from his table.

"Nothing much," Bellet said gruffly. "I'll just lie in a hammock and read, and maybe work in the garden, and now and then go hunting."

"Then you won't be moving to Chicago, Commissaire?" asked the *patron*, looking pleased.

"*Tu es fou!*" said Bellet. "Certainly not—not unless the *bistro* moves there, too." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

CROSS WINDS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

VISIT TO THE SENATE BY ARTHUR GODFREY

MR. JOHNSON of Texas. Mr. President, I am very proud and privileged to observe that in the diplomatic gallery, just behind us, there is seated one of our most diplomatic Americans, the beloved and patriotic entertainer, Arthur Godfrey, who comes into our living rooms so often and gives us so much pleasure. I am pleased that in recent months he has manifested such an interest in the legislative branch of the Government, particularly in the United States Senate. I know all my colleagues join me in extending to him a cordial welcome.

MR. KNOWLAND. Mr. President, will the Senator from Texas yield to me?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER (MR. SCOTT in the chair). Does the Senator from Texas yield to the Senator from California?

MR. JOHNSON of Texas. I yield to the able minority leader.

MR. KNOWLAND. I should like to join the majority leader in extending a bipartisan welcome to the Senate gallery to Arthur Godfrey, who does so much for both the information and the entertainment of the American people.

MR. JOHNSON of Texas. I thank my friend.

[Applause, Senators rising.]

UNITED STATES-LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONS

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator from Texas yield to me?

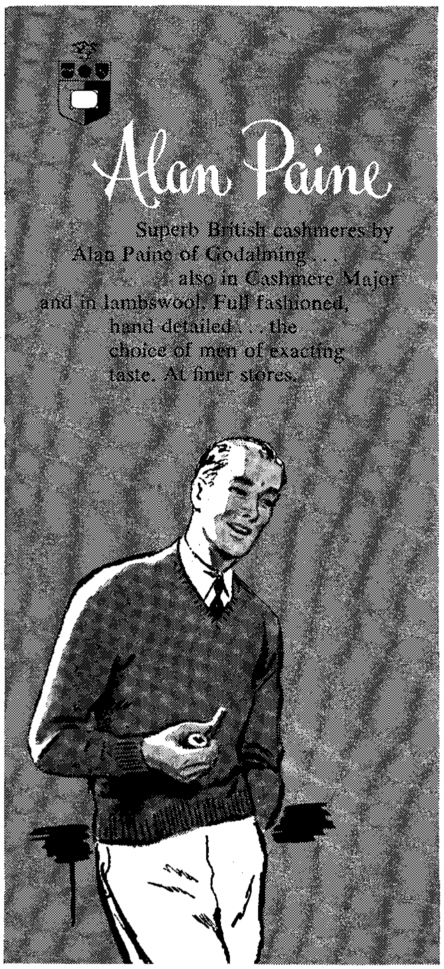
MR. JOHNSON of Texas. I yield to my friend, the Senator from New Mexico.

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, the welcome and applause for our distinguished friend, Arthur Godfrey, are excellent. All of us love him.

But, Mr. President, what is the United States doing for Latin America? Latin America extends from Mexico to Patagonia.

In Mexico an attempt was made to obtain a trifling amount of money from Petroleum Mexicana-Pemex. But, Mr. President, I ask the Senate, what is the United States doing not only for Mexico but for all the other countries of Latin America?

In referring to Latin America, Mr. President, at this time I ask the Senate to consider particularly the Inter-American Highway.



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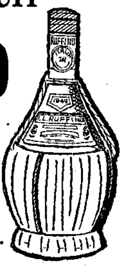

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THE RACE TRACK

Close but No Cigar

IT seemed rather a pity that Dedicate's number had to be taken down after he came in first in the Atlantic City Handicap at Atlantic City last weekend. He was so much the best. He not only gave from four to fourteen pounds to the seven other runners, but he finished lengths ahead of them and broke the track record for the mile and three-sixteenths. Unfortunately, Arcaro, who rode him, sent him between horses when he began his run on the far turn, and crowded Helfast, who, in turn, slammed Wild Ride against the rails. Then Dedicate went on to win comfortably from Royal Beacon II, who had never been worse than second, and Helfast recovered quickly enough to be third. There had also been a bit of bumping early in the race (in which Dedicate had no part, as far as I could see), and the last horse had hardly passed the winning post when the stewards ordered an inquiry. They disqualified Dedicate, placing Royal Beacon II first (he paid $60.60 in the mutuels), Helfast second, and Third Brother third. The customers didn't like it, because Dedicate was the 3–5 favorite, and they howled the way they did when Nashua was withdrawn at the last moment from that race last year. Later, a nice point was raised—whether Dedicate's time of 1:54⅘, which is nearly three seconds faster than the old mark, should be allowed to stand as a record for the distance. The stewards and the Racing Commission will rule on it this week. Until Dedicate won the Monmouth Handicap last month, he had had a series of disappointments, finishing second in the Carter and the Metropolitan and third in the Suburban. Apparently, his luck hasn't changed. Royal Beacon II's luck certainly has. He's an Irish-bred colt, and for the most part he has been running in claiming races. In fact, his present owner, Sylvester Rich, a Pittsburgh businessman, got him out of one at Monmouth Park less than two months ago, for $12,000—the buy of the season, I'd say, since his share of the purse last Saturday was $65,000.

NEITHER Li'l Fella nor Bolero U. ran to expectations in the Sapling Stakes, for two-year-olds, which wound up the meeting at Monmouth Park last week. The winner turned up in one of the outsiders—Plion, a colt by Greek Ship, who came through with a great rush in the stretch and beat Li'l Fella by inches. Bolero U. was down the course; perhaps he has had too much racing. By the way, the season at Monmouth was the most successful on record there, which isn't surprising, for Monmouth is a nice place to go, and things are done in fine style. Colonel Martingale wishes it were nearer town.

WELL, it's still the same old Saratoga. You can skip it for a year—though who wants to?—and be sure that when you get back everything will seem just as it always was. Even the favorites go on being beaten with the same regularity; seven of them lost on the first day. The most notable thing about last week's racing at the Spa was the attendance. On the opening day, the turnstile count was 16,408. Dear me! That many visitors on the grounds in the good old days would have sent the directors of the Saratoga Association dancing with joy down Union Avenue. There was the usual surprise in the Flash, when Wing Jet brought off a 30–1 chance. Pocahontas took the Schuylerville for fillies, and Riley, who hasn't won a race this year, was favorite for the Whitney Stakes and was beaten by Kingmaker. There was a steeplechase, too, the first on the New York tracks this season; eight started and five finished—a fair average. The winner, Independence, is a full brother of Bold Ruler. As I suppose you've heard, Bold Ruler won't be a starter in the Travers this weekend. Mr. Fitz, who trains him, says the colt's condition doesn't quite suit him. And that's that. Anyway, almost everyone is accepting Gallant Man as the best three-year-old. He ran and won so effortlessly the other day that he's sure to be odds-on for the Travers, even if Field of Honor, who won almost as impressively the same afternoon, goes to the post, as I expect he will. The Travers should be well worth seeing.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Hutchins, who was president of the University of Chicago for 22 years, regarded the universities as important in the protection of civil rights by providing centers of independent thought. mostly cloudy.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

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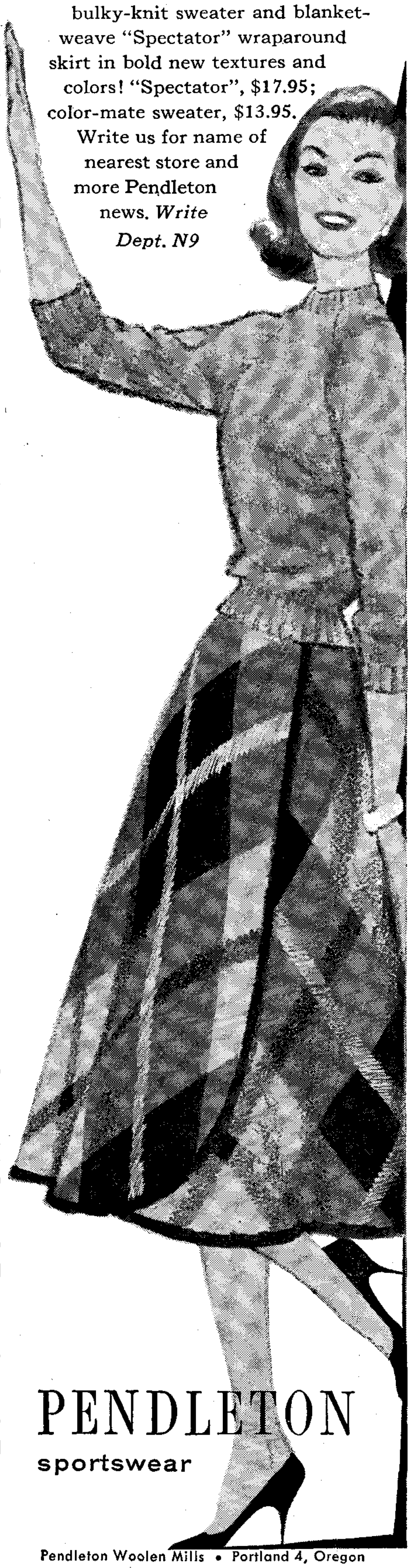

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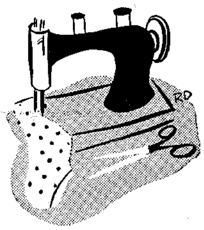
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

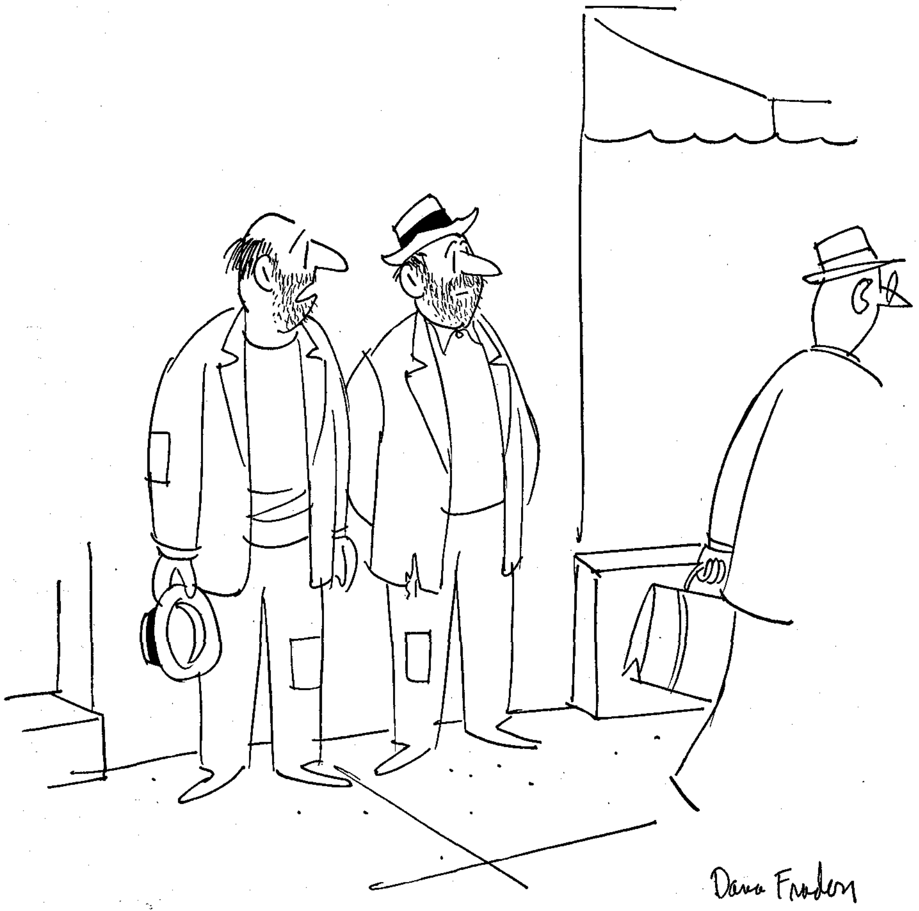
ABOUT THE HOUSE



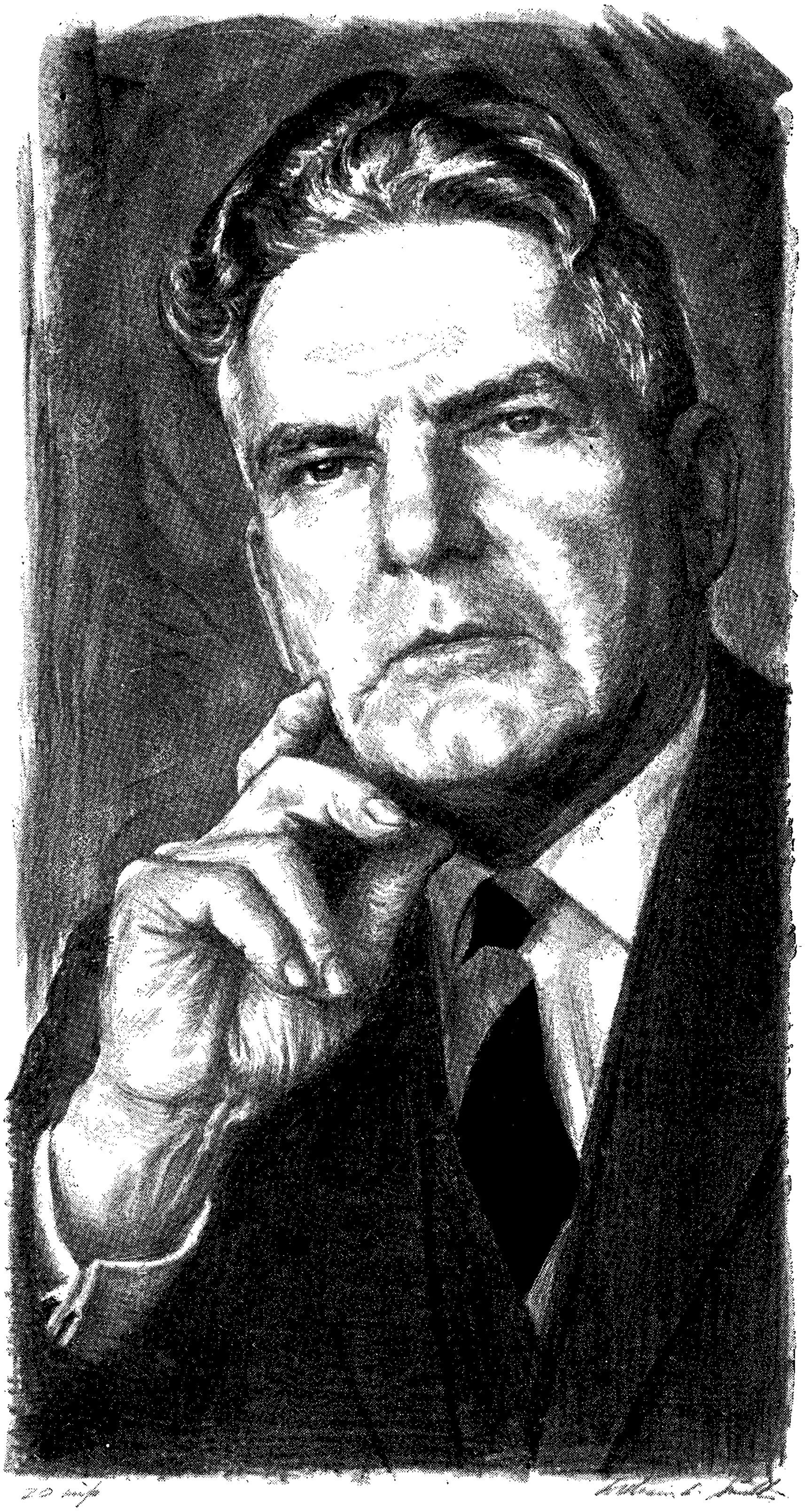
IF you happen to have ever made a trip to Brooklyn, at the very peak of a heat wave, to see a cake baked, I don't have to tell you that the experience gives one a sense of unlimited power. With the temperature at ninety-five one day last month, I paid a visit to the offices of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, which are at 176 Remsen Street and are not air-conditioned, to see one of the company's wares—the newest-model Roper gas range—bake a cake on a top burner, and I now feel (I now darn well *know*) that anybody who is equal to that can do anything. The cake was baked in a top-of-the-stove roaster and baker called Roast-O-Grill, which is a built-in adjunct of the new range, and the fact that I was so enthralled by its performance that I forgot all about the heat, when not the least of the demonstrator-cook's difficulties was keeping the cake from starting to bake *before* it hit the stove, was a triumph of matter over mind that speaks more eloquently for the Roper brain child than the most luscious Madison Avenue prose could. In addition to the Roast-O-Grill, the range is equipped with four top burners, and one of these is regulated by a completely accurate thermostatic heat control, called Tem-Trol—but that was introduced a couple of years ago and may seem old hat to ladies whose kitchens come right out of the latest four-color advertising pages. All the same, I am sure that the rest of us will find this feature a marvel. As for the Roast-O-Grill, it is so new and convenient and efficient that I can't believe even those cooks who live on familiar terms with the household equipment of tomorrow can fail to be impressed. The unit fits over a large, separate burner (also thermostatically controlled) on the left-hand side of the stove, and consists of various cooking pans and racks nested under an aluminum dome that looks like that most pompous piece of table silver—the Victorian dish cover. Roper's cover, however, is constructed with an intricate system of vents and an adjustable shutter between the inner lining and the outer dome, all of which insure the exact ventilation and heat diffusion necessary for such divers cooking processes as baking, roasting, pan-broiling, and steaming. When the unit isn't needed, it is stowed away in a special compartment (there is a drawer beneath that one for the other pots and pans usually cached inside a stove), and the burner is covered with an aluminum plate that is flush with the top of the stove.

The cake that was baked for my edification—a two-layer white one—was put under the dome with the thermostat set at three hundred and seventy-five degrees and left there for twenty-five minutes. Then the cover was lifted, and lo and behold! the layers were beautifully browned and had risen as nicely as if they had been baked in a standard oven. While Roper makes no particular point of the fact, I noticed that during the entire cooking operation, the dome never became too hot to touch, and that when the burner was finally turned off, both it and the enclosed area had completely cooled within a matter of minutes. It is as a second oven, though, that the Roast-O-Grill really shines; its convenience is hard to exaggerate. I should also report that those who have used it to cook meats say that it imparts a remarkable succulence to roasts and stews. The price of the new range, which is thirty-six inches wide, thirty-six inches high, and twenty-six and three-quarters inches from front to back, is $437.50, installed.

IT is my considered opinion, whatever it is worth, and also my extravagant statement for the month, that as far as summertime apartment-house living is concerned, a kitchen exhaust fan contributes more to family comfort than any other single piece of household equipment. Obviously, the blower does most to alleviate the lot of the girl who does the cooking, but the other members of the family are only slightly less benefited, because, now that almost everybody except Brooklyn Union is air-conditioned and has to keep the windows carefully closed, the problem of morning bacon and evening fried chicken, with their attendant smoke and odor, becomes all the more pressing. The big trouble in trying to ventilate a kitchen



"And the Haves, you might say, are divided into the Gives and Give Nots."



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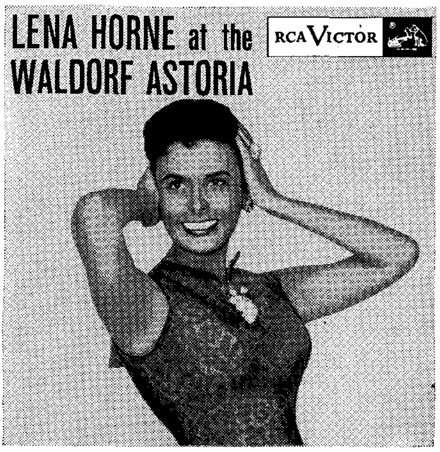
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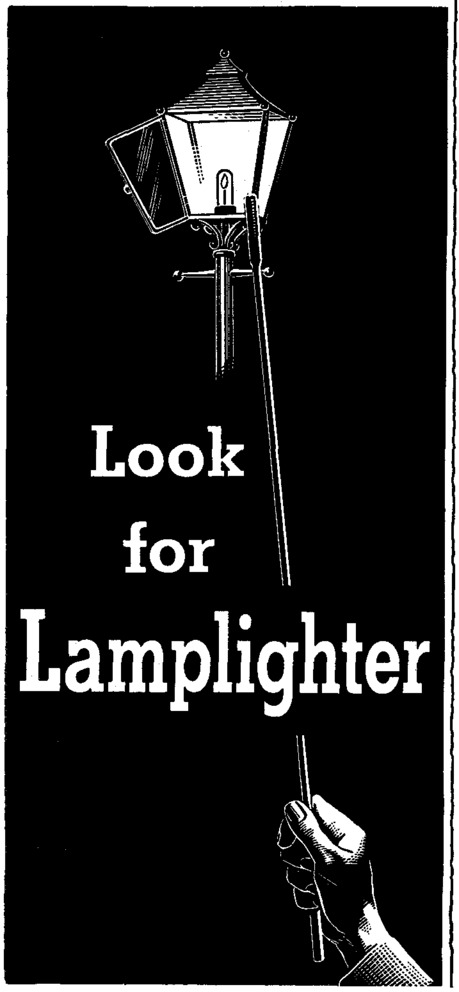

properly is that very few blowers sold for the purpose are powerful enough to do a really thorough job. A twelve-inch fan is, for some reason, considered right for the kitchen, and that's what you get if you leave it to the salesmen in most of the house-furnishings stores. But now General Electric has faced up squarely to the facts of kitchen life and come out with a twenty-inch exhaust fan that will fit any sash-type window from twenty to thirty-eight inches wide, and do a sensational job of clearing out smoke and heat. It has a three-speed control; it can be installed by any able-bodied man or woman who can master a screwdriver; the sash can be closed when the fan isn't operating; and, according to General Electric, it is powerful enough to cool five rooms. It stands twenty-three and three-eighths inches high and is seven and a half inches from front to back, and the price is $39.95, at Altman, Bloomingdale, Macy, and Stern. A considerably handsomer fan, built along the same general lines but slimmer and more modern-looking, is G.E.'s portable, which has a leather carrying handle. It can be put to work anywhere in a room, to keep the air circulating, or it can be installed as a window exhaust, by putting a metal panel on each side. (I should mention that you can't close the sash with this model in the window.) Like the other fan, it has a three-speed control and costs $39.95, at the same stores. The metal panels are $5.95 a set.

THIS week's report on the latest things in household equipment has entailed a lot of experimental housework on my part, and now I can't help wondering what it is that women have been complaining about all these years. Or is it only as of now, this summer of 1957, when most of these remarkable contraptions have appeared, that housework has become the light and fascinating pastime I found it to be? Anyway, it's almost certain that we shall never again hear a squawk from any woman faced with the necessity of polishing or scrubbing a floor—if, that is, she is provided with the floor polisher and scrubber that has recently been brought out by the Hoover Company of vacuum-cleaner fame. This may not be the most essential cleaning appliance that has come along lately, but it is easily the most fun to operate, and its results are the most immediately rewarding. One minute you have a beat-up-looking living-room floor that, with rugs taken up for the summer, does nothing to hide its imperfections, and then, after waltzing around with the Hoover polisher

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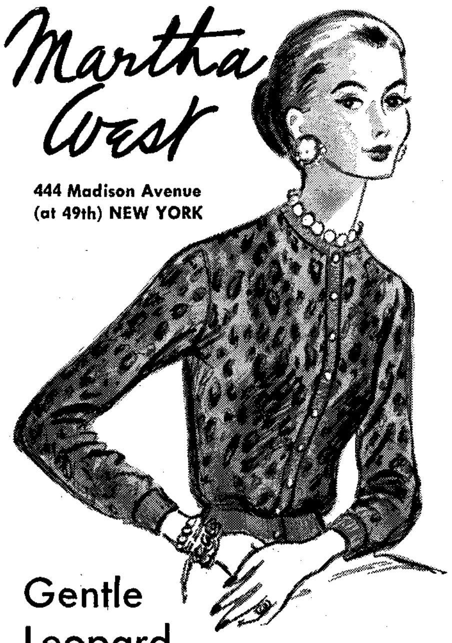

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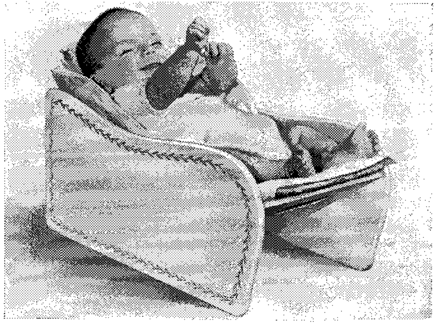

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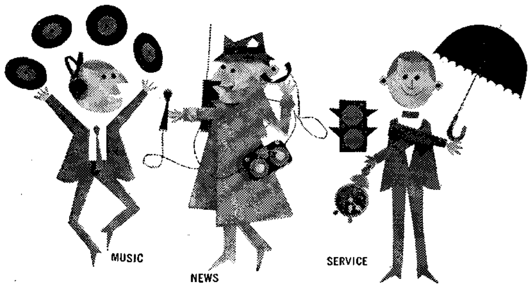

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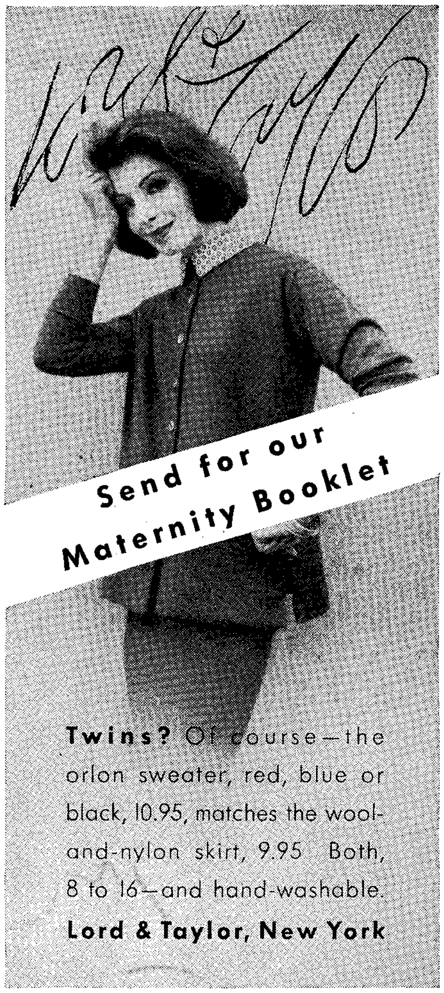
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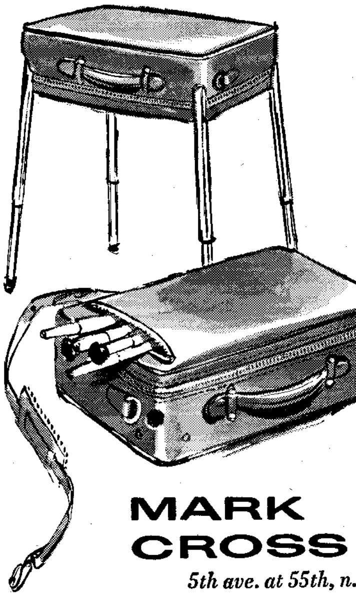
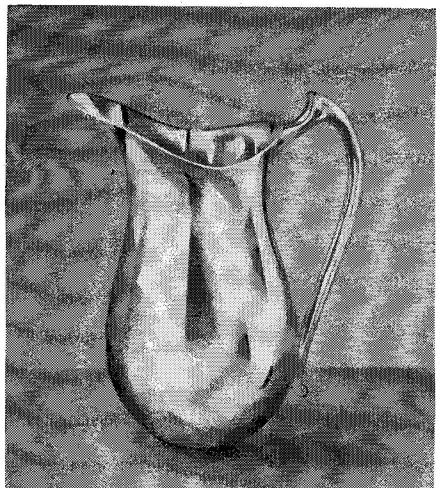


MARK CROSS

5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

for a brief spell, there you are with a floor all dazzlingly shiny. In the case of my own floors, which a month or so previously had had the usual handyman waxing, the gloss was restored by the tremendous force of the two rotating brushes and the buffer pads. However, if a floor has gone longer than that without a waxing, some kind of polish—liquid or paste—must be applied first. As for scrubbing tiles, linoleum, or bare boards, all that's necessary is to dribble a little detergent mixed with water over the surface to be scoured, and the same brushes do a perfectly splendid job of cleaning, often taking up old spots and stains you may have thought were there for life. Having had so much made easy for me, I was perhaps unreasonably disappointed that the scrubber didn't also wipe up the suds, but it seems there is no other way than to mop them up yourself. I shan't attempt to explain what makes the bristles of the machine's rotating brushes dry so quickly and thoroughly that they can be used alternately for waxing and scrubbing, but any salesman at Hammacher Schlemmer, Macy, or Gimbel, where the appliance is for sale, will be delighted to explain all that, as well as to tell you that it weighs only twelve pounds and costs $49.95.

SINCE everybody gets a new car every year anyhow, and since built-in automobile air-conditioners do a slightly better job than those that are bought and installed, you may ask what earthly reason there could be for a car owner to contemplate buying one of the latter type, even though some new ones have lately been developed. Well, I asked just that question myself, not only of interested parties, such as the manufacturers of the machines, but of car owners who have had them put in, and the answers I got were so convincingly in favor of hitching a ready-made air-conditioner under the dashboard that I pass along some of them for your consideration. Moreover, the Chrysler people, who have brought out their admirable Airtemp Room Conditioner in a car-cooling form, recently took me for a ride in a car (a Chrysler, of course) in which the new unit had been installed, and I can thus speak from some slight first-hand observation. It's true that it was only a moderately hot day when I took my demonstration spin (I go watch cake-bakings when it gets really hot), but, even so, the difference between the outdoor temperature and the inside of the car, where we sat as cool as cucumbers, gave cheerful promise that the motorist with an Airtemp



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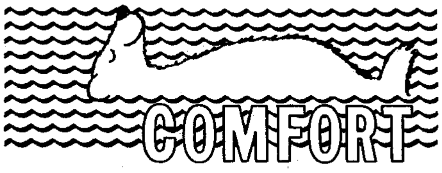

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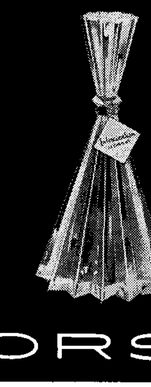

perfume . . .
toilet water

D'ORSAY

working for him would stand a good chance of survival while driving across Kansas in a heat wave.

To get back to the advantages claimed for installed units in general over built-in air-conditioners, there is, to start with, the question of price; the installed one averages about a hundred and fifty dollars less than the built-in. Also, I am told that the extra trade-in allowance for an air-conditioned car is negligible, so there is another possible saving in the fact that the installed machine can also be uninstalled and transferred to another automobile. (Since the actual cooling power comes from the automobile engine, by way of a dingus that hooks onto the fan belt, you might expect the inside temperature to shoot up when the car gets caught in a traffic jam, but all the driver has to do in that case is put the car in neutral and accelerate the motor, and the cooler will keep on functioning satisfactorily.)

Chrysler's Airtemp, which is thermostatically controlled and has three circulating vents for directing air to any part of the car, is a smartly styled machine that fits in just below the dashboard. It can be set up in 1957 Fords and Chevrolets, and in 1956 and 1957 Chryslers, Dodges, De Sotos, and Plymouths. It has a capacity of five tons and costs $400, installed, at any Chrysler dealer.

The Industrial Air Conditioning Company, 224 East 38th Street, specializes in the Vornado automobile air-conditioner, which is also thermostatically controlled and can be installed in all but two cars—the Cadillac Fleetwood (there's a radio speaker up under the dashboard of the Fleetwood, just where the unit would go) and the Chrysler Imperial (the drive shaft is set so high there isn't room). This one has five air circulators that can be adjusted to send air to any part of the car—back or front—and its capacity is five tons. I haven't ridden in a Vornado-equipped car myself, but a reliable citizen whose Vornado has been functioning for more than nine thousand miles assures me that on an all-day drive through a truly sizzling heat wave he kept the temperature of his car at an even sixty degrees, until he began to get gooseflesh and turned the thermostat up to a more moderate seventy. Industrial's price for the Vornado is $370, installed. Both the Industrial and the Chrysler conditioners can be bought somewhat cheaper, by the way, if installation isn't included in the price, but everyone I have talked to on the subject has told me emphatically that putting an air-conditioner into a

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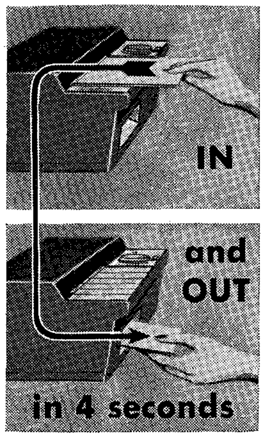

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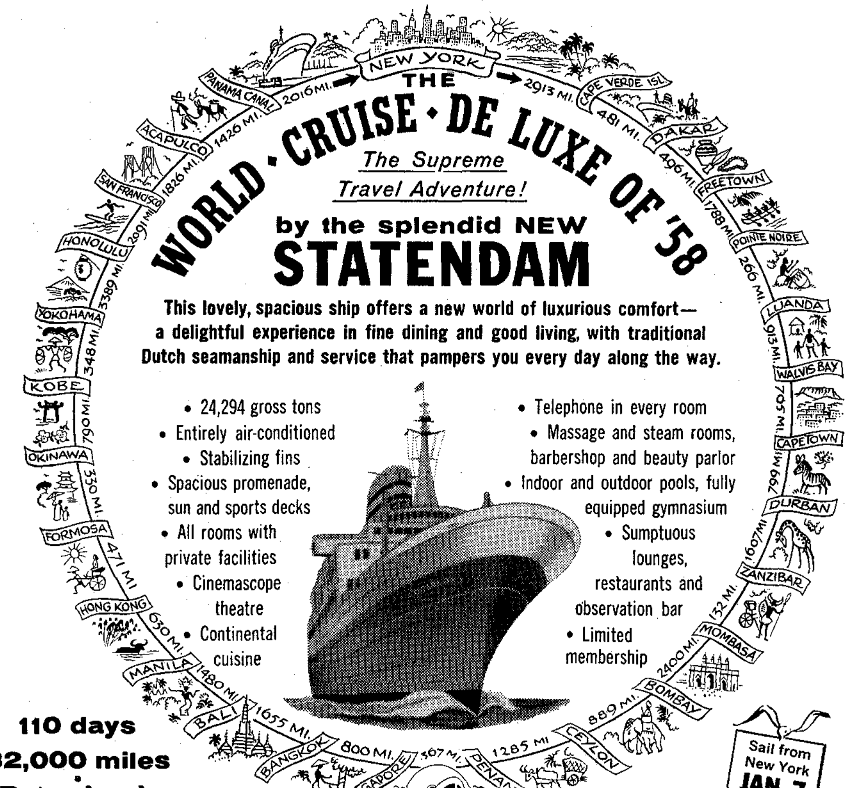
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2016 MI.
2913 MI.
CAPE VERDE ISL.
481 MI.
DAKAR
496 MI.
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1788 MI.
POINTE NOIRE
266 MI.
LUANDA
913 MI.
WALVIS BAY
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CAPETOWN
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DURBAN
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ZANZIBAR
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MOMBASA
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car is not a do-it-yourself project; it is something to be left entirely in the hands of experts, preferably factory-trained ones—and so are repairs.

I NOW pass from the entrancing business of investigating new mechanical conveniences to something of a very different nature, and my only possible excuse for including it in this report is that it, too, is a convenience. This apologetic preamble is by way of nervously introducing a new formula, brought out by the National Bird Control Laboratories, of Skokie, Illinois, to discourage the visits of pigeons and starlings. And before all you pigeon lovers (as far as I know, starlings have no friends) take pen in hand to voice your indignation at what you will doubtless claim amounts to discrimination against *Columba livia*, let me explain that this stuff (it's called Roost No More) doesn't hurt the birds one bit; they just happen not to like it. Actually, I'm not sure that I like it myself. It's a sticky, jellylike substance, and when it is spread on window sills and cornices, it certainly does an effective job of keeping somebody else's feathered friends off the premises. Anyway, neither the birds nor their defenders have much to worry about, because the yellowish jelly is far too messy to spread on park benches or even on sidewalks. If, however, you want to enjoy the privacy of your own window sill again, you can get a ten-ounce pressurized spray can of Roost No More at Vaughan's Seed Store, 24 Vesey Street, and at Gimbel, for around $2.75.

—S. H.

•

The Rt. Rev. Frederick L. Barry, Episcopal bishop of Albany, confined 22 candidates in St. Paul's Church, Kinderhook, recently.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Frederick, nicknamed the Furious Bishop.

•

A dinner was given William J. Howard of 30 Grace Avenue, at the Swan Club last Saturday night by his parents in honor of his graduation from Columbia Law School, summer cum laude.—*Great Neck (L.I.) News.*

And laude sing cuccu.

•

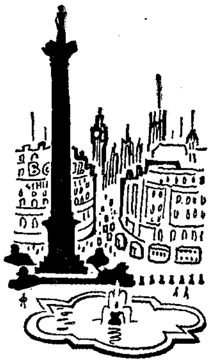
17. Wilson, Sloan, "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," 1955, Simon and Schuster, New York.

(Also published in a cloth binding by Simon and Schuster under the title "How to Attain Financial Security and Self-Confidence.")—*Sales Management.*

That Simon and that Schuster—they know a trick or two.

LETTER FROM LONDON

August 6



IN common with millions of other workers over the just finished Bank Holiday weekend, the members of Parliament shut up shop and departed for their vacation—a rather uncommonly long one in the politicians' case, of course, since, with luck, they do not expect to reseat themselves on Westminster's green leather benches before October 29th. To the ordinary citizen, it has sometimes been difficult during the last few months to remember that they were there at all. Possibly as a reaction to the bitter, rending emotions of last autumn's Suez crisis, possibly because of an absence of legislative red-hot potatoes—with the exception of the highly controversial Rent Act, which went through this summer—it has been a surprisingly quiet end to a session that began so noisily. The Opposition benches, as well as those of the Government, seem to have been becalmed in the curious prevailing doldrums. Most Conservatives, it is true, consider that Prime Minister Macmillan has done a superlative job of steadying the ranks behind him, making it hard to recall how dangerously scattered his followers appeared to be when he took office. And this is just what has apparently enraged numbers of Labour supporters, who feel critical of their leader, Mr. Gaitskell, and, as they see it, the disappointing moderation of his attack at a time when the Government was so far off balance and when the sound of monotonously dropping Conservative by-election majorities was echoing up and down the country.

Thirty-two Labour M.P.s have given the rank and file among the leadership of their party a bit of advance study to digest before they meet for their party conference at Brighton, in October, by slapping down an open letter (published in London's weekly *Reynolds News*, a journal sympathetic to the Opposition) filled with sharp criticism of the recent official Party policy statement, "Industry and Society," which they regard as too cautious by half on the subject of promises of bigger and better nationalization when Labour gets back into power next time, as it seems now to be cheerfully confident of doing. The M.P.s, and undoubtedly plenty of Labour voters in their constituencies, want more vigorous socialism and more public ownership, and will probably say so in no uncertain tones aimed principally toward the platform at Brighton. As lots of Tories remember, with some cheer themselves, in previous elections Labour's stand on nationalization has never rated as much of a new-vote catcher but, rather, the reverse. Now, however, it has been taken out from under the wrappings again, to the accompaniment of a blast of approval from the trade unions, whose current belligerent mood seems to indicate that, while the Government has managed to secure a little easy sledding for itself this past session, the next session is going to be considerably rougher.

AS a hint of possible things to come, the public has lately endured a provincial bus strike, now called off, from which it suffered grave inconvenience and violent exasperation, and a strike of porters at Covent Garden and Spitalfields markets, which after three weeks is still going on and from which no one but the strikers so far seems to have suffered much. The shops are, as usual, full of their late-summer still-lifes of fruit and vegetables, brought in past the picket lines under police convoy. Prices have not soared, as they were expected to, and four thousand London greengrocers, out to show that they can get tough, too, have just declared smartly that since the strike they have been getting quicker, cheaper service from the markets and that they mean to press strenuously for reform of the restrictive union practices that help to bump up price tags on housewives' beans and lettuce.

Most citizens were startled and angered by the unusual ugliness of mood shown during the strike of the busmen, who damaged buses that remained on the roads, threatened children being taken to school by lorry, and set some lorries on fire. Such violence seems symptomatic of the rising tension between the parties over the big economic questions of the moment and between organized labor and the employers—all sides having taken up stated positions from which it may be difficult to back down. The Government has repeated its belief that increased wages, unaccompanied by any increase in production, are primarily responsible for the inflation that is bedevilling the economy, whereas Labour and the trade

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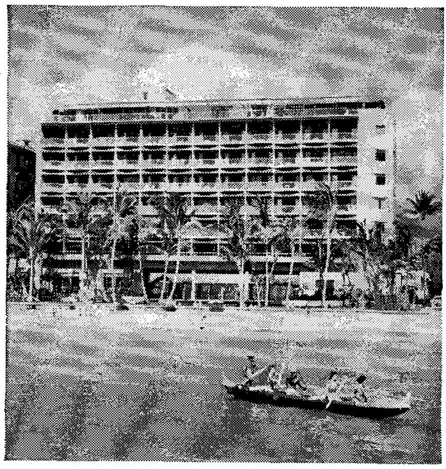

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EDWIN K. HASTINGS, VICE PRESIDENT

unions insist that the only remedy for this evil is a socialist government, plus socialist controls and socialist taxation, to stop the boss from getting too big a slice of the cake, as well as most of the icing. The agenda for the trade-union conference in September is full of resolutions breathing good old-fashioned fire-eating sentiments on wages and profits, and Mr. Frank Cousins, the powerful leader of the enormous Transport and General Workers' Union, has announced that he is out to get all he can for his flock, with no holds barred.

Somewhere out in the middle of the scrum—as plenty of worried Britons realize, all right—is the British economy, fighting for air, but the Government seems undecided about how seriously it wants the country to view the situation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's first warning speech on inflation, with his much quoted remark "It would be better to disagree than to drift"—that is, to disagree with the trade unions over fresh wage increases rather than to drift with all hands onto the rocks—was rather toned down in some of his later pronouncements, though it will certainly be remembered (maybe somewhat awkwardly) by the more militant Tory backbenchers when the next lot of wage demands comes rolling in and the time arrives for the rumored showdown. The grave note in the Chancellor's original warning was further blurred by an equally discussed but far more optimistic speech of the Prime Minister's, in which he said, "They never had it so good." He meant, of course, that the bulk of the population is now enjoying full employment and a steadily rising standard of living, but his words caused considerable bitterness among pensioners and other harassed people with battered fixed incomes, who wanted to know what was so good for them in the present state of affairs. At the moment, the only thing the fed-up public can see clearly is that, as a result of the extra money the Industrial Disputes Tribunal awarded to the busmen, bus fares are certain to go up before long, like many other trimmings of everyday life.

BEFORE Parliament went off to refresh itself for future trials, the House of Commons attempted unsuccessfully to get some additional information out of the Foreign Secretary on the fighting in Oman. Information on this subject is just what most other citizens would be glad to have, too. Few of them can disentangle what the

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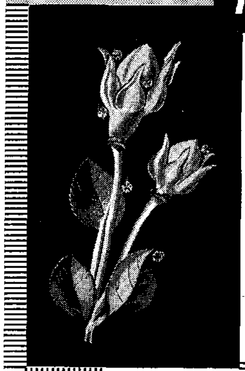

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Sultan of Muscat, the Imam of Oman, Saudi Arabia (on the sidelines), and the British Government are up to, the official press releases having been confined—amidst loud journalistic complaints—to denials of Cairo's propaganda fabrications and majestic communiqués announcing that R.A.F. Venom jets have again been dislodging chunks of a mud fortress that might, as far as the imagination of the man in the street is concerned, be on the moon. Apart from some criticism in the Labour ranks, the general feeling seems to be that the Government could not fail to go to the assistance of an old friend who had a treaty in his pocket—a treaty, moreover, that was renewed in 1951—for such a failure might convince other tribal rulers, watching narrowly from the rich Persian Gulf oil lands, that the days of British protection were over and that they must henceforth look to King Saud for support. Should this happen, "the consequences for the sterling area," said the *New Statesman*, which rarely comes anywhere near approving a Conservative government's action, "could be disastrous."

The *New Statesman* was less approving as it went on to list some specific anxieties, which are also worrying citizens who do not happen to share its political views. In short, the apprehension is over whether the British action in aiding the Sultan will not stir up the old imperialist accusations, which, since Suez, have been gradually dying down, and whether, before the British are out of Oman, they will not be forced to start shooting at something much more costly and dangerous than mud fortresses. So far, there is little public emotion about the Oman war, but to be once more packing thoughts of oil and Middle East tensions between the holiday sunglasses and detective novel makes people uneasy. Even Mr. Dulles's brief presence here—it was pretty generally believed that his turning up so suddenly in London was as much connected with Oman as with his declared intention of getting a closer look at the progress, or otherwise, of the disarmament talks—seemed part of an all too seasonable August program for many.

LONDONERS are traditionally faithful in their devotion to their aging stage favorites, and substantial public opinion is therefore currently rallying to the support of an aging London theatre, the St. James's, which is due to succumb to the house wreckers at any moment and give place to a big office block that

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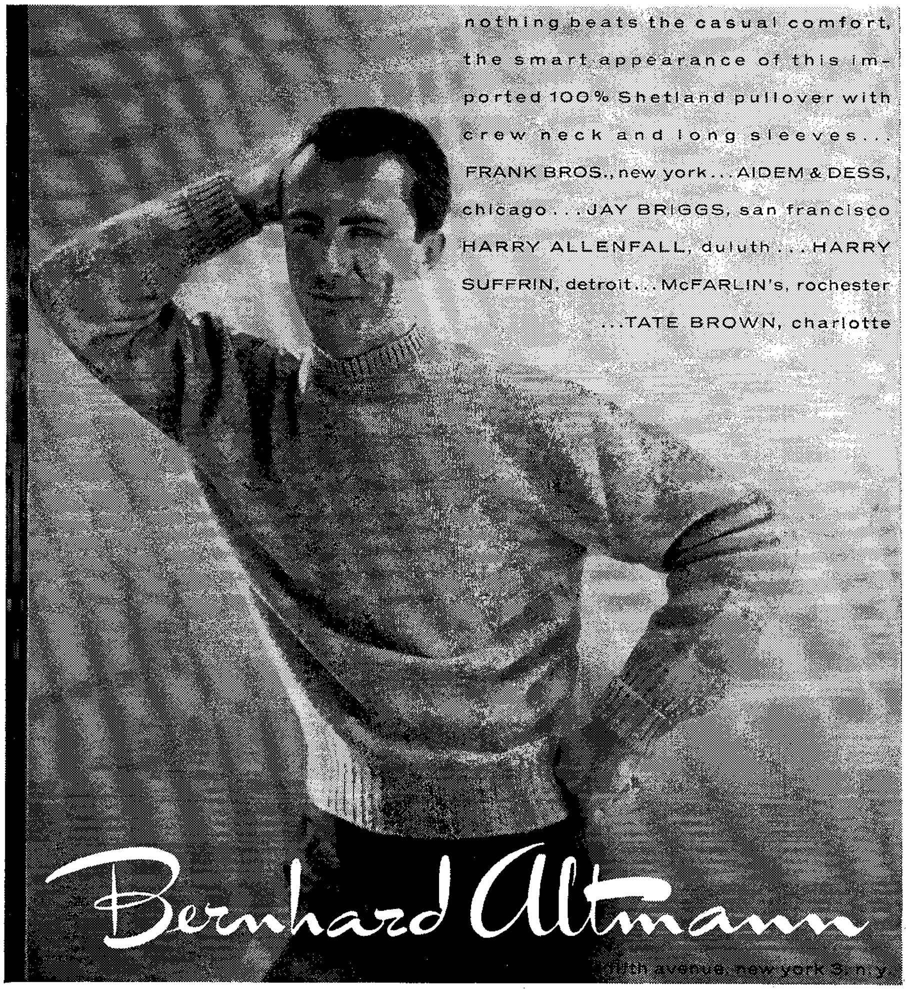

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the London County Council has authorized to be built on its site. The St. James's is a cozy little Victorian playhouse, built in 1835, that sits like a comfortable old hen around the corner from the elegant men's shops (for wine, bowler hats, sporting prints, fishing rods, and chestnut-bright handmade shoes) and clubs of the neighborhood. It is nowhere near as beautiful as, for instance, the scarlet-pillared Haymarket Theatre, and the L.C.C. tartly pointed out, when the uproar began, that it does not meet the Council's fire and sanitary regulations, but it has a lot of nostalgic theatrical history. Sir George Alexander, the Edwardian actor-manager, and his wife were long and triumphantly associated with it; Rachel acted there in 1850, and in recent years the Comédie Française has been a distinguished foreign visitor.

The campaign to save the St. James's has been vigorously led by Miss Vivien Leigh and has had the support of Sir Laurence Olivier and other stage people. Miss Leigh's activities have included injecting a sharp, feminine interruption into the sacred, quivering air of the House of Lords while its members were engaged in a debate on the subject, parading with sandwich boards through the streets, addressing an open-air meeting (where one of the posters carried by a supporter declared, "Cry 'God for England, Larry, and St. James!' "), interviewing the Minister of Housing and Local Government and a financier who has reportedly bought the theatre, and receiving sackfuls of mail in support of her position from the public. ("Two American millionaires" who were said to be gallantly coming to the aid of the old theatre, as though to the assistance of a maiden tied to a rock, dwindled to one millionaire on closer inspection.) The House of Lords, forgiving—and, no doubt, admiring—Miss Leigh's intrusion, took up the matter of whether the demolition ought to be halted pending a decision of both Houses of Parliament, and voted, twenty-two to eighteen, to halt. The Government, however, has just unkindly stated that, peers or no peers, it intends to allow the St. James's to vanish from London's theatrical map, but its champions say that they have not given up the fight.

London's theatrical map is, at best, sadly inadequate to the needs of a city its size and is already showing, or is about to show, other sorry gaps. While the tussle over the St. James's is raging, the demolition gangs are in the process of flattening the Gaiety Theatre, in the Strand (the peers should have worked

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

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VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
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up some heat over this one, since a sizable portion of the Edwardian aristocracy found wives among the original Gaiety beauties), and it has been announced that the Adelphi Theatre is next on the list. Though by no means all theatregoers feel as strongly as Miss Leigh about the merits of preserving the St. James's, it seems generally agreed that the affair has turned into a battle with the bureaucrats. Since it has just been hinted by the Commissioner of Crown Lands that the superb Nash Terraces, in Regent's Park, which of late years have been mostly used as government offices, may come down in 1960 to make room for some nice big blocks of flats, it is as well that indignant Londoners are getting their hand in.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Many bird lovers write me and they have missed my letters in your good paper.

It has been intensely warm, and I have not felt fine. I envy my dear birds as they sing beautifully this warm dry weather.

There are many brown thrushes, rube robins, chipping sparrows, blue birds, mockingbirds and others. Partridges visit me in my yard. I miss the wrens fearfully and do not understand why they have deserted me. Many other friends have said they do not have any of these attractive birds this year either.

At one time there were too many English sparrows and starlings at "Birdland Farm." Now they are not so numerous, I am glad to say.

My birds do not seem to mind electrical storms, and I wish they did not frighten me.

The birds join me in extending best wishes to all of you, but most particularly bird lovers. Be sure to drive carefully.

Birdie May Baugh.
Powhatan.
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Oh, we've sold the car.

•

Tonight At Pops

Washington Post, March	Sousa
Overture to "Mignon"	Thomas
Minuet	Bolzoni
Double Concerto for Single Trumpet	Farberman
Soloist: ARMANDO GHITALIA	
Concertino for Piano and Orchestra	McLain
Soloist: MARGARET STARR McLAIN	
Capriccio Espagnol	Rimsky-Korsakoff
Alborada — Variations — Alborado — Gypsy Scene — Fandango of the Asturias	
Selection from "The Most Happy Fella"	Loesser
Syncopated Clock	Anderson
American Salute	Gould

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HERBERT BLOSSOM AND THE COLORED BALLPLAYERS

IT was a hot afternoon, and on the outskirts of a Pennsylvania village a small boy in a striped T shirt was walking slowly homeward, scuffing peevishly at the ground with his sneakers. The heat rose from the yellow dirt road to meet the heat rushing down from the sky. The wild flowers beside the road looked crushed and exhausted, and the grass had been toasted into brown scrub. Across a ditch, and beyond a low wooden fence, a long, well-sprayed, and carefully tended green lawn sloped upward to a cool white house, fanned by trees, that looked immaculate and inviting in the sunshine. "Gee, that place looks cool," the boy said to himself wearily. At this moment, an old Negro came riding by, inside the fence, on the seat of a large power mower, and waved a wet handkerchief at him.

"Hot barely describes it!" shouted the colored man over the clatter of the machine, and he swept away up the lawn. Telling himself that this was just the kind of high-toned phrase you would expect from the Woolmans' gardener, the boy crossed the ditch and leaned against the fence. Watching a man mow a lawn wasn't much, but it was better than nothing. In a minute or two, the mower came back, and this time the driver stopped and switched off the motor. "Would you be scandalized if I stopped working?" asked the colored gardener. He hopped off his high seat and gestured at the lawn. "Ain't no use giving a bald man a haircut." He took off his big sun hat and mopped himself. "What can I do for you, sonny?" he asked.

"Just watching you mow," said the boy.

"Well, now you're going to watch me rest."

The boy turned away. "I'll go watch somebody else," he said.

The Negro was already lying on his back. "Ain't nobody else to watch," he said. "I'm the most active thing in miles."

"I'll go home and watch the flies fighting."

"Well, if you crave excitement, let's go to my place. We got plenty of flies."

The boy paused and squinted at him. The old gardener stood up and said, "Just you wait until I get this machine put away." He started the mower and drove it off toward a low garden shed surrounded by lilac bushes. He reappeared a minute or two later, pocketing a key, recrossed the lawn, and then vaulted lithely over the fence. "C'mon, kid," he said. "My house is just down the road."

"I got to get home," said the boy nervously. "I'm expected."

"Just come in for a minute and refresh yourself for your journey." The gardener took the boy's hand and walked slowly with him along the road. They passed beyond the estate and came to a district of dirty wooden houses with scraggy gardens, which looked hot and untidy in contrast to the Woolmans' place.

"What you call yourself, sonny?"

"Joe," said the boy. His real name was Herbert Blossom, but some defensive instinct made him change it.

"Nice name—'Joe.' My name is Joe also."

Herbert felt very uncomfortable at having taken the man's name for himself. He bent his head and scuffled his feet.

"We got TV at my place," said the real Joe, "and you can have some cool lemonade and watch the ball game from Philadelphia."

"Won't the Woolmans wonder where you've gone?" Herbert asked.

"Woolmans got no curiosity. Woolmans never see the light of day. You want to see the Woolmans, you go into that big, dark house with a flashlight, and you knock on all the closets, and you holler 'Come out, come out, wherever you are!,' and if you're extra lucky, one of the butlers will step out of one of the closets looking real embarrassed, and he'll ask you what you want."

"It sounds very exciting," said Herbert. "A whole family hiding out like ghosts in that big house."

Joe laughed. "I guess they come out at night. Folks say they hear a funny howling sound coming from the lawn. I don't know—that's just what they say."

"Ah, you're full of bull. They may be peculiar, but nobody goes around howling at night."

"That's just what they say. I haven't heard it myself."

"What do they sound like?"

"They wail like cats and they yip like puppies."

"Ah, you're crazy!"

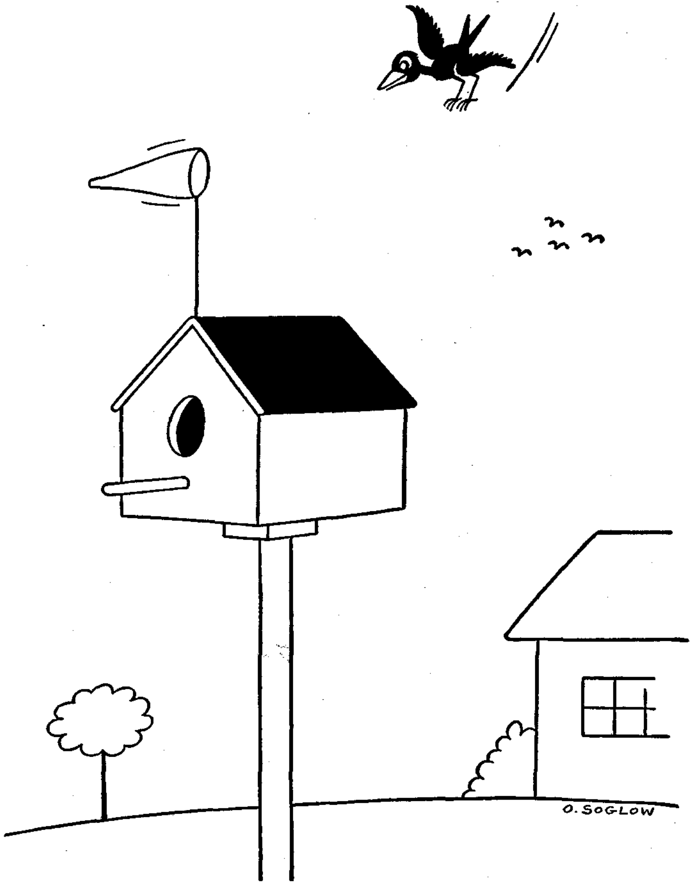
"That's just what folks say."

THEY walked on in silence until they came to a small, neat white house set with precision in a small, neat garden. Still holding the boy's hand, Joe led him through the gate.

"Why do the Woolmans howl?" asked Herbert, at last.

"It's because of how they came by their money. They can't stand thinking about it."

A frail colored woman opened the screen door, and looked at them without expression. "I found a little friend—another Joe," the gardener said. The woman nodded. "Joe, this is Mabel. We come to watch TV, Mabel." They walked past Mabel into the living room, and she walked soundlessly into the back of the house. They sat down in a pair of gaily striped armchairs in front of the TV set. Joe turned the set on and switched channels, and the screen flickered into life. Mabel came back into the room, with a tray that held a pitcher of



Chedo Chuckovich

He's one of the few who got a second chance

"I'm Chedo Chuckovich, lucky to live in America.

"For I have also been Chedo Chuckovich, man without a country.

"I was born in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. My father was co-owner of the Serbian-American National Bank. I had been educated in schools in France and Switzerland, and planned on a career in diplomacy.

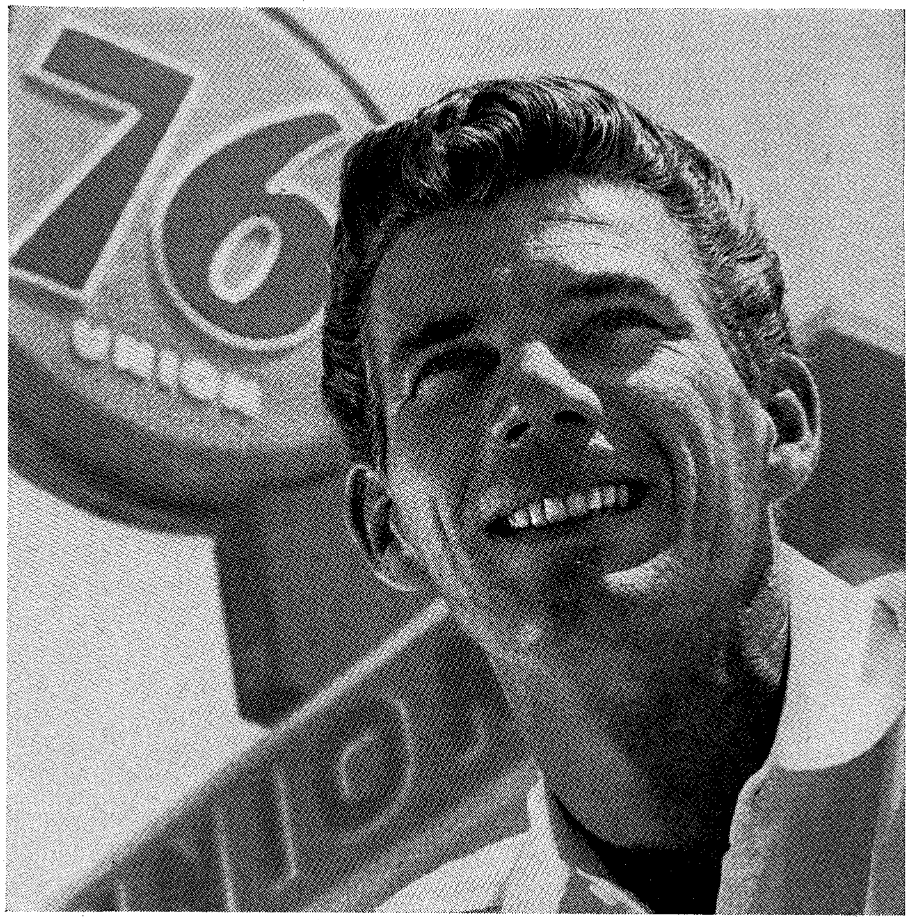
"When I was 17, the Germans invaded my country. I fled with my family into the hills, and joined the guerillas. My father was killed. My brother was killed. I was wounded and taken prisoner, and starved for five years in a Nazi concentration camp.

"Two weeks before the war's end, the Canadians freed me. My family was dead or scattered. Our property had been confiscated. The Communists had taken over Yugoslavia. I was a man without a country.

CHEDO, AFTER CONCENTRATION CAMPS

"But I was one of the lucky displaced persons. Unlike so many of the others, I got to America, and a new start.

"Today I am in business for myself, a Union Oil dealer in Pacific Palisades, California. I have money in the bank, a home, a car. I have the respect of my neighbors. I have friends and a future again. I will soon be an American citizen.



CHEDO CHUCKOVICH: "YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR FREEDOM FOR GRANTED."

"I will work at my citizenship because I learned the hard way you can't take it for granted. You have to earn it.

"I know, because I'm one of the few who got a second chance at freedom."

Chedo's life underlines a basic truth, we believe: Wherever men would remain free, they must remain alert.

For any concentration of power in the hands of a few—whether they be business men, financiers, industrialists, government officials or labor leaders—is, inevitably, at the expense of the majority.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

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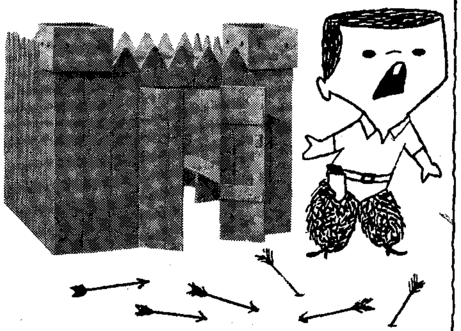
"PAW!
Them Redskins
Just Got Maw!"



Maw shouldn't a-been foolin' around outside this-here stockade. Kids don't. Kids have too much fun playing inside this 6-by-6-feet sturdy wooden fort. Inside walls are 4½ feet high, so that a whole passel of pioneers can stand and peek out of the corner lookout peep holes. Stockade is rough and rugged spruce construction, stained leather-brown like a weather-baked cavalry scout. Assembled sides, easily hooked together at corners. $75.00, F.O.B. store. Order A 61-81.

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lemonade, two cans of beer, and two glasses.

"How did the Woolmans get their money?" asked Herbert, watching the ball game.

"Sh-h-h," said Joe, and he drew a finger across his throat.

"If you're scoring it, that's six to four to three," said the television announcer. "Here at Connie Mack Stadium, the score is three to one, Brooklyn, in the bottom of the fifth." The crowd began to mumble as a hitter stepped into the batter's box. Herbert sat on the edge of his chair. He had never been in a colored man's house before. His host was sprawled back in his chair, languorously sipping his beer. The Phillie batter popped out, and the Brooklyn players trotted back to their dugout.

"How old are you, Joe?" the Negro asked.

Herbert started at the unfamiliar name. "Huh? Oh, I'm thirteen—that is, twelve." He was a big boy for ten, but he knew that thirteen was going too far. He shrank back miserably in his seat. His lies seemed to have made his position more fragile. He was now no more than a fictional character among people he didn't know.

"What does your daddy do?"

"He— he works on the railroad," said Herbert desperately. He felt a twinge of uncertainty over his father, who was a bank teller and a commuter—a vague sense that he ought to cover up for him if he could.

"That's nice," said Joe. The Dodgers came and went, then the Phillies, then the Dodgers again, in remorseless progression. Herbert drank his lemonade. He began to relax under the kindly sway of the game.

"Man, that Snider can hit," he said.

"Not a bad boy. But look at this Campanella," said Joe.

"Snider hits better than Campanella."

"Campanella is one of the all-time greats, even if he is getting a little old," said Joe. "Sniders come and go."

"Snider can do *anything*," said Herbert, with sudden excitement.

At that moment, Campanella hit a long home run into the left-field stands. Joe sat back and laughed. "Look at that, will you? And Willie Mays is better than both of them!"

"Snider is better than Mays," said Herbert doggedly. "And so is Mantle. And so is Musial."

"You don't think much of the colored boys, do you, sonny?" said Joe, with a big smile.

"It's not that," said Herbert. "It's

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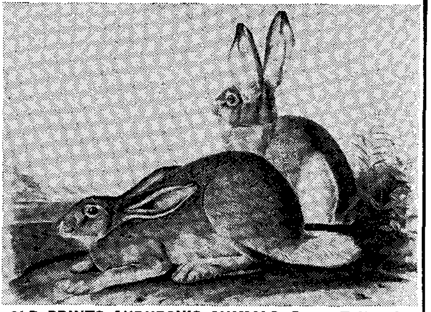

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just that I think Mays is overrated."

"A colored man has got to be good to be overrated."

Herbert was nervous again. He didn't want to discuss Negroes vs. whites in a colored man's house. He just wanted to talk about ballplayers. Why did the guy have to drag color into it? "I think Banks is fine," he said in a conciliatory voice.

THEY watched in silence until the half inning ended and the commercial crashed into the room. Old Joe turned to the boy and held out an open pack of cigarettes. "You're old enough to smoke, aren't you?" he asked.

"Sure," said Herbert, taking a cigarette. He held it stiffly in his mouth while he accepted a light from Joe.

"What about some beer?"

Herbert's heart fluttered at the challenge. "No, thanks," he said. He hoped he wouldn't be asked again.

Old Joe leaned forward and spread his hands. "Now, sonny," he said, "you've certainly got to hand it to the colored boys. Natural ballplayers. Only been playing in the big leagues since the war, and already they have about four guys who absolutely have to get into the Hall of Fame, whichever way you look at it. There's Banks, the greatest shortstop who ever lived, Campanella, the greatest catcher, Mays, Robinson, Aaron, Doby—all natural ballplayers."

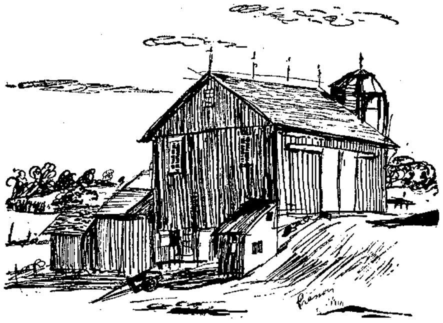
"They're all right," said Herbert sulkily.

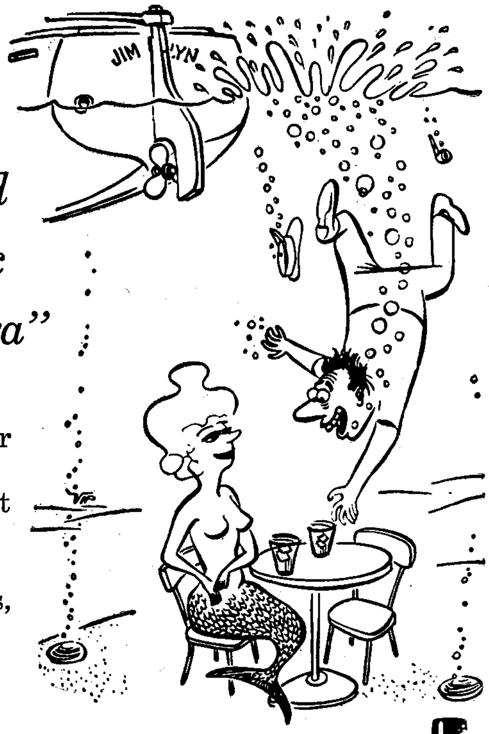
" 'All right'? Listen, sonny, in a few years, when they get all the white boys' advantages, there won't be more than a handful of white boys left in the league."

Herbert looked steadily at the screen. He held his cigarette well away from him, to keep the smoke out of his eyes. "Maybe," he said.

Mabel came in with some more beer for her husband. "The boy want some beer?" she asked.

Herbert's heart fluttered again. The man and his wife were both looking at





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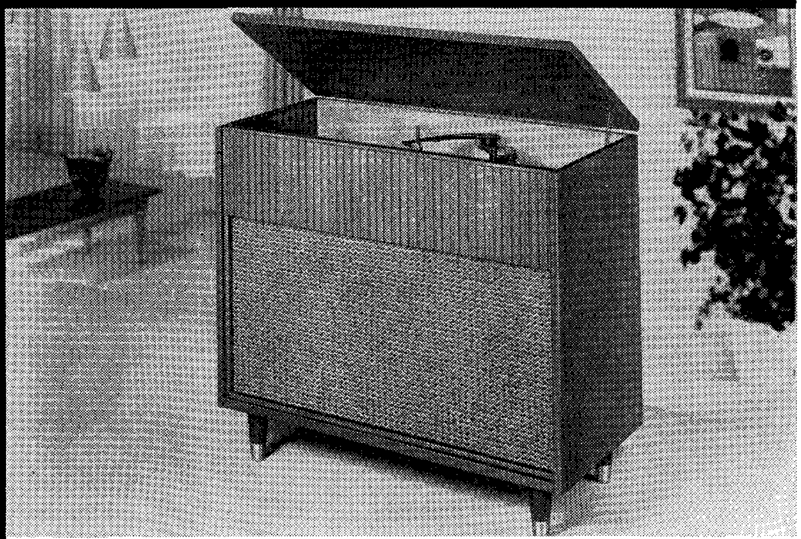

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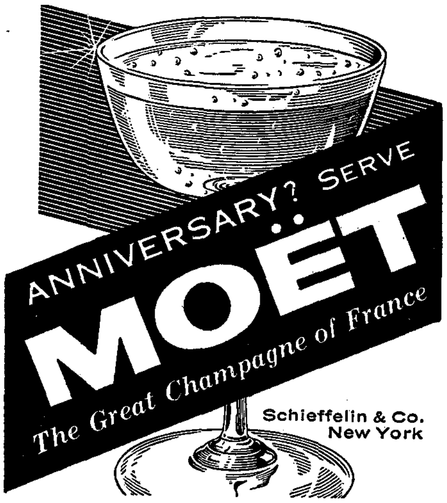

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him. "Maybe just a little," he said. His tongue tasted awful from the cigarette smoke, but he felt that he had to add the finishing touches to his new and outrageous self—the boy with a coarse name who was the son of a railroad worker.

"You sure your daddy don't mind if you have a little beer?" asked old Joe. "I don't want to make him mad at me. Woke up this morning, never even heard of him. Tonight I go to bed and he's mad at me. What kind of progress is that?"

"It's all right," said Herbert. "He doesn't mind what I do." He thought miserably of his prim little father and his little yapping voice, saying, as he had said just the other day, "If ever I catch you smoking again, I shall . . . I don't know what I'll do."

"Those railroad men is a pretty wild crowd," said Joe. "You got a railroading daddy, you grow up fast."

The beer tasted terrible. Herbert tensed his face to keep from showing pain as the stuff swished down his throat.

"It's just like in boxing," said his host, leaning back again. "Just look at how the colored man took over there. Soon as he got a break from the white promoters, he took right over. Jack Johnson—I guess he was before your time—Henry Armstrong, Sugar Ray, Joe Louis. All the great ones."

Herbert puffed on his cigarette and blew the smoke out quickly, and then took a sip of beer to drive away the tobacco, and then another puff to take away the beer taste. His mouth felt dusty and stale, and the beer seemed to have lodged in the top of his throat.

"The colored man just naturally has finer coördination. Take running, for instance. Never was a man like Jesse Owens. White boys get the training, the good coaches, and the required leisure to distinguish themselves. But they can't run with the Negroes all the same."

Herbert couldn't think of any track stars of any color. His mouth was too uncomfortable for conversation anyway. He looked miserably around—at the pretty, crisp curtains fluttering next to the windows, and at the photographs of handsome brown faces hanging on the walls. He looked at the ball game and then looked away, and decided that when you feel sick, everything you look at makes you feel sicker.

"The white man has been getting progressively softer for thousands of years," Joe went on, "while the colored man has been keeping himself

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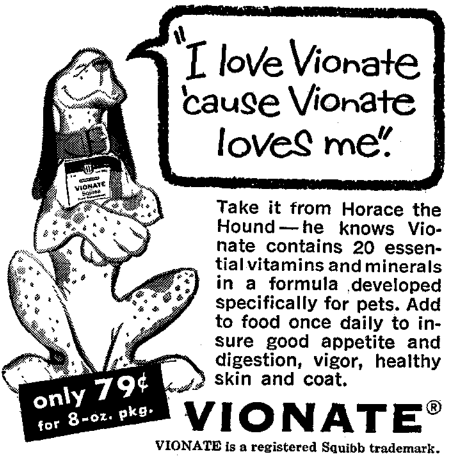

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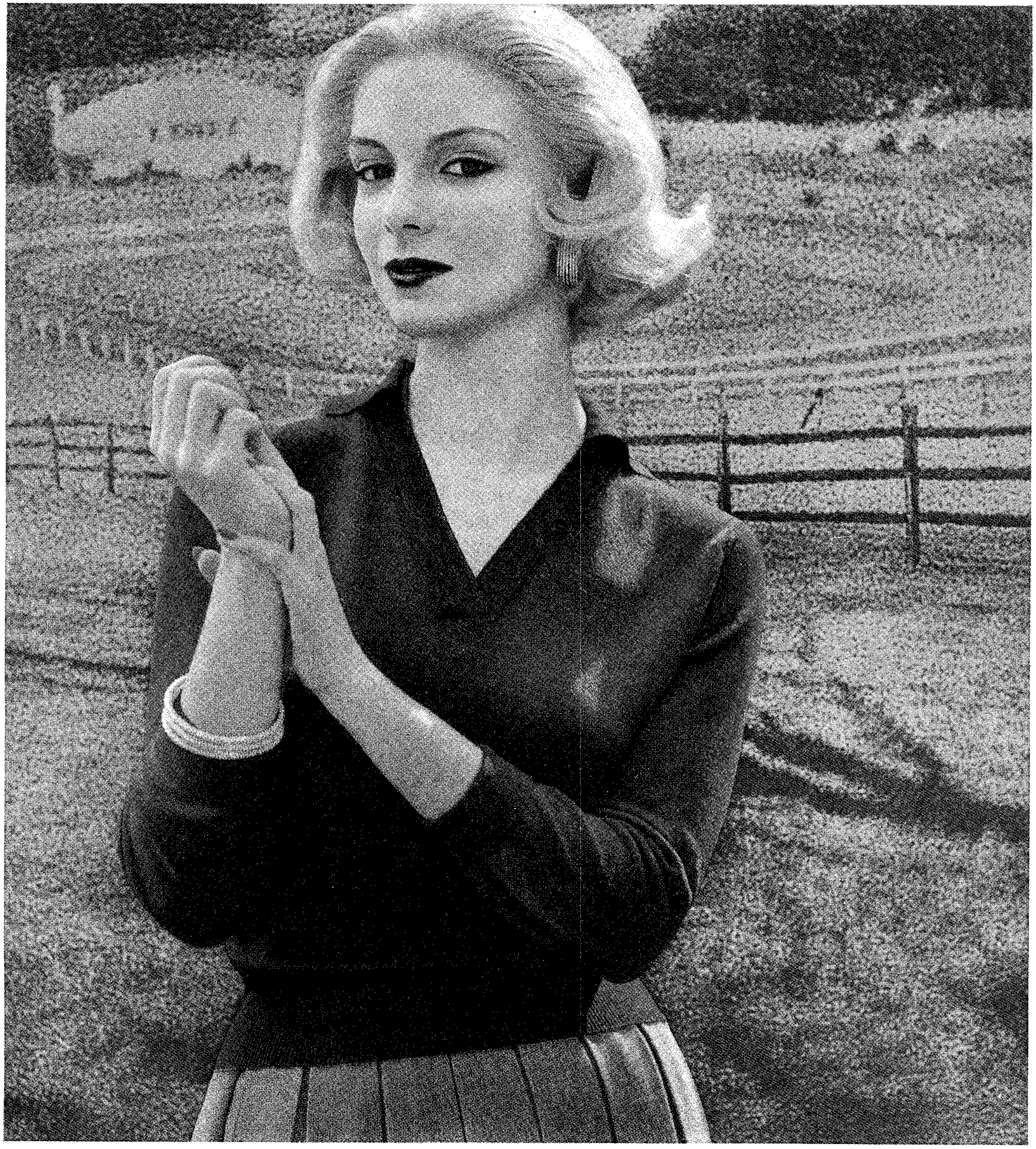

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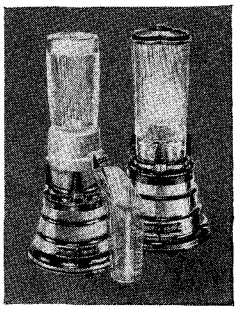

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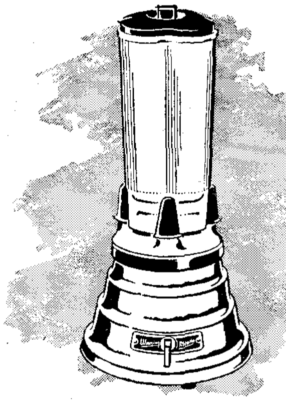

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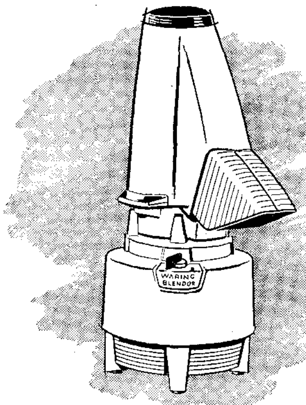

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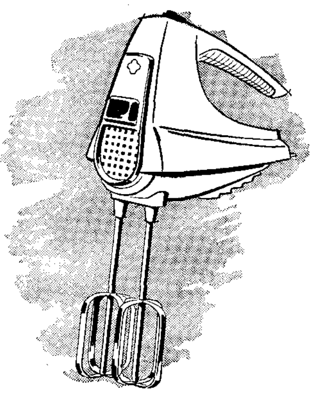

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fit. That's the whole answer. We been working while you been playing, sonny. That's bound to tell in the long run."

"What about Rocky Marciano?" mumbled Herbert.

"I'm glad you brought that up, boy. It illustrates my point very well. There was the flower of the white race, the finest type of white man in sports. And yet he wasn't fit to tie Joe Louis's gloves. Even the white sportswriters agree on that."

"You're crazy," said Herbert.

"And as for Jack Dempsey, the comparison would make you laugh. Joe had the technique *and* the speed." The old man jabbed the air viciously with a left and a right. "Like that, quick—*pow!* Left hook, right cross—*pow, pow!*"

"You're crazy," Herbert said again. He squashed his cigarette against the bottom of the ashtray and pushed his beer to the far end of the little table that stood between the two armchairs. If he kept his mouth shut, he decided, he could master the nausea. After all, it was no worse than eating too much ice cream and cake.

BROOKLYN won the game, and Joe snapped off the set. Mabel shuffled in. "Boy staying for supper?" she asked.

"Would you care to share a bite with us, Joseph?" said old Joe.

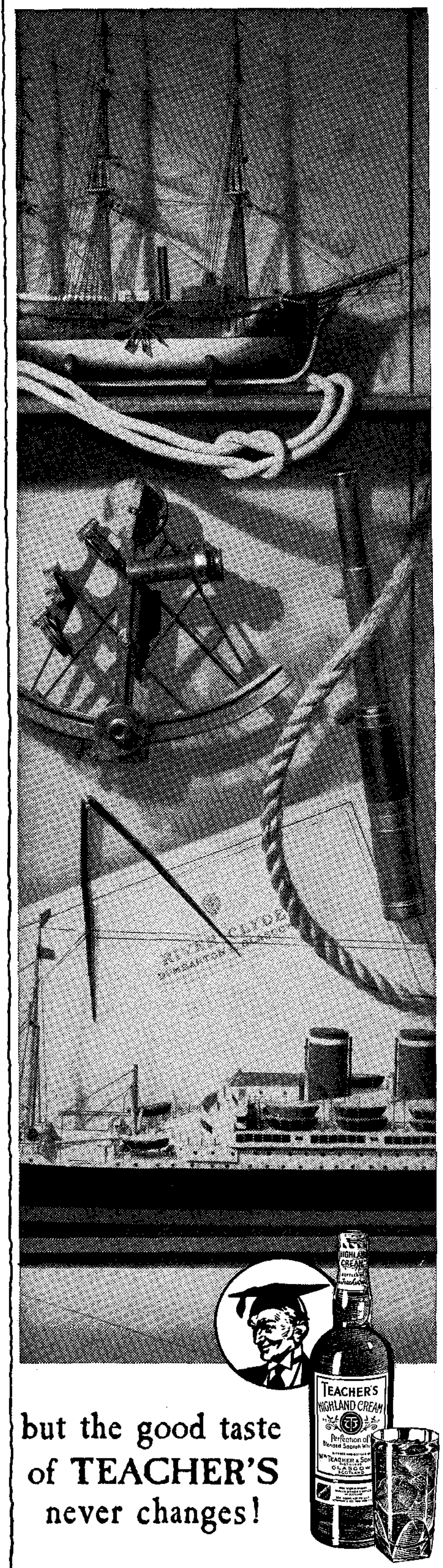
Herbert kept his mouth tight shut and shook his head. "Be going," he said indistinctly.

"The young gentleman and I have been having a discussion about colored athletes," Joe said to his wife. "He thinks the white boys are better, but I told him that the colored man has the coördination and the fitness that the white man lacks. I told him about Jesse Owens and Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson." Mabel walked out of the room, but Joe kept right on talking, without raising his voice. "I told him about our fine ballplayers and runners. Incidentally, I forgot to mention the Globetrotters or the other great basketball players produced by the colored race. I don't know whether I made any impression on the young man, but I think I gave him something to think about."

Herbert got up. If he was going to be sick, he suddenly realized, he had better leave right now, so he could be well away from the neat little house when it happened.

"I'm not taking anything away from the white man," said Joe. "He's still pretty smart. We can beat him at sports, but he's the one that pockets the money

Ships have changed since 1830...



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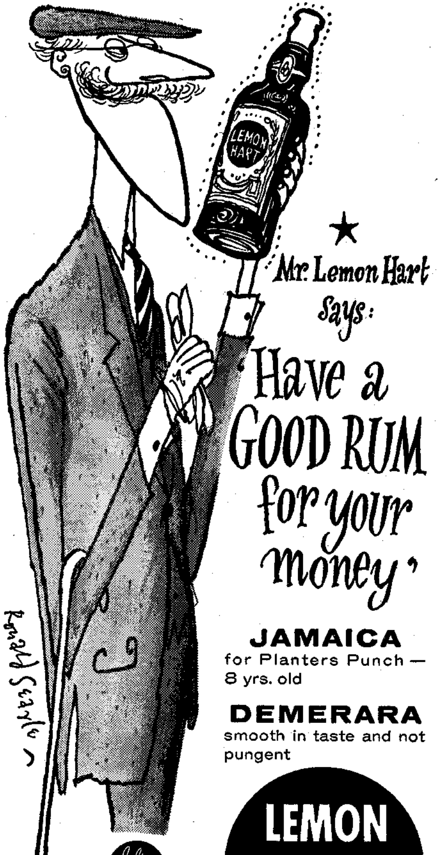

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and owns the big white houses, so maybe he's the better man after all."

"Boy didn't have a hat?" Mabel said from the kitchen.

"I really enjoy discussing ideas like this with somebody—nice, friendly discussion," said Joe, getting up.

Herbert's mouth felt safe for a second. "I still think white guys better," he said.

Joe laughed. "O.K., you stick to your opinion, I'll stick to mine. Plenty of room in this country for two opinions."

Herbert pushed against the screen door and walked stiffly away, his mouth still shut tight. Joe ran after him and opened the low front gate. "You must come and visit with us again," he said. Herbert walked through the gate without answering. He turned to the right and broke into a run. After a few yards, he looked back over his shoulder for a moment and saw the courteous old face still thrust out over the gate. He didn't turn his head again. He passed the last of the houses and raced past the flat fields that lay between the colored district and his own part of town. He had a stitch in his side, but he couldn't stop for that. The dirt road became macadam, and soon he was whizzing past the houses of his neighbors. He ran all the way to his own house, and crashed full tilt into his father, who was fidgeting with the front gate. "Hello, Herbert," Mr. Blossom said. "My, my!" He put an arm over his son's shoulder, and they walked together toward the front porch. "You've been running, Herbert. You're all hot."

"Ran all the way back from the Woolman estate," panted Herbert. "I was hungry."

"You haven't been smoking over there, have you?" said Mr. Blossom.

"No, Father."

"Funny. Your breath smells of tobacco. And something else peculiar." They stood in the doorway and looked at each other.

"That's strange, Father. I wasn't smoking." His eyes were wide and frightened. "I've given up smoking for life."

"All right. Go and wash for dinner, then."

Herbert ran upstairs and locked the bathroom door. Still panting, relieved to be locked in the safest room in the house, he washed his face and neck and hands, and brushed his teeth vigorously. Tomorrow, he thought weakly, he could tell his friends about how he drank beer and smoked cigarettes in the house of a strange Negro. That was a

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pretty good adventure, and he only wished he felt better about it.

AT dinner, he sat and listened to his father dissecting, in a querulous voice, the news of the day. "Strike, strike, strike," he chirped like a bird. "The workers don't know when they're well off." With staccato strokes, Mr. Blossom chopped his meat into little squares. "Nobody in Washington has the courage to speak up to labor," he said as he looked his meat square in the eye.

Bored, Herbert stared around the room, trying to resolve something in his mind. All the Blossoms were small people, and in their pictures on the dining-room sideboard they looked minute and fussy compared with old Joe's large, handsome relatives. As his mother nervously refilled the plates, he thought of the massive resignation of Mabel. Well, Mabel was just stupid; that was what made her so dignified. And his small father was much smarter than old Joe. He could certainly lick him in an argument any day.

"Father," he said.

"Yes, Herbert. What is it?"

"Do you think that . . . I mean, do you honestly believe—" He strove to boil his vague problem into a sensible question. "Do you think that colored men are better at games than white men?" He waited anxiously for an answer. His father might be small, but he was fair and wise.

Mr. Blossom sat and chewed absently. "Yes," he said after a moment. "I believe they are."

"Really? Are you sure, Father?" His father didn't notice the alarm in his voice.

"Yes, I think so. Very fine specimens, many Negroes. Agile—like cats. Better eyesight, too."

Herbert's eyes suddenly welled with tears.

"The colored man will probably be running the world by the time I'm an old man, the way things are going," Mr. Blossom said. "Why, what's the matter, Herbert?"

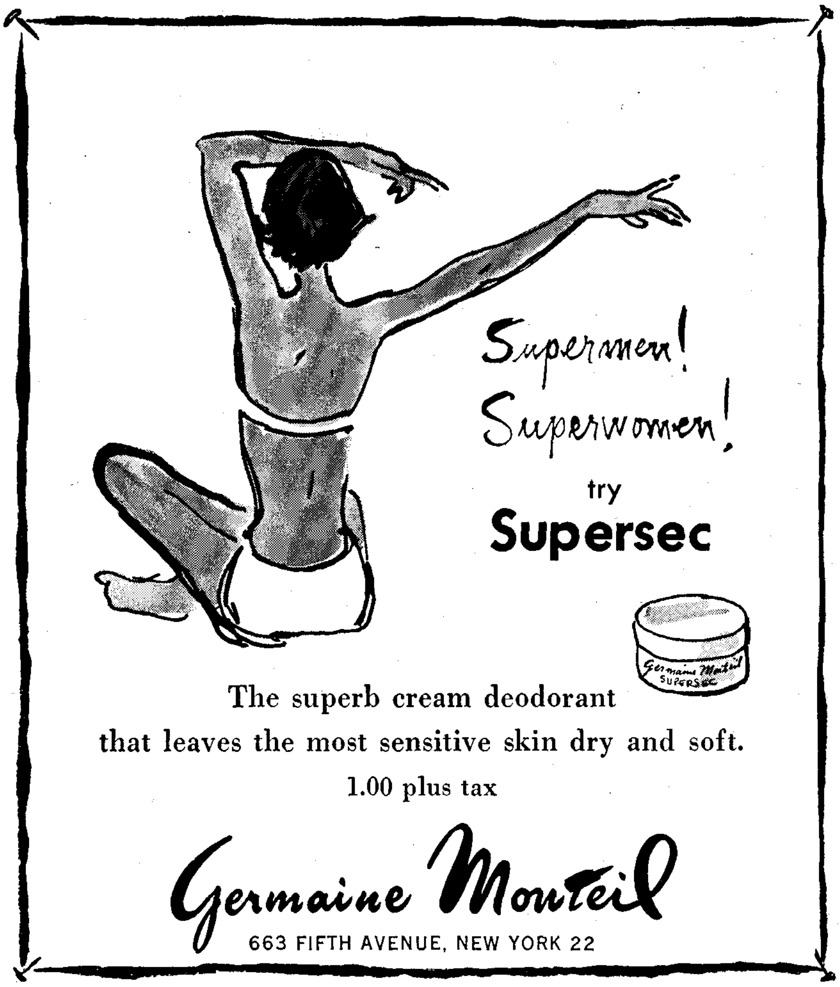
"The boy's tired," said Mrs. Blossom.

"He's been very difficult lately," said Mr. Blossom to his wife. "I think he was smoking today, over near the Woolman place."

"You'd better go to bed, Herbert," said his mother. But Herbert sprang up, burst out of the front door, and ran down the street, wailing as he ran.

"I don't understand ten-year-old boys at all," said Mrs. Blossom, with a sad shake of the head.

"It's just the evil of tobacco," said Mr. Blossom, with a smile. "Didn't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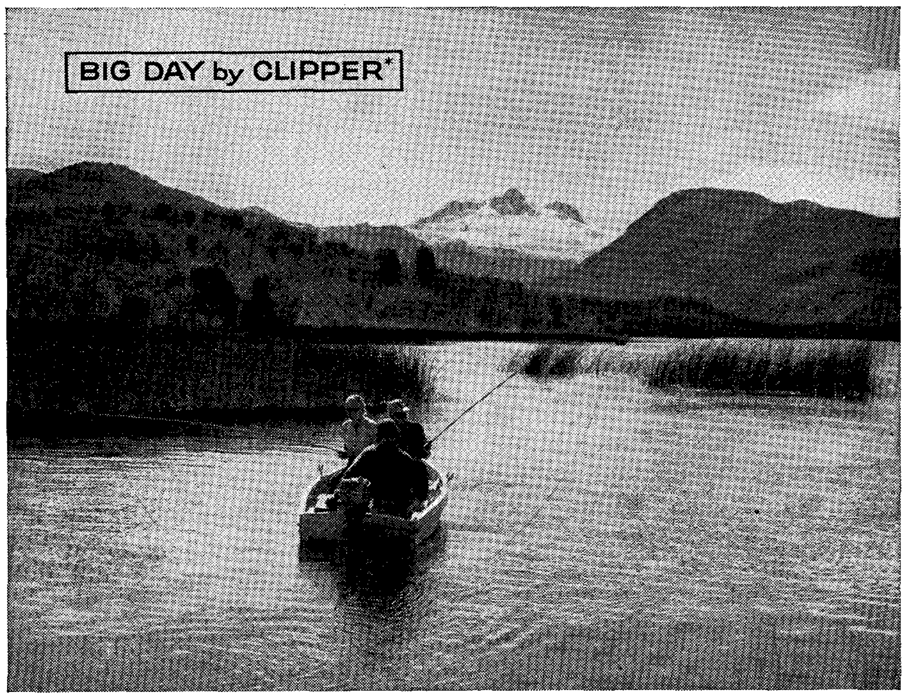
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you notice how green he was during dinner? I don't think he'll go smoking again in a hurry." He put his arm around his wife, feeling full of tolerance and kindly common sense. "I don't think I'll punish the boy," he said. "He has probably been punished enough already. He'll come sniffling back, and we just won't say anything."

Herbert ran until he came to the flat fields, where he sat down on a big stone. He cried for a while, and then gradually sniffed to a halt. He felt tired and, for some reason, terribly confused. Speaking aloud in a quavering voice, he said, "I don't *care* if Father beats me! He's not so much!"

—WILFRID SHEED

•

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And skips and hops
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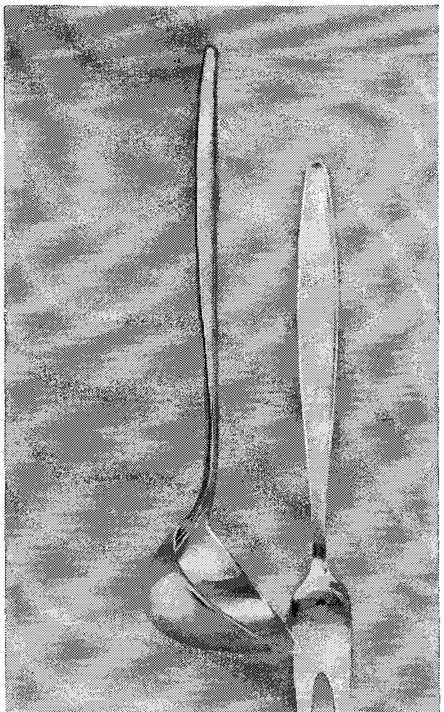
And fops and drips
And pips and pops
And sops and scrips
And flips and flops
And tops and strips
And gyps and cops
And mops and props
And drops and snips
And nips of schnapps?
Thank *you*, Juliette Marglen.

—HOWARD MOSS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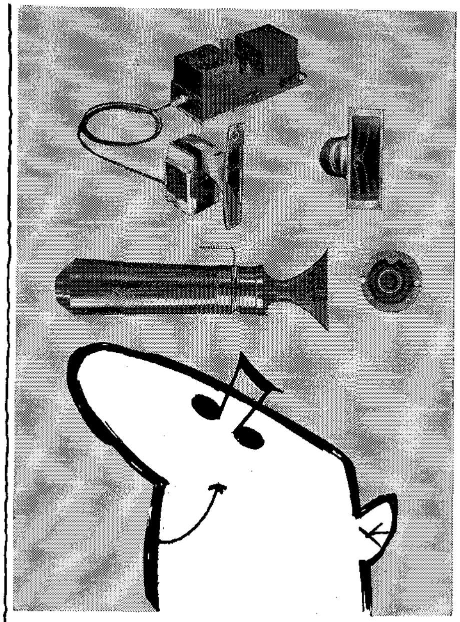
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

UNHAPPILY, most admirers of jazz still appear to be governed either by a short-winded faddism that selects its youthful heroes on a kind of musician-of-the-month basis or by an academic approach that sets up in bronze and stone musicians who haven't played a fresh, honest note in fifteen years. As a result, a steadily diminishing number of middle-aged men, such as Ben Webster, Jimmy Rushing, Coleman Hawkins, Dickie Wells, Ike Quebec, and Jimmy Crawford, have, caught in the vacuum between these two groups, gone largely unnoticed since the mid-forties, although their faculties and inspiration remain demonstrably unimpaired. (Crawford, one of the ablest of all big-jazz-band drummers, has been pumping away in Broadway pit bands for years.) These melancholy thoughts have been touched off by a valuable new release, "Cootie & Rex in the Big Challenge" (Jazztone J-1268), which features Cootie Williams, the masterly, forty-nine-year-old trumpeter, in the first jazz recordings he has made in nearly a decade. Williams, of course, was one of the principal reasons for the success, in the thirties, of Duke Ellington and, in the early forties, of Benny Goodman. He perfected, under the influence of Bubber Miley, a trumpeter whom he replaced in Ellington's band, a still unsurpassed handling of the plunger mute (the plain old plumbing utensil, minus its handle) that results in some of the unique sounds in music. Williams generally plays in the middle registers and uses simple, classic phrases, but magic occurs when he applies the plunger, for then he produces an inexhaustible variety of sounds that include aching growls, yearning, ghostly wahoos, and tight, intimate effects that suggest a wordless language of sharp consonants and drawn-out vowels. By comparison, hearing his open-horn style is like emerging from a dense wood into a bright meadow, for with it he gets an enormous, pushing, majestic tone that has the resonance of at least two trumpets and that moves with ease from a gentle urgency to savage, shouting statements that could propel an army.

In addition to Rex Stewart, who employs a delightful, slightly diminished version of Williams' style—a thinner tone, a less certain technique, and a tendency to rely on a stock of cute phrases—the ensemble includes the tenor saxophonists Bud Freeman and Coleman Hawkins, the trombonists Lawrence Brown and J. C. Higginbotham, and a rhythm section made up of Hank Jones on piano, Billy Bauer on guitar, Milt Hinton on bass, and Gus Johnson on drums. They play five standard tunes, a composition by Stewart, and a blues. There is a good deal of unevenness in the record—the choice of tempos occasionally seems inept and both Higginbotham and Freeman are somewhat uncertain—but there are memorable things, too. One is "Alphonse and Gaston," in which Williams, in alternating choruses with Stewart, plays a muted chorus, a growl chorus, a delirious chorus with the trumpet valves half closed, and a full, plunging open-horn chorus. Another is the two wonderfully eloquent duets between Hawkins and Williams—in the opening and closing sections of "Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me," and in the first chorus of "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues"—in which Hawkins noodles ferociously in the background while Williams, muted, plays the melody as if he were serving tea. Another is a sheet-tearing growl chorus by Williams in "I'm Beginning to See the Light," which makes his long absence from records seem unpardonable.

"BACK COUNTRY SUITE" (Prestige LP-7091) is a graceful and highly original first recording by Mose Allison, a pianist and composer who is just twenty-nine. It includes, in addition to five unrelated selections, a long suite that celebrates the innumerable moods of the blues. Allison, who is competently accompanied by Taylor La Fargue on bass, and Frank Isola on drums, has a direct, clean manner of playing that reminds one of Nat Cole. The suite is ten brief descriptive sketches ("Train," "Warm Night," "Saturday," and so forth), all of them straight blues or derived from blues and all of them apparently almost completely arranged rather than improvised. In the course of the work, Allison moves from the sort of deep-dish blues piano usually associated with Jimmy Yancey to several light, jigging up-tempo dances. He even sings once, in a piping, skinny fashion. The composition is, however, more successful as a whole than in its parts; some of the pieces ("Spring



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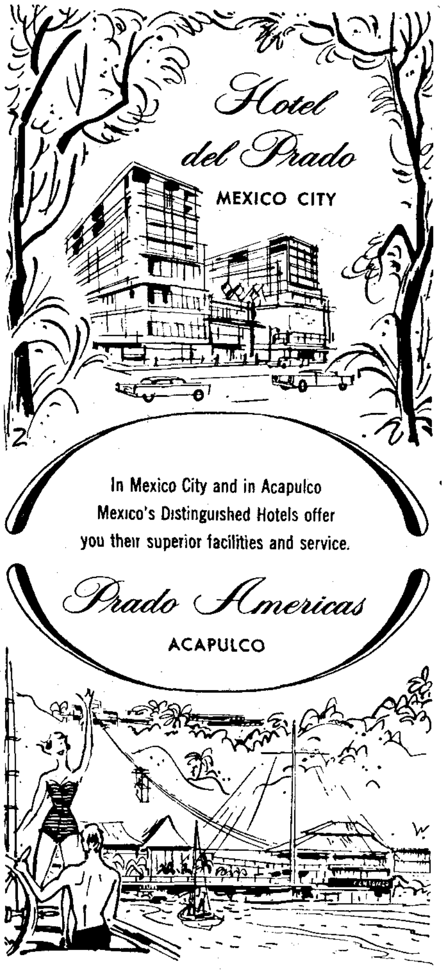

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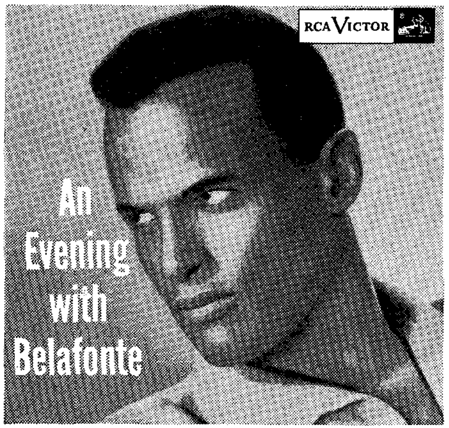

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Song" and "Highway 49") seem unfinished, and others ("Blues" and "January") might, if enlarged, allow Allison some needed elbowroom for improvisation. Nonetheless, this is a heartening and honest distillation of an ageless jazz form.

A FASCINATING new tour de force from the Coast, "Sonny Rollins Way Out West" (Contemporary C-3530), involves Rollins' tenor saxophone, the bass of Ray Brown, and the drums of Shelly Manne. Although all six numbers run five minutes or more (one runs over ten), Rollins performs with a consistent inventiveness and vigor that would leave most of his contemporaries (who, even though they keep on playing, generally run out of fuel after their first two solo choruses) wheezing for breath. Rollins constructs, on such numbers as "I'm an Old Cowhand" and "Wagon Wheels," choruses that are—regardless of his persistently goatlike tone and his abrupt, cantankerous phrasing—a clear indication of a striving toward an improvisational approach that is revolutionary, for it is based on an astounding use of polyrhythms and it wrestles continually with a new, elastic phrasing that completely reshapes the accepted measure-by-measure patterns of the thirty-two-bar chorus, which Charlie Parker and Lester Young were the first to break down. Rollins will, for example, concoct a simple six-note figure, repeat it insistently, like a broken record, then suddenly catch the listener up with a long moment of silence before he slides off into a soft, dizzying run that may be alarmingly capped by a raucous bass note. Manne, who is a flawless drummer, and Brown, a superior bassist, more than fill the holes opened up by such instrumentation, and, in their brief solos, come close to equalling Rollins' rolling inspiration and agility.

ERROLL GARNER can be heard in an inexplicable new recording, "Other Voices: Erroll Garner with Orchestra" (Columbia CL-1014), in which, in ten selections (five his own), he is pitted against such a soughing of strings and mooning of woodwinds that his spark and ingenuity are all but swaddled to death. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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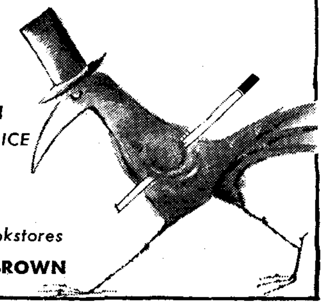

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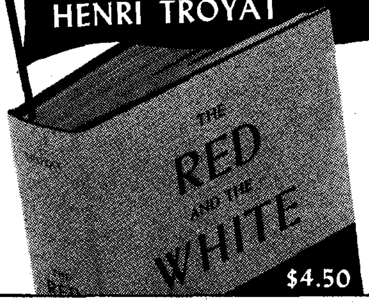
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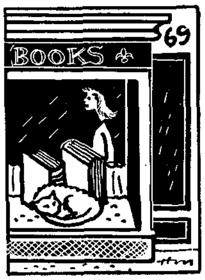
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Natalie, by Alexandra Orme (Simon & Schuster). Miss Orme writes with a kind of wry detachment about her heroine, a fiery Polish aristocrat of fourteen who adolesces up and down the corridors and in everyone else's room at a tacky boarding house in Budapest during the few months before the Nazis marched in. The other lodgers are a mixed lot, many of them already refugees, and their lives inside the house, which reflect the menacing events outside, are filled with fearful, mysterious connivings. Natalie adds a great deal to the confusion, but for all her spirit and pathos and downright peskiness, she is no match in vitality for the wonderfully described milieu in which we find her.



The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown). Gilbert Pinfold, a well-known English author, sets out from England for Ceylon for his health and on the ship becomes the prey of devilish voices that heap abuse on him, tell him that he is mad, and plot against his life, before he realizes, with the help of his wife, that they have all been a hallucination brought on by an unfortunate mixing of medicines. According to a note in the front of the book, Mr. Waugh himself recently had a similar experience.

On the Beach, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). This unnecessary tale, delivered with sort of a forced smile, deals with the last six months in the lives of a small group of Australians and Americans, who, in 1963, two years after a short nuclear war has wiped out life in the Northern Hemisphere, wait—up-chinned and clear-eyed—for the radioactive pall to reach them. Mr. Shute's writing is very slow.

The Red and the White, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Anthony Hinton (Crowell). A massive and meticulously old-fashioned melodrama about the Russian Revolution that centers largely on a semi-aristocratic family, the Arapovs, who, despite Mr. Troyat's boundless energy, seem only to be flattened, time and again, by all the smoke and thunder they are caught up in.

GENERAL

Russia in Transition, by Isaac Deutscher (Coward-McCann). A collection of essays, originally published in various periodicals, by one of the best informed and least excitable of the critics of Soviet Russia. Most of the pieces deal with post-Stalin Russia—there is an illuminating commentary on Stalin's heritage, and another on Khrushchev's hatchet job on the Stalin icon—and here Mr. Deutscher has proved an uncannily accurate prophet. He takes on some of the more vocal ex-Communists—Arthur Koestler, the Fischers (Ruth and Louis), James Burnham, and Whittaker Chambers among them—who, in his opinion, have strayed into an intellectual desert, and he lights into George Orwell's "1984," which he finds reflects a somewhat soiled world outlook.

The Hungarian Revolution, edited by Melvin J. Lasky (Praeger). This book—a textual montage, made up wholly of excerpts from foreign correspondence, letters, interviews, propaganda leaflets, radio broadcasts, and the like—is the most comprehensive account of the Hungarian upheaval of 1956 that we have yet had. It is not easy to read, but the ghastly story is all there.

Slanted News, by Arthur Edward Rowse (Beacon Press). A survey of how a cross-section of the American press handled one incidental phase of the Presidential campaign of 1952—the Nixon and Stevenson "fund" stories. The author's conclusion comes as no surprise: "With the possible exception of the New York *Times*, all papers—both Republican and Democratic—showed evidence of favoritism in their news columns in violation of their own accepted rules of conduct." Mr. Rowse himself, a copy editor for the Boston *Traveler*, leans over backward to be fair, and this is a valuable book. There are photographic reproductions of a good many front pages—every bit as revealing as the text.

The Brave Coward, by Art Buchwald (Harper). Mr. Buchwald is on

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

Poor Harriet, by Elizabeth Fenwick (Harper). The heroine of this work is a decayed English gentlewoman, as addled as they come, but the trail of destruction she leaves behind her is impressive. Miss Fenwick's point seems to be that even the most accomplished criminals are doomed when they include imbeciles in their wicked plans, and she makes it with chilly precision. Novel and stimulating.

What Rough Beast, by John Trench (Macmillan). Someone tries to frame Canon Adamson for a series of crimes ranging from pilfering books to murdering his wife, and the attempt might easily succeed but for the intervention of an elegant amateur sleuth, a type for some reason always less irritating in British fiction than in our own. Mr. Trench has created an unusually picturesque assortment of characters, including several of the most vicious juvenile delinquents you've ever met, and his plot, though intricate, is lively and original.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE DOMESTIC SCENE

[*From Woods Hole Notes in the Falmouth* (*Mass.*) *Enterprise*]

Mrs. F. Markoe Rivinus of Chestnut Hill, Pa., is at her house on Little Harbor road, with children, Sally, Susy, Judy, Mark, Mary and Michael. Mr. Rivinus is on a trip around the world.

•

Senator Prescott Bush, Republican of Connecticut, challenged Senator Fulbright's attribution of the inflation to the 1954 tax bill. He called Senator Fulbright's reasoning a "non sequiter"—a fallacy in logic of drawing a conclusion not justified by a premise.—*The Times.*

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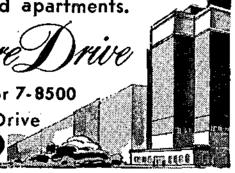
By Robert Paul Smith

NORTON



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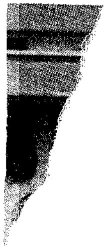
I hunted in India with *The Fastest Thing on 4 Legs!*

"A mile a minute is cruising speed for the hunting cheetahs still used on the plains west of Kolhapur," writes Jules Gindraux, an American friend of Canadian Club. "These educated cats will run 80 miles an hour to bring down one of the many antelopes that plague India's food crops. The chief of staff of a local Maharajah initiated me in the age-old sport, but I found I didn't have much to do but watch.



the chase, my cheetah hardly

4. "It doesn't last long,

Strike up a friendship with new **PARLIAMENT**

FISHERMAN: *Wow! She's hooked one!*

MATE: *Strike, huh? . . . told you we'd get one!*
Mmm . . . good cigarette, this Parliament.

FISHERMAN: *Now! Let him have some line, Hon!*

MATE: *Draws clean and easy—must be this recessed filter.*

FISHERMAN: *Boy, look at that baby jump! Did you ever . . .*

MATE: *Darn good smoke. You were right. More expensive tobaccos. You can ll.*

More expensive tobaccos . . . you can tell b lavor!